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# THE NEW YORKER

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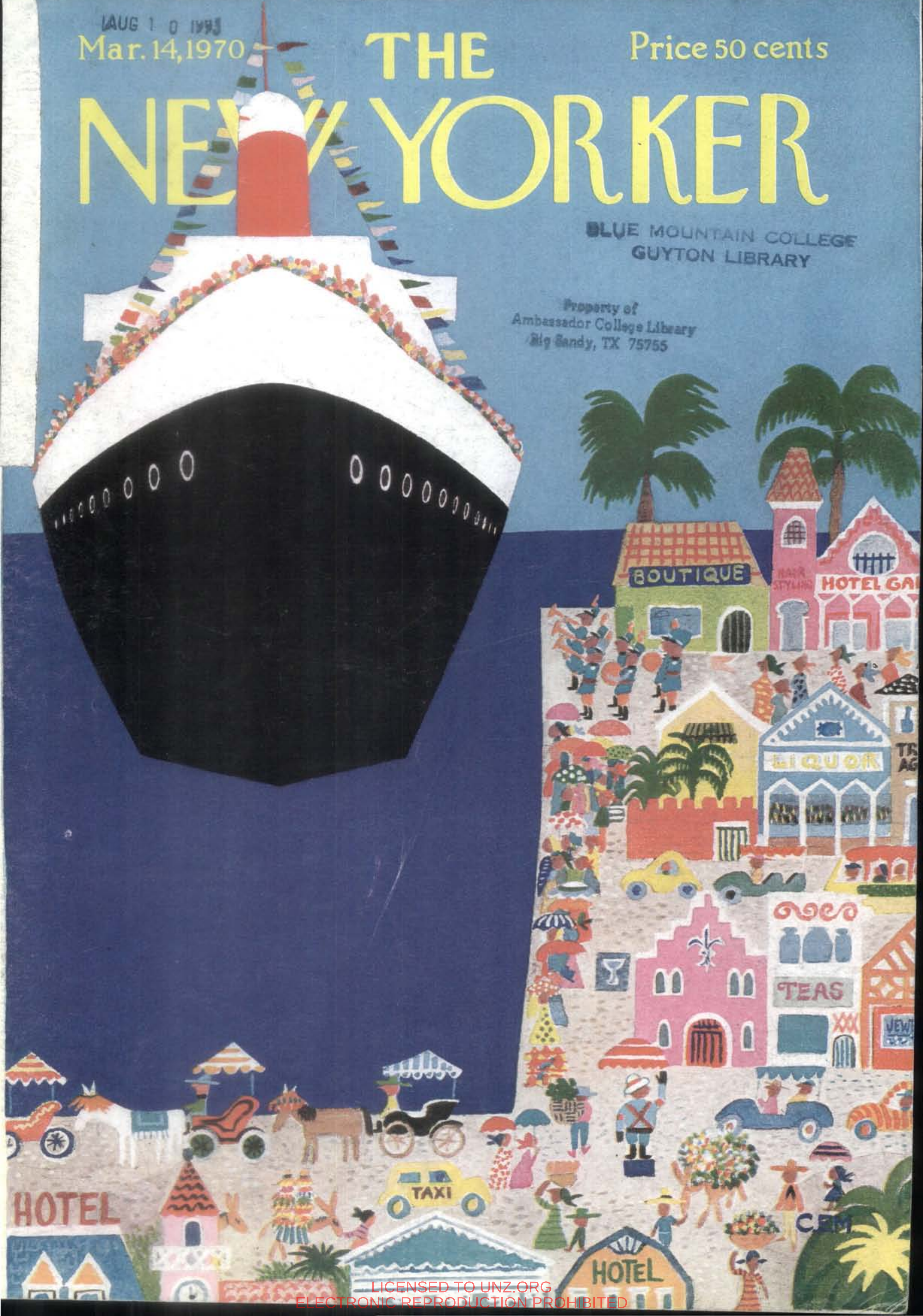
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# GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

### A CONSCIENTIOUS CALENDAR OF EVENTS OF INTEREST

## THE THEATRE

(E. and W. mean East and West of Broadway.)

### PLAYS

**Butterflies Are Free**—A slick and heartless little comedy that may make you laugh in spite of yourself. The best things about it are Keir Dullea, Eileen Heckart, and Blythe Danner. (Booth, 45th St., W. 246-5969. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:40.)

**Child's Play**—Demonic hanky-panky in a Catholic boys' school, cleverly written by Robert Marasco and starring Fritz Weaver, Pat Hingle, Ken Howard, and a passel of murderous adolescents, all mercifully speechless. (Royale, 45th St., W. 245-5760. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:40.)

**The Chinese** and **Dr. Fish**—Two comedies by Murray Schisgal, with Joseph Bova, Charlotte Rae, and Vincent Gardenia. Arthur Storch is the director. (Ethel Barrymore, 47th St., W. 246-0390. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays at 2, except March 11, and Saturdays at 2:40; special matinée Thursday, March 12, at 2.)

**Contributions**—Claudia McNeil and Jay Garner in three comedies by Ted Shine, directed by Moses Gunn. (Tambellini's Gate Theatre, Second Ave. at 10th St. 982-3255. Wednesdays and Thursdays at 8; Fridays and Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7. Matinées Sundays at 3. No seven-o'clock performance Friday, March 13.)

**Fortune and Men's Eyes**—A revival of John Herbert's play about homosexuality in prison. (Stage 73, 321 E. 73rd St. BU 8-2500. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:30; Saturdays at 7 and 10:30; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

**Grin and Bare It!** and **Postcards**—A pair of plays, the first adapted by Ken McGuire from a 1929 play by Tom Cushing, and the second a two-character curtain-raiser by James Prideaux. Among the principals are David Christmas and Joleen Fodor. Ronny Graham directed. Previews through Saturday, March 14. Opens officially on Monday, March 16. (Belasco, 44th St., E. 586-7950. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40; opening-night curtain at 7:15. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:40.)

**Harvey**—James Stewart plays with consummate skill the role of Elwood P. Dowd, a bibulous Far Westerner whose closest companion is a six-foot-tall invisible rabbit. Also on hand are Helen Hayes, Jesse White, and Henderson Forsythe. (ANTA Theatre, 52nd St., W. 246-6270. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

**Last of the Red Hot Lovers**—There is no such word as "fail" in the lexicon of Neil Simon. James Coco is exceedingly funny as a fat, middle-aged man in search of dalliance, and he is ably assisted by Linda Lavin, Marcia Rodd, and Doris Roberts, who don't dally much. (Eugene O'Neill, 49th St., W. 246-0220. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:40.)

**No Place to Be Somebody**—Charles Gordone's rich, complex, and altogether engrossing play, set in a West Village saloon owned by a Negro. The actors, who come in a variety of colors, are all good; Nathan George (prop.), Henry Baker, Nick Lewis, and Marge Eliot are especially good. (Promenade, 2162 Broadway, at 76th St. 799-7690. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:30; Saturdays at 6:30 and 10:30; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

**Paris Is Out!**—The horrors of middle-class Jewish domesticity, acted with incomprehensible enthusiasm by Molly Picon and Sam Levene. (Brooks Atkinson, 47th St., W. 245-3430. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays and Sundays at 2:30.)

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**Private Lives**—Tammy Grimes and Brian Bedford in a very successful revival of Noël Coward's marvellous comedy about bickering as the basis of domestic bliss. (Billy Rose, 41st St., W. 947-5510. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30. Special performance for the Actors' Fund Sunday, March 15.)

**Repertory Theatre of Lincoln Center**—Sam Shepard's **operation sidewinder**, with Philip Bosco and Catherine Burns, will be the third in this season's series of four plays. Preview Wednesday, March 11. Opens officially on Thursday, March 12, at 7, and will run through Saturday, April 25. (Vivian Beaumont, 150 W. 65th St. 362-7616. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8, and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 2.)

**Sheep on the Runway**—Art Buchwald hasn't managed to write a play, but no matter—he knows how to make wisecracks, and this peculiar work is full of them. (Helen Hayes, 46th St., W. 246-6380. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:40.)

**Summertree**—A revival of a play by Ron Cowen, with Lenny Baker. (Players, 115 Macdougal St. AL 4-5076. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:30, and Saturdays at 7 and 10. Matinées Sundays at 2 and 5.)

**Two Times One**—A double bill: "The Last Straw," a two-character play by Charles Dizenzo, with Oliver Clark and Val Bisoglio, and "Duet for Solo Voice," by David Scott Milton, with Herb Edelman as its single character. Season subscribers only. (American Place, 423 W. 46th St. 247-0393. Mondays at 7 and Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Saturdays at 2.)

**The White House Murder Case**—Jules Feiffer's satire on war and a number of other things is clever but ultimately ineffectual, in spite of Alan Arkin's fine direction and satisfactory performances by all concerned. With Paul Benedict. (Circle in the Square, 159 Bleecker St. 473-6778. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:40, and Saturdays at 7 and 10. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

**Long Runs**—**adaptation** and **next:** Two one-acters—the first by Elaine May, the second by Terrence McNally, and both directed by Miss May. (Greenwich Mews, 141 W. 13th St. 243-6800. Mondays through Thursdays at 8:30; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.) . . . **the boys in the band:** A comedy about a birthday party at which the host and at least seven of his eight guests are homosexuals. (Theatre Four, 424 W. 55th St. 246-8545. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:40; Saturdays at 7 and 10:30; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.) . . . **the concept:** A drama about the reha-

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THE NEW YORKER
25 WEST 43RD STREET
TELEPHONE
ADVERTISING & SUBSCRIPTIONS, OXFORD 5-1515
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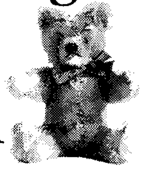
THE NEW YORKER, published weekly by The New Yorker Magazine, Inc., 25 West 43rd St., New York, N.Y. 10036; Peter F. Fleischmann, chairman and president; David D. Michaels, publisher; Milton Greenstein and Marvin Rosenthal, vice-presidents; J. Kennard Bosee, treasurer; Myra L. Fries, secretary and comptroller; William P. Buxton, advertising director; Leigh Doorly, advertising manager. Branch advertising offices: 6 North Michigan Ave., Chicago, Ill. 60602; 155 Montgomery St., San Francisco, Calif. 94104; 2975 Wilshire Blvd., Los Angeles, Calif. 90005; 1175 Peachtree St. N. E., Atlanta, Ga. 30309; 437 Boylston St., Boston, Mass. 02116; 21 Grosvenor St., London, W. 1. Vol. XLVI, No. 4, March 14, 1970. Second-class postage paid at New York, N. Y., and at additional mailing offices. Authorized as second-class mail by the Post Office Department, Ottawa, Canada, and for payment of postage in cash. © 1970 by The New Yorker Magazine, Inc., in the United States and Canada. All rights reserved. No part of this periodical may be reproduced without the consent of The New Yorker. Printed in U.S.A. Subscription rates: U.S. and possessions, 1 year, $10.00; Canada, Latin America, and Spain, $11.00; other foreign, $13.00.



Once upon a time there were one hundred and thirteen bears who all lived in a big house downtown. There were mama bears, daddy bears, baby bears, koala bears, panda bears, grizzly bears, big bears, medium bears, tiny bears, German bears, Italian bears, English bears, fur bears, fluffy bears, Steiff bears, brown bears, black bears, white bears.

But all cute, cuddly and soft bears. And all made-to-be-loved bears. Now they're just waiting for you. On Four at Field's. In Chicago. There's nothing like it back home.

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bilitation of heroin addicts at a community called Daytop, on Staten Island. (Pocket, 100 Third Ave., at 13th St. YU 2-0115. Wednesdays through Fridays at 8:30, and Saturdays at 7 and 10. Matinées Sundays at 3.)... **FORTY CARATS:** A bauble that gives off a very pleasant sparkle. With June Allyson and Tom Poston. (Morosco, 45th St., W. 246-6230. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)... **PLAY IT AGAIN, SAM:** Woody Allen's play, with Bob Denver, surrounded by pretty girls. (Broadhurst, 44th St., W. 246-6699. Nightly at 8:30. Matinées Wednesday at 2 and Saturday at 2:30. Closes Saturday, March 14.)... **PLAZA SUITE:** Three playlets by Neil Simon that defy you not to laugh at them, cruel as they sometimes are. Peggy Cass and Don Porter are the stars. (Plymouth, 45th St., W. 246-9156. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

### MUSICALS

**BILLY NONAME**—A musical that deals with the black man's life and struggle in this country over the past thirty years. In spite of the seriousness of the theme, there is much gaiety in the show, and there are a lot of attractive performances. Johnny Brandon wrote the good songs. With Donny Burks, Alan Weeks, and Hattie Winston. (Truck and Warehouse Theatre, 79 E. 4th St. 533-0910. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:30; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 8. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

**COCO**—Katharine Hepburn is the making of this curiously ineffectual account of a year or so in the life of the great couturière, Gabrielle Chanel. Book and lyrics by Alan Jay Lerner, music by André Previn, and sets and costumes by Cecil Beaton. (Mark Hellinger, 51st St., W. 757-7064. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

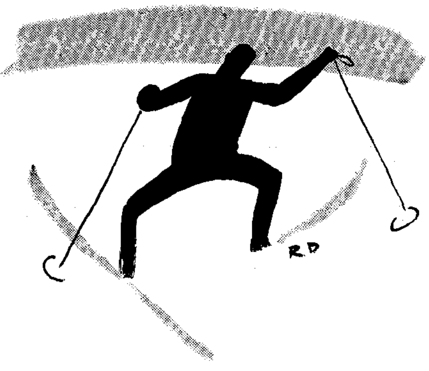
**JOY**—A program of songs by and with Oscar Brown, Jr. It has indeed some joyful moments, although it seems more appropriate to a cabaret than a theatre. Mr. Brown and the stunning Jean Pace split most of the songs between them, but they leave a few for their irresistible maestro, entirely named Sivuca, who treats us to engaging samples of Brazilian scat. (New Theatre, 154 E. 54th St. 752-0440. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:30; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

**THE LAST SWEET DAYS OF ISAAC**—This buoyant musical, with a lively score by Nancy Ford and nimble words by Gretchen Cryer, tells of a young man, as *engagé* as they come, and his brief encounters with a couple of droll, pretty girls. The show loses a little steam in the second act, but it holds up quite well anyway. The performances—by Austin Pendleton as the hero, Fredricka Weber as both girls, and a delightful rock group called the Zeitgeist—are just about perfect. Word Baker directed. Ed Wittstein designed the stylish setting. (Eastside, 334 E. 74th St. UN 1-2288. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:30; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

**LYLE**—Carleton Carpenter and Joey Faye in a musical with a book by Sidney Miller and Toby Garson, music by Janet Gari, and lyrics by Mrs. Garson. Previews through Tuesday, March 17. Opens officially Wednesday, March 18, at 7. (McAlpin Rooftop Theatre, Broadway at 34th St. 239-6688. Wednesdays through Saturdays at 8:30, and Sundays at 7. Matinées Wednesdays at 2, Saturdays at 2:30, and Sundays at 3.)

**OH! CALCUTTA!**—A tawdry collection of short sketches, which purport to give us a refreshing view of sex and do not. There is some pleasant dancing and some loud music, and the performers are exceptionally comely, though what they do isn't. (Eden, 189 Second Ave., at 12th St. 982-9815. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:30; Saturdays at 7 and 10:30; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

**PURLIE**—A musical taken from Ossie Davis's play "Purlie Victorious." Gary Geld did the music; Peter Udell turned out the lyrics; the book is jointly by Mr. Davis, Philip Rose, and Mr. Udell; and the cast includes Cleavon Little, Melba Moore, and John Heffernan. Directed by Mr. Rose. Previews through Saturday, March 14. Opens officially on Sunday, March 15. (Broadway Theatre, Broadway at 53rd St. 247-7992. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8:30; opening-night curtain at 6:50. Matinées Wednesdays at 2, Saturdays at 2:30, and Sundays at 3.)



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**SALVATION**—A rock musical that is cast—but very loosely—in the form of a revivalist meeting. This revivalist theme gets a bit trying at times, but every other aspect of the show—the songs, the singing, the dancing, the performances, the staging—is a delight, and most delightful of all is the spirit of the company. Words and music by Peter Link and C. C. Courtney. (Jan Hus, 351 E. 74th St. 535-6310. Tuesdays through Thursdays at 8:30; Fridays and Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7.)

**SHOW ME WHERE THE GOOD TIMES ARE**—A musical and very loose adaptation of Molière's "Le Malade Imaginaire," set on the lower East Side, in the early years of this century. The imitation old-time songs, by Kenneth Jacobson and Rhoda Roberts, are lively enough, but the script and many of the performances are Catskill-sleazy. The good exceptions among the performances are those of Cathryn Damon, Christopher Hewett, and Michael Berkson. (Edison, 240 W. 47th St. PL 7-7164. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2, Saturdays at 2:30, and Sundays at 3.)

**STOMP**—A rock musical (or something) devised and performed by a group of young renegades from Texas. The boys and girls are engaging, and some of their songs sound fine, but whatever ideas they have are all but drowned in "effects." Considerable audience participation is expected. (Public, 425 Lafayette St. 677-6350. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7:30 and 10; and Sundays at 7. Matinées Sundays at 4.)

**THIS WAS BURLESQUE**—Miss Ann Corio and her young ladies bump and grind and twirl tassels, but there is no life in the show, in spite of the venerable presence of Steve Mills and a few other comedians, and in spite of appropriately belted-out renditions of some good old songs. (Hudson West, 361 W. 57th St. JU 2-4020. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:30; Saturdays at 7:30 and 10:30; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

**UNFAIR TO GOLIATH**—A merry little revue by the Israeli satirist Ephraim Kishon, adapted by Herbert Appleman, who is also responsible for the lyrics. Menachem Zur wrote the music. (Cherry Lane, 38 Commerce St. YU 9-2020. Wednesdays through Fridays at 8:30; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7. Matinées Wednesdays and Sundays at 3.)

**LONG RUNS**—**JACQUES BREL IS ALIVE AND WELL AND LIVING IN PARIS:** A musical put together from the works of M. Brel by Eric Blau and Mort Shuman, who also did the English lyrics. (Village Gate, 160 Bleecker St. 982-5020. Tuesdays through Thursdays at 8:30; Fridays at 7:45; Saturdays at 7; and Sundays at 8. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 3.)... **DAMES AT SEA:** A takeoff on musical movies of the thirties, about a dancer named Ruby who loves a boy named Dick and is befriended by a chorine named Joan. (Theatre de Lys, 121 Christopher St. WA 4-8782. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:30; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)... **THE FANTASTICKS:** God, Kinch, if you and I could only work together we might do something for the island. Hellenise it. (Sullivan Street Playhouse, 181 Sullivan St., at Bleecker St. 674-3838. Tuesdays through Thursdays at 8:30, and Fridays and Saturdays at 7 and 9:45. Matinées Sundays at 3.)... **FIDDLER ON THE ROOF:** Cranly's arm. His arm. —And to think of your having to beg from these swine. I'm the only one that knows what you are. Why don't you trust me more? (Majestic, 44th St., W. 246-0730. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays and Sundays at 2:30.)... **HELLO, DOLLY!:** What have you up your nose against me? Is it Haines? If he makes any noise here I'll bring down Seymour and we'll give him a ragging worse than they gave Clive Kempthorpe. (St. James, 44th St., W. 695-5858. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)... **HAIR:** A psychedelic pandemonium that ought to make anybody feel twenty years old and full of promise. (Biltmore, 47th St., W. 582-5340. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)... **MAN OF LA MANCHA:** Somegoro Ichikawa plays the dual role of Don Quixote and his creator in this musical by Dale Wasserman. The music is by Mitch Leigh. Jack Dabdoub substitutes for Mr. Ichikawa at the matinée performances. (Martin Beck, 45th St., W. 246-6363. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)... **PROMISES, PROMISES:** A musical starring Jerry Orbach and Jill O'Hara. The book is by Neil Simon, and the music and lyrics are by Burt Bacharach and Hal David. (Shubert, 44th St., W. 246-5990. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)... **1776:** A musical about the laborious debates of the Continental Congress. William Daniels is John Adams. (46th Street Theatre, 46th St., W. 246-4271. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)... **YOU'RE A GOOD MAN, CHARLIE BROWN:** Peanuts to music. (Theatre 80 St. Marks, 80 St. Marks Pl. 254-7400. Tuesdays, Thursdays, and Fridays at 8:30, and Saturdays at 7 and 10. Matinées Wednesdays at 2:30 and Sundays at 2 and 5.)... **YOUR OWN THING:** As this rock musical goes its merry way, its path often crosses that of Shakespeare's "Twelfth Night." (Orpheum, Second Ave. at 8th St. 982-6410. Tuesdays through Thursdays at 8:40, and Fridays and Saturdays at 7:30 and 10. Matinées Sundays at 3. Closes Sunday, April 5.)

### BALLET

**CITY CENTER JOFFREY BALLET**—Wednesday, March 11, at 8:30: "Konservatoriet," "Solarwind," and "The Clowns."... ¶ Thursday and Friday, March 12-13, at 8:30: "Pas des Déesses," "Petrouchka" (company première), and "Astarte."... ¶ Saturday, March 14, at 2:30: "Konservatoriet," "Solarwind," and "Pineapple Poll."... ¶ Saturday, March 14, at 8:30: "Moves," "Petrouchka," and "Viva Vivaldi!"... ¶ Sunday, March 15, at 2:30: "Konservatoriet," "Fanfarita," and "The Clowns."... ¶ Sunday, March 15, at 8: "Moves," "Petrouchka," and "Viva Vivaldi!"... ¶ Tuesday, March 17, at 8:30: "Cello Concerto," "Petrouchka," and "The Green Table."... ¶ Wednesday, March 18, at 8:30: "Cello Concerto," "Animus," "Confetti," and "The Clowns."... ¶ Thursday, March 19, at 8:30: "Konservatoriet," "The Three-Cornered Hat," and "Astarte."... ¶ Friday, March 20, at 8:30: "Cello Concerto," "Animus," "Confetti," and "The Clowns."... ¶ Saturday, March 21, at 2:30: "Cello Concerto," "Secret Places," "William Tell Variations," and "The Three-Cornered Hat."... ¶ Saturday, March 21, at 8:30: "Petrouchka," "Fanfarita," and "Pineapple Poll." (City Center, 131 W. 55th St. 246-8989. Through Sunday, April 5.)

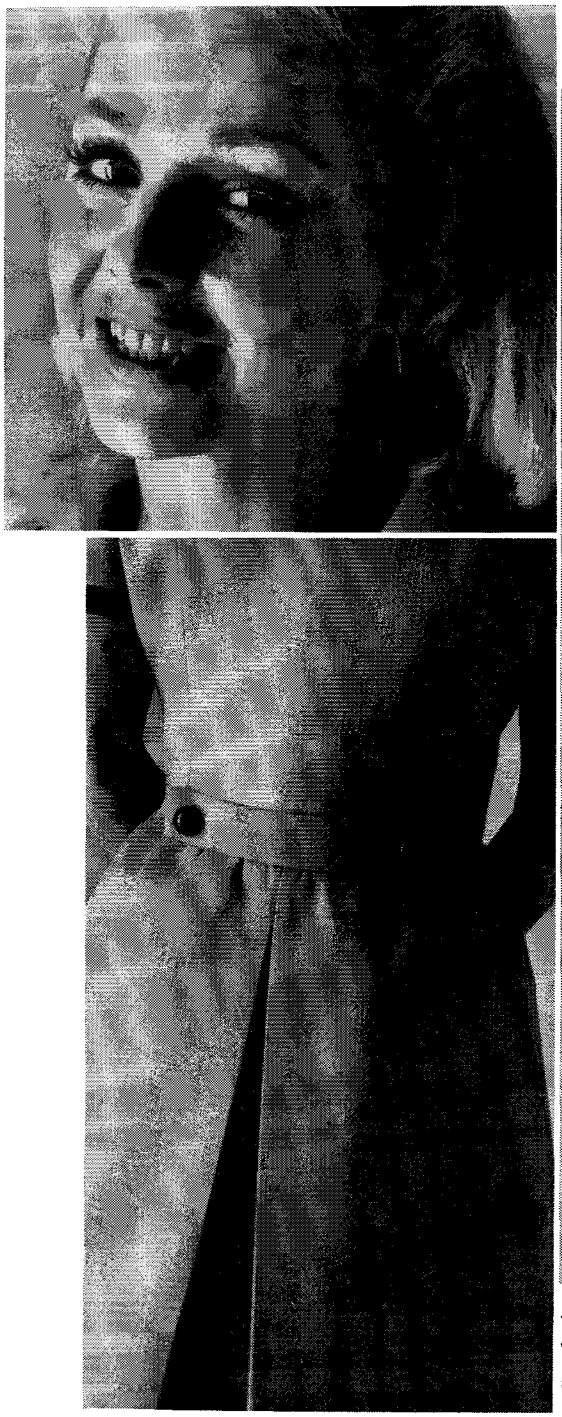
## NIGHT LIFE

*(A highly arbitrary listing of places around town where you might pass a pleasant hour or two.)*

### MOSTLY FOR MUSIC

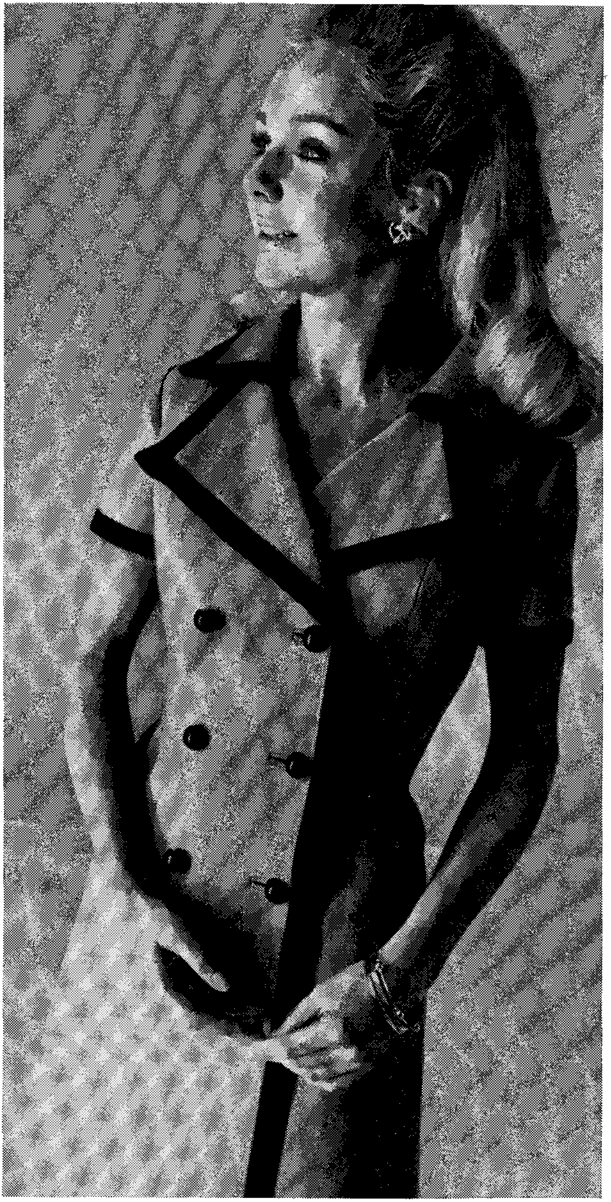
(No dancing, and no formal dining, either, unless indicated.)

**BITTER END**, 147 Bleecker St. (475-7804)—Barely bitter, hardly the end. Young Tim Hardin,



A noteworthy back if we've ever
seen one! Right? Right.

Fifth Avenue and Branches



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who writes what he sings and does both superlatively, is onstage through Monday, March 16. Some rock musicians known as Ten Wheel Drive will arrive on Wednesday, March 18. Performances are at nine-thirty and eleven Sundays through Thursdays, and at nine, ten-thirty, and midnight Fridays and Saturdays. Coffee and tea abound. Tuesdays are allotted to visiting entertainers.

**Bradley's**, 70 University Pl. (228-6440)—Evenings pass at an unhurried pace. From eleven to three, Bobby Timmons plays electric piano, while one musician or another assists him on bass. Dinner, from a responsible kitchen, is served until one.

**Casey's**, 142 W. 10th St. (989-8925)—Some worthy contemporary jazz on piano and bass from eleven to one, in a brick-walled setting that's conducive both to listening and to conversation. Dining. No music Sundays.

**Half Note**, 289 Hudson St., at Spring St. (AL 5-9752)—The reliably energetic Zoot Sims quartet, with Mousey Alexander on drums, plays Wednesdays through Sundays. Friday through Sunday, March 13-15, Al Cohn will sit in, and when Sims and Cohn get going on some of their old tenor riffs, the room swings. Customers may wear open collars, and light Italian dishes are served. Closed Mondays and Tuesdays.

**Jimmy Ryan's**, 154 W. 54th St. (CO 5-9505)—There's nothing special about this bar except the music. The atmosphere is calm, comfortable, and genuine. A group that at one time or another includes Max Kaminsky, Bobby Pratt, Joe Muranyi, Eddie Hubble, and Eddie Locke plays Dixieland from nine-thirty to three. Closed Sundays.

**Red Garter**, 15 W. 4th St., which is *east* of Washington Square. (982-4270)—They seem a little confused about their epoch, but most of the paraphernalia recalls the eighteen-nineties. The banjo band—a pretty good one—plinks and plunks from the back of a fire engine, and now and then old movies flicker. Closed Mondays.

**Red Onion**, 1586 Second Ave., at 82nd St. (RH 4-9682)—More banjos. More claptrap. More peanuts. A piano player at an upright and two banjoists perched on top. They play winningly from nine until three or four each night. Closed Sundays.

**Roosevelt Grill**, Madison Ave. at 45th St. (MU 6-9200)—The World's Greatest Jazz Band—Yank Lawson, Bob Haggart, Bud Freeman, Bob Wilber, Billy Butterfield, Lou McGarity, Ralph Sutton, Gus Johnson, Jr., and Kai Winding—is (not without some huffing and puffing) doing its best to exchange the past for the future tense. The flip side of this record is devoted to Bobby Hackett's new quintet, which involves Vic Dickenson, Jack Lesberg, Dave McKenna, and Cliff Leeman. Seven until two, every night but Sunday and Monday. Food and dancing, and in quantity.

**Slugs'**, 242 E. 3rd St. (677-9727)—A frabjous sort of place in a somewhat vorpal neighborhood. A long wooden bar, some tables, and, beginning at nine, music by the Philly Joe Jones quintet. On Tuesday, March 17, Elvin Jones, in charge of a trio, will bring in his thunderous drums. Mondays, from nine-thirty, devotees of the bizarre and the unusual can listen to Sun Ra and his Intergalactic Research Arkestra.

**Uncle John's Straw Hat**, 316 W. 49th St. (581-1828)—Eddie Condon's Hot Shots—namely, Johnny Windhurst, Frank Orchard, Sal Pace, Charlie Folds, and Mr. C.—will do an eight-to-eleven session here Sunday, March 15. A rock band plays Wednesdays through Saturdays. Closed Mondays and Tuesdays.

**Village Gate**, 160 Bleecker St. (GR 5-5120)—Upstairs, starting at about nine-thirty, Junior Mance, whose piano can produce some richly embellished blues, plays with a couple of sidemen, for drinking and dining. Grilled dinners are available. On Mondays, when the regulars are off, new talent is auditioned.... ¶ Downstairs: Friday and Saturday, March 13-14, Herbie Mann's cool flute will set the pace for his quartet. (Friday from ten, and Saturday from nine-thirty.)

**Village Vanguard**, 178 Seventh Ave. S., at 11th St. (CH 2-9355)—Thelonious Monk's quartet, given to subtle mannerisms that are tried and true, plays Friday through Sunday, March 13-15. On Tuesday, March 17, singer Dakota Staton and the Norman Simmons trio will come in. Starting time is nine-thirty, in theory; Sunday, March 15, the hours will be five to midnight. Mondays are reserved for the big Thad Jones-Mel Lewis band.

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**West Boondock**, 114 Tenth Ave., at 17th St. (924-9723)—Stained-glass windows, candles on the tables, and convincing Southern cooking in an unlikely, deserted part of town. Non-disruptive jazz on piano and bass, from eight-thirty to two, by Nat Jones and Herman Wright (Monday through Wednesday) and by Lance Hayward and Bill Lee (Thursday through Sunday).

### DISCOTHÈQUES AND SUCH

(No dining, unless indicated.)

**Aux Puces**, 70 E. 55th St. (688-2920)—Small and sybaritic. Many of the furnishings—lowboys, chandeliers, paintings, and gewgaws—are for sale. The service is deft, and the patrons look glossy and contented. Dancing from ten to three or four. Dining.

**C'Est Moi**, 1220 Second Ave., at 64th St. (935-1282)—They move at several speeds in this second-story establishment, whose first story is a restaurant named Sam's. The upstairs room, which is darkish and arched, stays open from nine until three-thirty every night.

**Directoire**, 160 E. 48th St. (758-9570)—Pin-striped wallpaper, red velvet draperies, and moody muted murals are reminiscent of the years 1795-99, when France wasn't quite making it. The cuisine—dinner and supper—is good, and one can dance to records on a small dance floor from ten to three or four. Closed Sundays.

**Electric Circus**, upstairs at 23 St. Marks Pl. (777-7080)—A Day-Glo tunnel, a wide-screen light show, and nook-and-cranny hiding places. Dancing starts at nine on Sundays, Wednesdays, and Thursdays, and at eight on Fridays and Saturdays. The live sounds of Tractor alternate with high-powered recorded sounds until Wednesday, March 18, when a group called 6ix arrives. Alcohol is banned. Closed Mondays and Tuesdays.

**L'Etoile**, 1 E. 59th St. (PL 1-7025)—An established restaurant that has added dancing on its lower level, where red carpets surround a parquet dance floor. A wide assortment of records can be heard from eleven to three. Dinner and supper. No music Sundays.

**L'Interdit**, in the Gotham Hotel, 2 W. 55th St. (CI 7-2200)—Continental traffic signs are the motif, and neckties or the equivalent are expected. The recorded music doesn't really go anywhere. A fairly complete supper menu. Crowded on Fridays and Saturdays. Closed Sundays.

**Later at Act I**, 1 Times Square. (695-1880)—On the fifteenth floor of the Allied Chemical Tower, plate-glass windows look out on neon glitter and in on décor that is of no particular time or place. Dancing to live and preserved music Mondays through Fridays from ten until three. Supper. Closed Saturdays and Sundays.

**Salvation Too**, 30 Central Park S. (PL 2-4365)—Limited in size but activated with light and sound. The mood is suave and the view is magnificent. Reservations are recommended. Things run until three or four each night.

**Shepheard's**, in the Drake Hotel, Park Ave. at 56th St. (HA 1-0900)—Tell old Pharaoh that his sphinxes are ensconced in the land of gilded schmaltz. Sphinxlike table companions are frequent, since the records are played at a more than Nilotic volume. Three times nightly, a six-man outfit called the Victorians entertains. Substantial dining. Closed Sundays.

**Wednesday's**, 210 E. 86th St. (535-8500)—A fabricated street lined with shops, a bar, an amusement gallery, and other small establishments. The trees are false, but the records are real. Dancing from six to three except on Saturdays, when the doors open at eight.

**Wheels**, 1591 Second Ave., at 82nd St. (879-3777)—If you're looking for a place to dance to some now-type music, where you can just sit and have a beer and wear your old corduroys or your old velveteen, this might be it. The 45 r.p.m.s alternate with live musicians. Closed Sundays.

**Yellowfinger's**, 200 E. 60th St. (752-0980)—Dark, small, and out of sight. Downstairs—below the street-level crêpe parlor that bears the same name—there are white cubes for tables, consistently swinging records, and swarms of coolly dressed people. (On weekends, the coolly dressed people swarm so thickly that reservations—for whatever they're worth—are needed.) It makes it.

### OTHER DANCING

(Dining, too, unless noted.)

**El Morocco**, 307 E. 54th St. (PL 2-2960): Lester Lanin's first-string (and first-horn) ground forces are billeted in this fine old garrison city, where they produce music from nine until three. The commandant of the establishment is Billy Reed, once quartermaster of the Little Club. Closed Sundays.... **Delmonico's**, Park Ave. at 59th St. (EL 5-2500): Domestic bliss is the idea in the restaurant, and it often works out in that peaceful fashion. Ernie Warren's crew is now and again on the bandstand, usually until one or two in the morning. No sound, though, on Sundays and Mondays.... **Roseland Dance City**, 239 W. 52nd St. (247-0200): This community was not founded upon rock; a more mellifluous music is dispensed. The floor is ample, and so is the sound—a full house of Latin bandsmen and a pair of Up North orchestras. Eight until about one, in general, though Sundays begin at three-thirty. Wednesdays run from six-thirty until midnight, and Thursdays from two until midnight. The dining is minimal. Closed Mondays.

### CABARETS

(No dancing, and no formal dining, either, unless indicated.)

**Dangerfield's**, 1118 First Ave., at 61st St. (593-1650)—The real reason for this lodge, transported whole from the shores of Lake Tahoe, is Rodney Dangerfield, who issues nightly bulletins (except on Sunday) that record our citizenry's progress in its war against the encroachments of civilization—often in words of one syllable.

**Downstairs at the Upstairs**, 37 W. 56th St. (JU 2-1244)—The human comedy, often diverted into humane comedy, is the essence of Shelley Berman, who has the good fortune to know precisely how to express it and his own deep involvement in it. This revelation, as funny as it can possibly be, takes place Mondays through Thursdays at ten and twelve, and Fridays and Saturdays at nine-thirty, eleven-thirty, and one. Closed Sundays.

**El Avram**, 80 Grove St., at Sheridan Sq. (243-9661)—Any port of the Eastern Mediterranean in a storm, but the storm is all a matter of weird and vigorous instruments. The going is best when Avram Grobard, prop., and whatever friends are on hand conspire. The Israeli rock band is the one deficiency. The dining can be as Israeli as you wish. Dancing. Closed Mondays.

**Upstairs at the Downstairs**, 37 W. 56th St. (JU 2-1244)—"Weigh-In, Way-Out," the incumbent boy-and-girl miniature revue, which has a lot to say about a lot of matters, has a lot to be said for it, even though a number of the skits get in their own weighing-in. The cast is industrious indeed, but moderate. Twice every night but Sunday.

### BIG DEALS

(Dinner and supper, music, and a show.)

**Alpine Cellar**, in the Hotel McAlpin, Broadway at 34th St. (PE 6-5700)—A Bavarian *Brau-*

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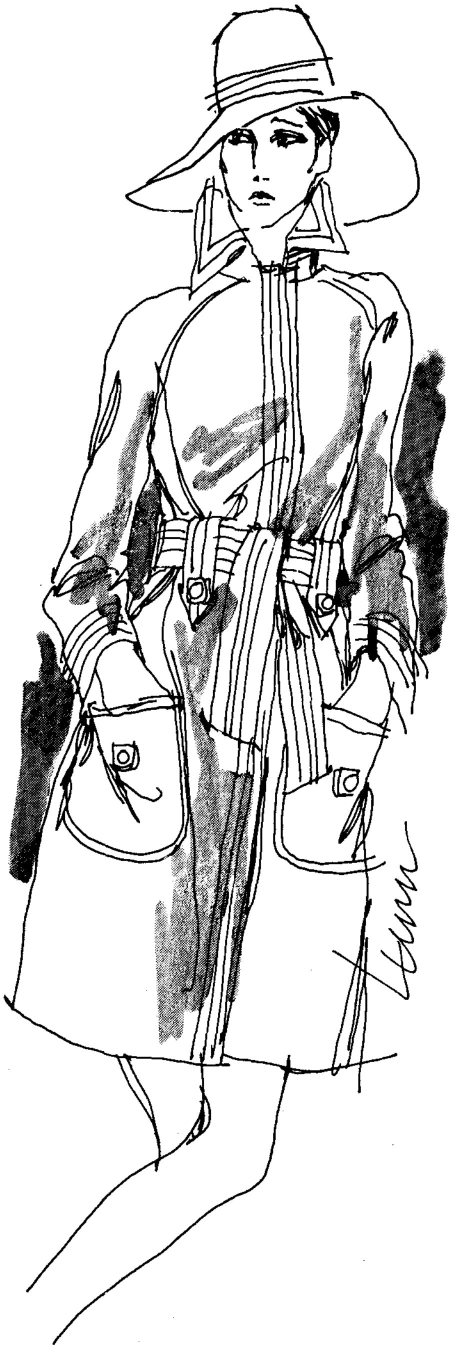

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*erei,* thinly disguised as a Mitteleuropa operetta—merry villagers, dancers, singers, brassbandsmen, on permanent and powerful duty from six to one every night but Sunday. The provender is what goes with red cabbage and draft beer.

**Americana,** Seventh Ave. at 52nd St. (LT 1-1000)—Jack Carter, the centerpiece of the Royal Box during dinner and supper, is apt to say almost anything but "Stop me if you've heard this before." His compeer is Eloise Laws, a singer new to these parts. The admirable purring sounds before and after are made by the Lee Evans orchestra. Closed Sundays.

**Château Madrid,** Lexington Ave. at 48th St. (752-8080)—The art form called flamenco being compulsory in Spain, it is compulsory here, too (a set of six players right now), but it's a compulsory course that is not hard to take. Nati Mistral, the prize of the evening (and maybe the season), is something else, though—serene, seraphic, soprano, and standing at the crossroads between sentiment and humor. The whole thing may be seen and heard during dinner and supper every single night. . . . ¶ Pepe Preiego (guitar) and Antonio Maya (voice), the permanent party of the minute Flamenco Room, are men of affairs—of the heart, though, for which they offer a perfect form of musicianship. Their lament begins at ten, likewise every single night.

**Copacabana,** 10 E. 60th St. (758-0900)—Liberty, fraternity, and equality are now, so he says, the tenets of Don Rickles, who is, of course, more famous for obloquy in conversation and permissiveness in language. With this puzzle comes Hal Frazier, a new jump-for-joy singer who seems sure to amount to something. On Thursday, March 19, another deal: the arrival of Stevie Wonder, who is likewise capable of real sing-outs. No nights off for anyone. . . . ¶ In the ground-floor lounge, the eastern border of Nevada, there is music from ten o'clock on.

**Downbeat,** Lexington Ave. at 42nd St. (889-5100)—The top of the evening in this steak house is easily Anita O'Day, who does her songs of convoluted jazz her own commendable way and no one else's. She is supplemented by the incredibly vibrant triad run by Monty Alexander. The romp runs from six-thirty until two. No dancing; closed Sundays.

**Plaza,** Fifth Ave. at 59th St. (PL 9-3000)—Lainie Kazan, ostensibly just a girl singer, comes on like the Greatest Show on Earth during her dinner and supper séances in the Persian Room. She ends this awesome undertaking on Tuesday, March 17. One night later, the more moderate Florence Henderson begins, at ten-fifteen, a song session of her own. Thereafter, she, too, will appear twice an evening. The orchestras of Burt Farber and Mark Monte will keep on humming not only to themselves but to anyone who still likes to dance. Closed Sundays. . . . ¶ The music for observation in **PLAZA 9—AND ALL THAT JAZZ** comes from the trio of Dorothy Donegan, who is a lot of bounce to every ounce; the music for featly footing it comes from Marty Napoleon's persuasive threesome. The Donegans finish up on Sunday, March 15; on Tuesday, March 17, the Tokyo Happy Coats (five little maids from school) move their band instruments in. Dinner (and music) at eight; the music plays on and on, but there is no supper. Closed Mondays. . . . ¶ The Space Age could learn a great deal by studying the lofty lineaments of the Palm Court. Piano and violin (Sandu Marcu) commune blissfully from four-thirty until six-thirty for crumpets and tea, and violin (nearly always Gunnar Hansen's worldly, Old Worldly one) takes flights of fancy from eight until one every night but Sunday. . . . ¶ The Marcu flotilla also operates in the Edwardian Room, except Sundays from seven until ten-thirty, in general.

**Rainbow Grill,** 30 Rockefeller Plaza. (PL 7-8970)—This high peak is kept warm by a light Brazilian breeze that swirls around it during the dinner and supper hours. She is Astrud Gilberto, singing her way ever so winningly through the rich archives of Brazilian song. On Thursday, March 12, she gives way to Alberto Rochi, who is from the Argentine, and whose tenor is very Spanish. The dance music starts at eight, and Sundays are dark.

**St. Regis-Sheraton,** Fifth Ave. at 55th St. (PL 3-4500)—The dinnertime singing (and suppertime singing, too, on Fridays and Saturdays) in the regal Maisonette is done by Gino Tonetti, whose manner suggests that he spends his time under the beach umbrellas of the Côte d'Azur, not under the umbrellas of Cherbourg. On Thursday, March 19, he will be succeeded by Jeanne Steel, a soprano more accustomed to industrial shows. Hal Turner's crew, which is the best dance band to arrive in our town for quite some time, and Quintero's ancient Latin retainers do the music. Closed Sundays and Mondays. . . . ¶ La Boite, the across-the-way retreat for those who like to think things out in peace and quiet, is under the mild jurisdiction of Ernest Schoen's unobtrusive violin and Jules Kuti's unobtrusive piano. Closed Sundays.

**Waldorf-Astoria,** Park Ave. at 49th St. (EL 5-3000)—The haberdasher's art may be set forward a thousand years by Liberace, now on view in the Empire Room during dinner and supper; the art of pianism may at the same time be losing ground. He is supported by the Trinidad Tripoli Steel Band—which makes for a pretty interesting case of mixed media. The orchestra of Charles Turecamo functions smoothly the rest of the evening. Closed Sundays.

### SMALL AND BOUNCY

(Dining but no dancing, except as indicated.)

**CAFÉ CARLYLE,** Madison Ave. at 76th St. (RH 4-1600): In what begins to look like the Year of Sir Noël, nothing becomes his world more than this *boîte* when Bobby Short, his agile piano well in hand, collaborates with his aides, Beverly Peer and Dick Sheridan, on the songs that will always make that world go round. Closed Sundays. . . . **CHUCKS' COMPOSITE,** 303 E. 53rd St. (EL 5-8825): Coeducation can be beautiful on a campus as unperturbed as this one. The occasional music comes from the Joel Shulman duo, which stays home Sundays. . . . **JAMAICA ARMS,** 1315 Second Ave., at 69th St. (YU 8-5850): Aged-in-the-wood Jamaican rum, and a Jack-in-the-pulpit sort of itinerant calypso singer, who does his roundelays from dinner through supper every night but Sunday. . . . **LA CHANSONNETTE,** 890 Second Ave., at 47th St. (PL 2-7320): Housewarmings by the lady of the manor, Rita Dimitri, happen five nights a week (no Sunday, no Monday). A docile dance crew makes music during the evening, and at nine-thirty weekdays and at dinner and supper Fridays and Saturdays Mlle. D. climbs to the roof of a piano and sings, Toulouse-Lautrec style, for friends and their guests. . . . **CHARDAS,** 307 E. 79th St. (RH 4-9382): Budapest Mon Amour. The tributes are issued by Tibor Rakossy (tenor and host), Béla Babai's gypsy encampment, and whatever other singers are in the house. Dancing. Closed Mondays. . . . **ASTI,** 13 E. 12th St. (AL 5-9773): *Schola cantorum,* in which the waiters double in brass tones and the diners frequently serve as spear- and tune-carriers. The amiable rumble takes place every night but Monday. . . . **A QUIET LITTLE TABLE IN THE CORNER,** belowdecks in the Executive Hotel, 237 Madison Ave., at 37th St. (685-7160): A bumper-to-bumper traffic jam that bothers none of the guests, who have no intention of moving on. The best of the music in this bar-and-grill comes from Scott Reed, whose love-life piano serves from nine-thirty until three Tuesdays through Saturdays. He is also given to bursts of song.

### SMALL AND SERENE

(Dining, but no dancing.)

**CHÂTEAU HENRI IV,** 37 E. 64th St. (RE 7-8818): No difficulty at all about living like kings, for the appurtenances—moat, armor, medieval architecture—were left behind intact when Henri IV moved into a modern co-op. Herman Arminski, whose piano speaks the Romance languages, is there every night but Sunday, and the fiddle handled by George Cardini is in service from Tuesday through Saturday. The restaurant is pastoral; the bar can be rumbustious. . . . **SIGN OF THE DOVE,** 1110 Third Ave., at 65th St. (UN 1-8080): Where every prospect pleases—life in rural Umbria in the back rooms, life in a leisured New York in the bar, in which Lynn Mullinax, from six to midnight, except Sundays, plays his buoyant piano. . . . **SALUM SANCTORUM,**

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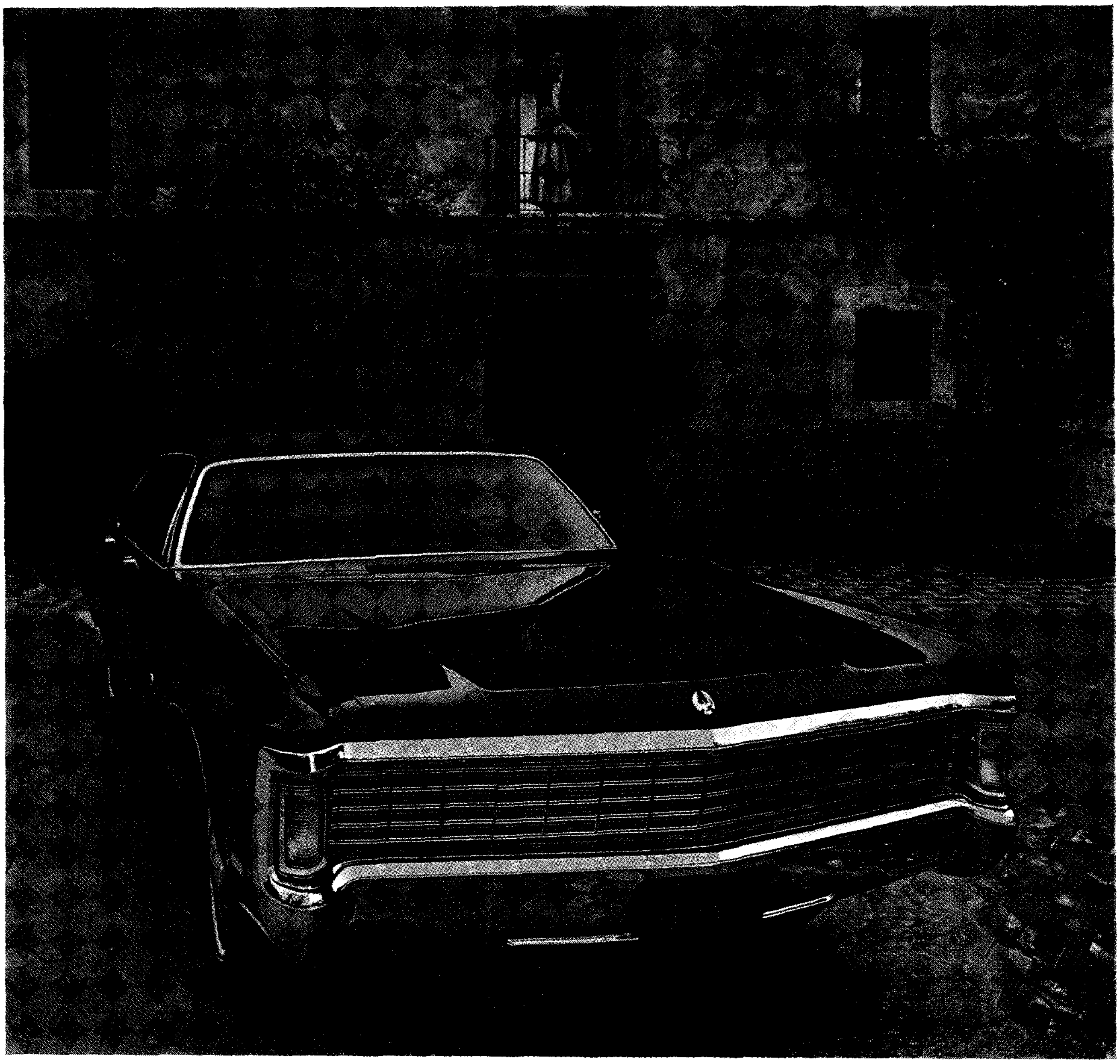

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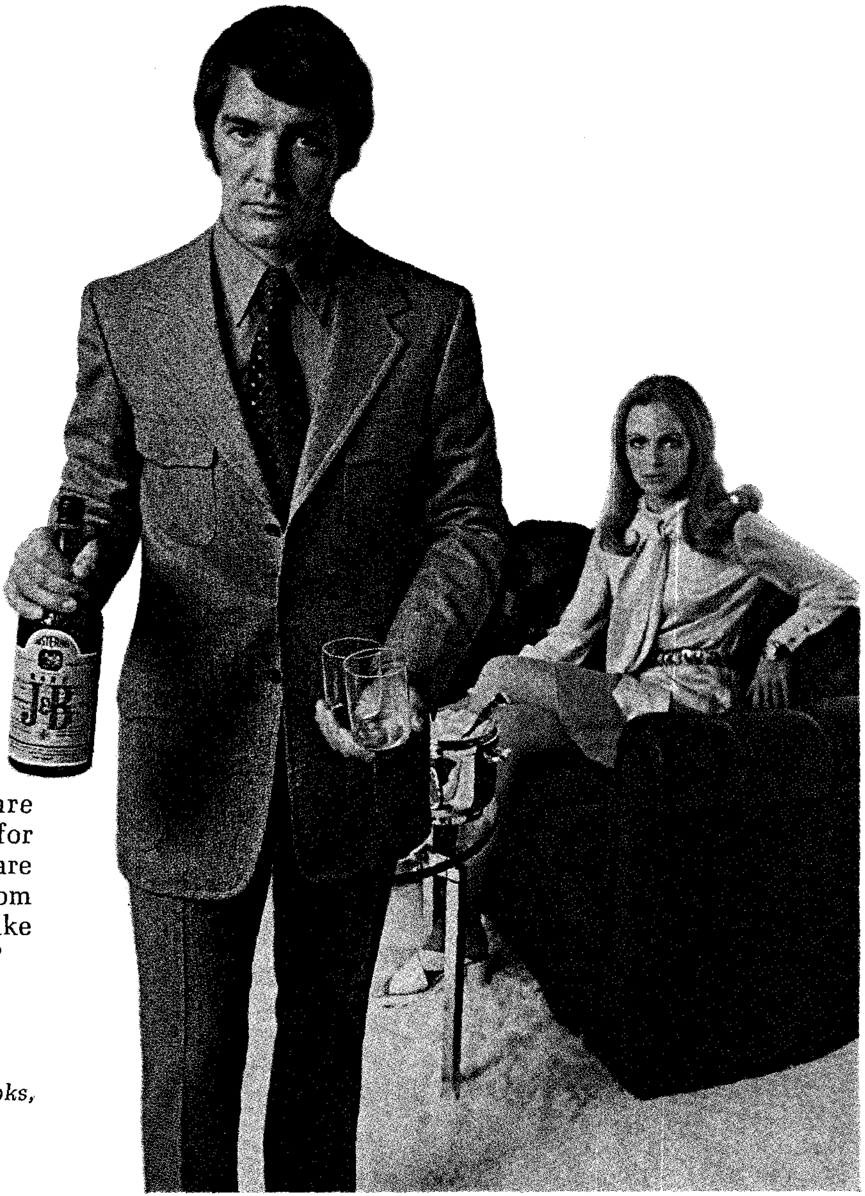

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# GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

1112 Third Ave., at 65th St. (UN 1-9492): The upper half of the same enterprise, but worlds apart in every aspect. In one of the alcoves on display there is a piano. Closed Sundays. . . . **IPERBOLE,** 137 E. 55th St. (759-9720): In this well-ordered Roman way of life, dining becomes a career instead of a wee pause for refreshments. The *mise-en-scène* is 1970, but the music (voice and guitar) belongs to a great Old World. Seven until one, and every night. . . . **DRAKE ROOM,** 71 E. 56th St. (HA 1-0900): Angels, theatrical and otherwise, fear not to tread. From cocktails until after-the-theatre supper, the piano is in the hands of Dick Hankinson, who is on duty every evening but Sunday. . . . **SHERRY-NETHERLAND,** Fifth Ave. at 59th St. (EL 5-2800): *Maison de style* and music room, too, for there is piano (five-thirty to eight, nine to twelve-thirty) every night except Sunday and Monday. . . . **CAFÉ RENAISSANCE,** 338 E. 49th St. (PL 1-3160): The Grand Tour of Spanish architecture. The accompaniment is the guitar, classic in its simplicity and authenticity, of Rogelio Reguera, who sets to between six-thirty and eleven-thirty during the week, between seven-thirty and twelve-thirty Fridays and Saturdays; the nourishment is both American plan and Andalusian. No sound on Sundays. . . . **REMBRANDT ROOM,** in the Stanhope Hotel, Fifth Ave. at 81st St. (BU 8-5800): The piano in this posh purlieu, currently the property of Tony Gorody, a representative of Havana night life in a more unrestrained era, reverts on Friday, March 13, to George Feyer. Music from eight-thirty until one-thirty, but not on Sundays. . . . **MONSIGNORE,** 61 E. 55th St. (EL 5-2070): Walking-around music by an assortment of tireless serenaders, who are on their feet at the stroke of seven. Closed Sundays. . . . **LA RONDE,** in the Americana Hotel, Seventh Ave. at 52nd St. (LT 1-1000): Ray Hartley's piano, on tap from the cocktail hour until after the theatre, offers proof through the night that good songs are still being written and still being played as they should be. Closed Sundays. . . . **POLO BAR,** in the Westbury Hotel, Madison Ave. at 69th St. (LE 5-2000): In his usual corner, Joe Miles conducts a whispered colloquy with his piano from nine until twelve-thirty every night but Sunday and Monday. . . . **HOUSE OF HUNGARY,** 320 E. 79th St. (TR 9-6220): Cabbages (the national Hungarian flora) and kings (of the gypsies, naturally) are what the dutiful musicians, led by Elemer Horvath, in this calm restaurant talk about from seven-thirty until three every single night. . . . **MCALPIN GRILL,** in the Hotel McAlpin, Broadway at 34th St. (PE 6-5700): Wayne Sanders, for so many years a dispenser of well-thought-out piano at the demised Goldie's New York, is repeating himself from five to ten except on Sundays.

## ART

(Unless otherwise noted, galleries are open weekdays from around 10 or 11 to between 5 and 6.)

### GALLERIES

**ARMAN**—The artist's assemblages of paint tubes and other art supplies embedded in plastic; through Saturday, March 21. (Rubin, 49 W. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

**EDWARD AVEDISIAN**—Bright vertical stripes on huge canvases; through April 2. (Elkon, 1063 Madison Ave., at 80th St. Closed Mondays.)

**HAROLD BAUMBACH**—Oils done between 1940 and 1955; through March 28. (Cerberus, 903 Madison Ave., at 72nd St. Closed Mondays.)

**BEN BENN**—Oil paintings, some recent, by this veteran painter of landscapes and still-lifes; through Friday, March 20. (Babcock, 805 Madison Ave., at 68th St. Closed Mondays.)

**WARREN BRANDT**—Still-lifes and figures; through Saturday, March 21. (Sachs, 29 W. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

**JOHN BUTTON**—Representational paintings, mostly landscapes; through April 2. (Kornblee, 58 E. 79th St. Closed Mondays.)

**C. K. CHATTERTON**—Paintings of the American scene from the first decade of this century to the present by an artist who studied with Henri and Chase; through March 24. (Chapellier, 22 E. 80th St.)

**SALVADOR DALI**—Paintings and drawings done between 1965 and 1970, including three mammoth oils; through April 4. (Knoedler, 14 E. 57th St.)

**GENE DAVIS**—Gigantic paintings consisting of vertical stripes; through March 26. (Fischbach, 29 W. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

**JIM DINE**—A show of oils, watercolors, and drawings that is running concurrently with his show at the Whitney; through March 28. (Sonnabend, 924 Madison Ave., at 73rd St. Closed Mondays.)

**LOUIS M. EILSHEMIUS** (1894-1941)—Paintings done between 1908 and 1921 by the prominent New York eccentric; through April 4. (Janis, 15 E. 57th St.)

**MAX ERNST AND RENÉ MAGRITTE**—Works by these leading Surrealists; through Saturday, March 14. (Bodley, 787 Madison Ave., at 67th St.)

**FANGOR**—Color paintings by a Polish artist who now lives in the United States; through Saturday, March 14. (Chalette, 9 E. 88th St.)

**JEAN FAUTRIER** (1898-1964)—Oils, gouaches, drawings, and sculptures by a leading French Abstract Expressionist; through March 28. (Staempfli, 47 E. 77th St. Closed Mondays.)

**H. N. HAN**—Seemingly all-white paintings, in which colors come to light; starting Tuesday, March 17. (French & Co., 980 Madison Ave., at 76th St.)

**AL HELD**—Large geometric paintings in black and white; starting Saturday, March 14. (Emmerich, 41 E. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

**MARTIN HURTIG**—Superimposed planes of color; through March 28. (Alonzo, 26 E. 63rd St. Closed Mondays.)

**PETER HUTCHINSON**—Photographs recording the artist's project on a volcano in Mexico; through March 31. (Gibson, 27 E. 67th St. Closed Mondays.)

**PAUL JENKINS**—More of this artist's luminous veils of color; through Saturday, March 21. (Jackson, 32 E. 69th St. Closed Mondays.)

**ALFRED JENSEN**—Emblematic abstractions in thick pigments; through April 4. (Cordier & Ekstrom, 980 Madison Ave., at 76th St. Closed Mondays.)

**DANIEL LARUE JOHNSON**—Painted wood sculptures; through March 31. (French & Co., 980 Madison Ave., at 76th St.)

**RAY JOHNSON**—Collages with Pop-type ingredients; through Saturday, March 21. (Feigen, 27 E. 79th St.)

**WALTER KAMYS**—Suggestive abstractions; starting Saturday, March 14. (East Hampton Gallery, 22 W. 56th St. Closed Mondays.)

**EARL KERKAM** (1891-1965)—Drawings and watercolors done in Paris in the fifties by an artist known for his self-portraits; through March 28. (Zabriskie, 699 Madison Ave., at 62nd St. Closed Mondays.)

**ERNST LUDWIG KIRCHNER** (1880-1938)—Twenty drawings and watercolors by one of the founders of the German Expressionist school; through Saturday, March 21. (Sabarsky, 987 Madison Ave., at 77th St. Closed Mondays.)

**JOHN MANNING**—Representational oils and watercolors; through April 2. (Graham, third floor, 1014 Madison Ave., at 78th St. Closed Mondays.)

**REGINALD MARSH** (1898-1954)—Paintings and drawings of the New York scene; through March 28. (Rehn, 655 Madison Ave., at 60th St.)

**PHILIP McCRACKEN**—Symbolic sculptures, most of them metal; through Saturday, March 14. (Willard, 29 E. 72nd St.)

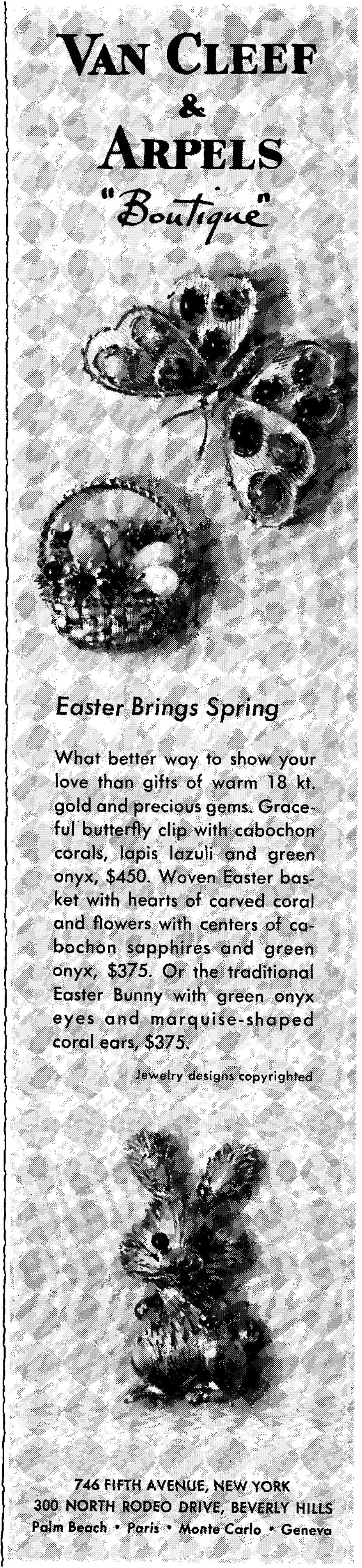
**LOWELL NESBITT**—Large canvases, based on photographs, of parts of the human figure; through March 26. (Stable, 33 E. 74th St. Closed Mondays.)

**EMIL NOLDE** (1867-1956)—A comprehensive collection of etchings, woodcuts, and lithographs; through March 28. (Frumkin, 41 E. 57th St.)

**BART PERRY**—Hard-edge paintings; through March 28. (Capricorn, 11 W. 56th St. Closed Mondays.)

**ABRAHAM RATTNER**—Thirty-six paintings on the theme of the hangings in Iraq of persons accused of espionage for Israel; through March 26. (New School, 65 Fifth Ave., at 14th St. Mondays through Fridays, noon to 8; Saturdays, 11 to 7; Sundays, 2 to 8.)

**AD REINHARDT** (1913-67)—Square all-black paintings by the artist famous for this for-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# GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

mat; through March 28. (Marlborough, 41 E. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

**Paul Resika**—Figures in landscapes, and landscapes; through April 4. (Peridot, 820 Madison Ave., at 68th St. Closed Mondays.)

**Constance Richardson**—American landscapes; through March 29. (Kennedy, 20 E. 56th St. Closed Mondays.)

**Gerald Scarfe**—Drawings and sculptures by a leading British caricaturist; through Saturday, March 21. (Waddell, 15 E. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

**Thomas Sills**—Expressionist paintings and drawings, mostly large; starting Tuesday, March 17. (Bodley, 787 Madison Ave., at 67th St.)

**David Alfaro Siqueiros**—The first major New York exhibition in twenty years, covering three decades of work, by this leading Mexican leftist; through April 5. (Center for Inter-American Relations, 680 Park Ave., at 68th St. Daily, except Mondays, noon to 6.)

**Keith Sonnier**—Pieces by a "materials" artist; through March 28. (Castelli, 4 E. 77th St. Closed Mondays. . . . ¶ Castelli Warehouse, 103 W. 108th St. Tuesdays through Saturdays, 1 to 5.)

**Albert Stadler**—Abstract paintings; through March 26. (Poindexter, 24 E. 84th St. Closed Mondays.)

**Peter Stroud**—Color paintings by a British artist; starting Saturday, March 14. (Hutchinson, 127 Greene St., at W. Houston St. Closed Mondays.)

**Takis**—Works that move magnetically with spectator participation; through Saturday, March 21. (Wise, 50 W. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

**Charles White**—Paintings and drawings of themes taken from the history of the blacks in America; starting Saturday, March 14. (Forum, 1018 Madison Ave., at 79th St. Closed Mondays.)

**Paul Zimmerman**—Semi-abstract landscapes and still-lifes; through March 28. (Seligmann, 5 E. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

**Group Shows**—At **AUTOMATION HOUSE**, 49 E. 68th St.: An exhibit of eight monumental, electrically complex environments by as many artists, among them Stephen Antonakos, Boyd Mefferd, Robert Whitman, and Stanley Landsman; through April 12. (Daily, noon to 6.). . . **BORGENICHT**, 1018 Madison Ave., at 79th St.: Beckmann, Dix, Kirchner, and Marcks are a few of the artists represented in a showing of twentieth-century German drawings; through March 26. (Closed Mondays.). . . **DINTENFASS**, 18 E. 67th St.: Drawings by Robert Gwathmey, Stefano Cusumano, and Alan Cober; through March 28. (Closed Mondays.). . . **GALLERY OF ISRAELI ART**, 4 E. 54th St.: Oils, sculptures, watercolors, and drawings by leading Israeli artists of different generations; through March 31. (Closed Saturdays; open Sundays, 1 to 5.) . . . **MUSEUM**, 729 Broadway, at Waverly Pl.: Works in a wide range of mediums and styles by an assortment of talents; through Saturday, March 21. (Daily, 2 to 7.). . . **SAIDENBERG**, 1037 Madison Ave., at 79th St.: Paintings by, among others, Arp, de Kooning, Feininger, Giacometti, Pollock, and Léger; through March 28. (Closed Mondays.). . . **VIVIANO**, 42 E. 57th St.: Paintings and sculptures by such twentieth-century Europeans and Americans as Afro, Beckmann, Glasco, Lanyon, and Tchelitchew; through April 11. (Closed Mondays.)

**Sculpture**—Bronzes by members of the Sculptors Guild, who include Doris Caesar, Robert Cronbach, Vincent Glinsky, and Ruth Vollmer; through March 31. (797 Madison Ave., at 67th St. Tuesdays through Saturdays, 1 to 5.)

### MUSEUMS AND LIBRARIES

**Metropolitan Museum**, Fifth Ave. at 82nd St.—Over three hundred items of medieval art, including gems, manuscripts, stained glass, textiles, sculptures, and works in enamel, metal, and ivory, done between 1180 and 1220, the period when the cathedrals of Chartres, Reims, and Notre Dame, and the first palace of the Louvre were built. The exhibition, which represents the emergence of the Gothic style, comprises borrowings from fourteen countries, including the United States. Through May 10. Except on Mondays, admission is $1. (Weekdays, 10 to 4, and Tuesday evenings until 9; Sundays, 1 to 4.)

**Museum of Modern Art**, 11 W. 53rd St.—A hundred and fifty items and photographs of Art Nouveau by designer-architect Hector Guimard (1867-1942), including furniture, textiles, graphics, and industrial objects; through May 10. . . . ¶ Fifty etchings done by Joan Miró between 1965 and 1968; through April 26. . . . ¶ Photographs by Eugène Atget (1850-1927); through March 22. (No admission charge on Mondays, 2 to 9; the rest of the week—Tuesdays through Saturdays, 11 to 6, Thursday evenings until 9, and Sundays, noon to 6—the usual $1.50 will be charged.)

**Solomon R. Guggenheim Museum**, 1071 Fifth Ave., at 89th St.—Paintings, collages, sculptures, prints, drawings, photographs, and stage designs by Laszlo Moholy-Nagy (1895-1946), designer in many mediums, who was affiliated with the Bauhaus; through April 19. (Tuesdays, 10 to 9; Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 6; Sundays, noon to 6.)

**Whitney Museum**, 945 Madison Ave., at 75th St.—A retrospective of the paintings, assemblages, drawings, and prints of the Pop artist Jim Dine; through April 19. A good complement to this exhibit is his show at the Sonnabend Gallery, 924 Madison Ave., at 73rd St. . . . ¶ Seventy-six paintings by twenty-two artists who present different phases of representational painting today, among them Jack Beal, Howard Kanovitz, Gabriel Laderman, Alfred Leslie, Philip Pearlstein, and Sidney Tillim; through March 29. (Weekdays, 11 to 6, and Tuesday evenings until 10; Sundays, noon to 6.)

**Brooklyn Museum**, Eastern Parkway—A hundred paintings and twenty-seven graphics constituting the first major retrospective of the work of Milton Avery (1893-1965), a vital influence in mid-century American painting; through March 29. (Weekdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

**American Museum of Natural History**, Central Park W. at 79th St.—Drawings and sculptures executed by the students of the School of Art and Design at Pratt Institute from a study of forms in nature. (Weekdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

**Asia House**, 112 E. 64th St.—A hundred and seventy small bronzes and carvings of "Animal Style" art—the art of the nomads from the steppes of Asia that penetrated Europe between the sixth and eighth centuries and appeared eventually in the art of America's Northwest Coast Indians; through Sunday, March 15. (Mondays through Fridays, 10 to 5; Saturdays, 11 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

**Cooper-Hewitt Museum of Design**, Third Ave. at 7th St.—Drawings by forty artists, including Rosenquist, de Kooning, Johns, Lindner, Steinberg, and Glarner; through May 9. (Weekdays, 10 to 5.)

**Grolier Club**, 47 E. 60th St.—An exhibit devoted to German, Austrian, and Swiss printing from 1918 to the present; through April 4. (Mondays through Fridays, 10 to 5; Saturdays, 10 to 3.)

**Morgan Library**, 29 E. 36th St.—"Old Master Drawings from Chatsworth," an exhibition of a hundred and thirty-one works from the Duke of Devonshire's collection, with emphasis on Mannerist and baroque artists of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries; through Saturday, March 14. (Weekdays, 9:30 to 5.)

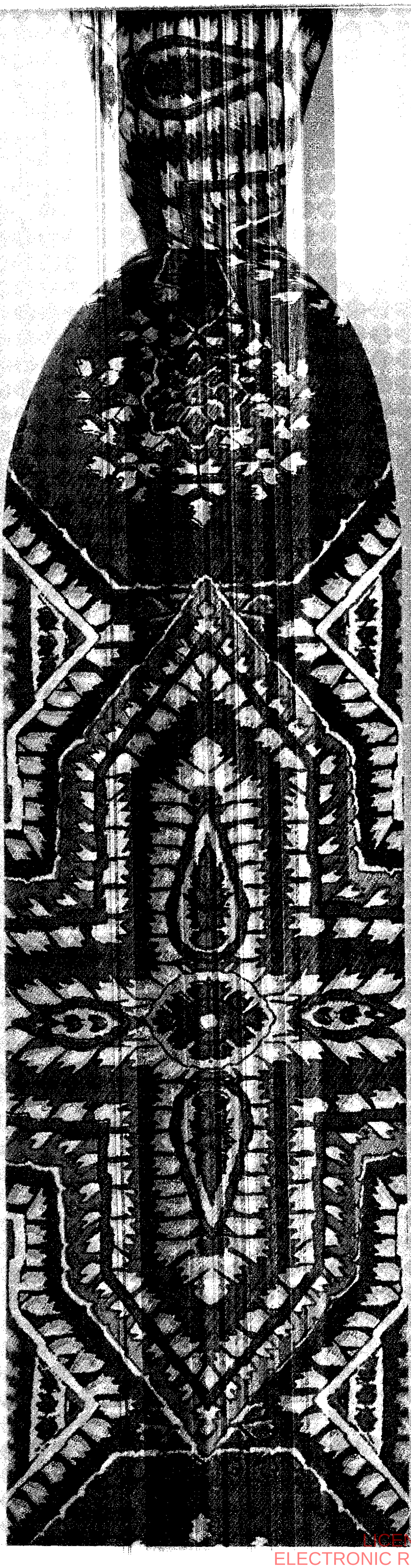
**Studio Museum in Harlem**, 2033 Fifth Ave., at 125th St.—Over a hundred African objects (masks, figures, musical instruments, textiles, jewelry, and artifacts), together with a sampling of the Western art they inspired; through April 19. (Mondays and Wednesdays, 10 to 9; Thursdays and Fridays, 10 to 6; Saturdays and Sundays, 1 to 6.)

## MUSIC

(The box-office number for the Metropolitan Opera House is 799-4420, for Philharmonic Hall TR 4-2424, for Carnegie Hall CI 7-7459, and for Alice Tully Hall at Lincoln Center 362-1911. Other box-office numbers are included in the listings.)

### OPERA

**Metropolitan Opera**—Wednesday evening, March 11: "Der Fliegende Holländer," with



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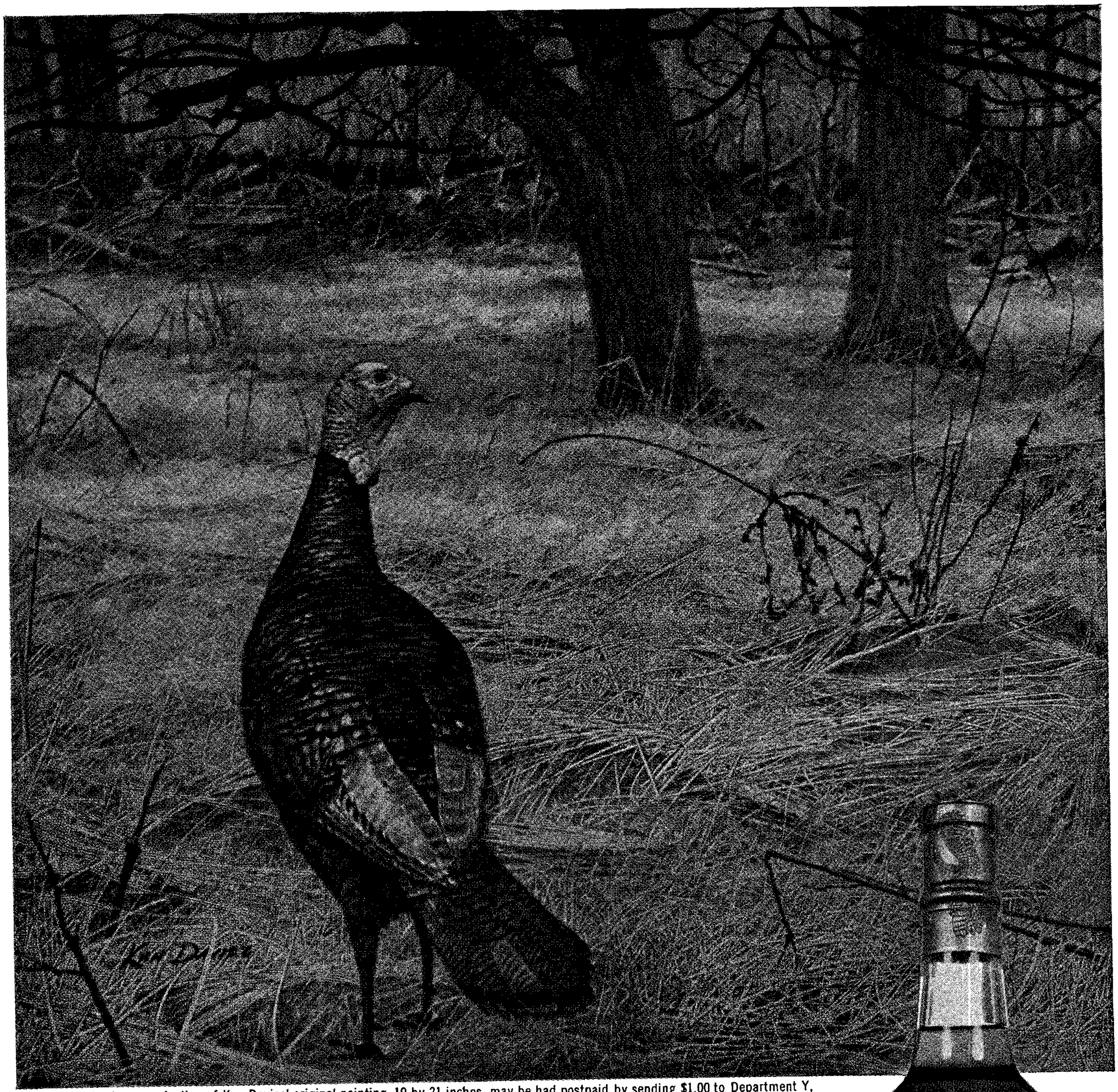

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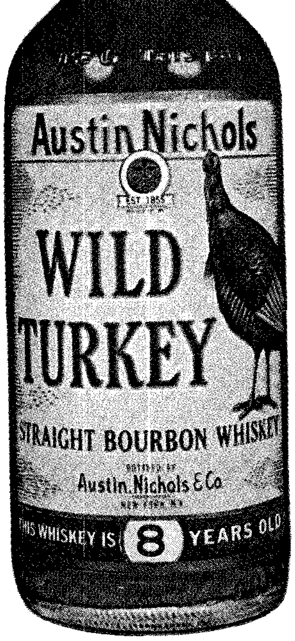
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Marion Lippert, William Dooley, George Shirley, and John Macurdy. . . . ¶ Thursday evening, March 12: "Ariadne auf Naxos," with Leonie Rysanek, Reri Grist, Evelyn Lear, James King, Walter Berry, and Theodor Uppman. . . . ¶ Friday evening, March 13: "Der Rosenkavalier," with Helen Vanni, Judith Raskin, Rosalind Elias, Mildred Miller, Otto Edelmann, John Alexander, and Morley Meredith. . . . ¶ Saturday matinée, March 14: "La Fanciulla del West," with Renata Tebaldi, Sándor Kónya, John Macurdy, and Raymond Gibbs. . . . ¶ Saturday evening, March 14: "Norma," with Joan Sutherland, Marilyn Horne, Carlo Bergonzi, and Cesare Siepi. . . . ¶ Monday evening, March 16: "Roméo et Juliette," with Mirella Freni, Marcia Baldwin, Franco Corelli, John Reardon, John Macurdy, and Clifford Harvuot. . . . ¶ Tuesday evening, March 17: "Ariadne auf Naxos," with Leonie Rysanek, Reri Grist, Evelyn Lear, James King, Walter Berry, and Theodor Uppman. . . . ¶ Wednesday evening, March 18: "Aida," with Lucine Amara, Irene Dalis, Carlo Bergonzi, Mario Sereni, Cesare Siepi, and Paul Plishka. . . . ¶ Thursday evening, March 19: "Norma," with Joan Sutherland, Marilyn Horne, John Alexander, and Ivo Vinco. . . . ¶ Friday evening, March 20: "Ariadne auf Naxos," with Leonie Rysanek, Reri Grist, Evelyn Lear, James King, William Dooley, and Theodor Uppman. . . . ¶ Saturday matinée, March 21: "La Traviata," with Montserrat Caballé, Carlo Bergonzi, and Sherrill Milnes. . . . ¶ Saturday evening, March 21: "Don Carlo," with Marion Lippert, Fiorenza Cossotto, Sándor Kónya, Mario Sereni, Cesare Siepi, and John Macurdy. (Evenings at 8. Matinées at 2.)

**New York City Opera**—Wednesday, March 11, at 8:15: "The Turn of the Screw," with Maralin Niska, Judith Anthony, Kenneth Riegel, and Robert Puleo. . . . ¶ Thursday, March 12, at 8:15: "Mefistofele," with Gilda Cruz-Romo, Beverly Evans, Nicholas DiVirgilio, and Norman Treigle. . . . ¶ Friday, March 13, at 8:15: "Lucia di Lammermoor," with Beverly Sills, Janet Winburn, Michele Molese, and Dominic Cossa. . . . ¶ Saturday, March 14, at 2:15: "Manon," with Carol Neblett, Richard Mundt, Richard Fredricks, and Ion Piso. . . . ¶ Saturday, March 14, at 8:15: "Rigoletto," with Louise Lebrun, Mary Cross Lueders, Enrico DiGiuseppe, and Abe Polakoff. . . . ¶ Sunday, March 15, at 1:15: "Faust," with Maralin Niska, Kay Creed, Nicholas DiVirgilio, and Norman Treigle. . . . ¶ Sunday, March 15, at 7:15: A new production of Debussy's "Pelléas et Mélisande," with Patricia Brooks, Frances Bible, André Jobin, and Louis Quilico. . . . ¶ Tuesday, March 17, at 8:15: "Mefistofele," with Gilda Cruz-Romo, Beverly Evans, Robert Nagy, and Norman Treigle. . . . ¶ Wednesday, March 18, at 8:15: "Pelléas et Mélisande," with Patricia Brooks, Frances Bible, Robert Puleo, and Louis Quilico. . . . ¶ Thursday, March 19, at 8:15: "Madame Butterfly," with Maralin Niska, Kay Creed, Enrico DiGiuseppe, and Dominic Cossa. . . . ¶ Friday, March 20, at 8:15: "Rigoletto," with Louise Lebrun, Mary Cross Lueders, Ion Piso, and Louis Quilico. . . . ¶ Saturday, March 21, at 2:15: "La Bohème," with Gilda Cruz-Romo, Carol Neblett, Enrico DiGiuseppe, and John Darrenkamp. . . . ¶ Saturday, March 21, at 8:15: "Lucia di Lammermoor," with Milena Dal Piva, Beverly Evans, Michele Molese, and Richard Fredricks. (New York State Theatre, Lincoln Center. TR 7-4727. Through Sunday, April 19.)

**Opera Composers Festival**—The second in a series of three concerts of arias, duets, trios, and scenes from operas, this one devoted to the music of Giordano, Leoncavallo, and Mascagni, performed by an orchestra conducted by Vincent La Selva, with Lucine Amara, soprano; Luigi Infantino, tenor; and others. (Carnegie Hall. Sunday, March 15, at 2.)

## ORCHESTRAS AND CHORUSES

**New York Philharmonic**—At Philharmonic Hall—Claudio Abbado directing on Thursday, March 12, and Saturday, March 14, at 8:30, and Monday, March 16, at 7:30 (all with Tatiana Troyanos, mezzo-soprano; Werner Hollweg and Robert Jones, tenors; Simon Estes and Raymond Michalski, bass-baritones; Robert Montgomery, narrator; and the Camerata Singers). . . . ¶ George Szell conducting on Thursday, March 19, at 8:30; Friday, March 20, at 2; Saturday, March 21, at 8:30; and Monday, March 23, at 7:30 (all with Itzhak Perlman, violin).

**Buffalo Philharmonic Orchestra**—Lukas Foss conducting, with Gloria Davy, soprano. (Carnegie Hall. Wednesday, March 11, at 8:30.)

**Washington National Symphony**—Howard Mitchell conducting, with David Bar-Illan, piano. (Philharmonic Hall. Sunday, March 15, at 3.)

**Philadelphia Orchestra**—Eugene Ormandy directing a performance of Mahler's Symphony No. 2, with Evelyn Mandac, soprano; Birgit Finnila, contralto; and the Singing City Choirs. (Philharmonic Hall. Tuesday, March 17, at 8:30.)

**Hartford Symphony Orchestra**—Arthur Winograd conducting. (Carnegie Hall. Tuesday, March 17, at 8:30.)

**Baltimore Symphony**—Sergiu Comissiona conducting, with Leon Fleisher, piano. (Carnegie Hall. Saturday, March 21, at 8:30.)

**Mannes Chamber Orchestra**—Carl Bamberger conducting. (Mannes Concert Hall, 157 E. 74th St. Wednesday, March 11, at 8:30. No tickets necessary. . . . ¶ Same program; Library and Museum of the Performing Arts, Lincoln Center. Thursday, March 12, at 6:30. A limited number of free tickets are available at the Amsterdam Avenue entrance, but only to those applying for them in person after 4 on the day of the performance.)

**Juilliard Orchestra**—Leopold Stokowski conducting. (Alice Tully Hall. Friday, March 13, at 8:30. For information about free tickets, call 799-5000, Ext. 246.)

**Musica Aeterna Orchestra**—Frederic Waldman conducting. (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 82nd St. 879-5512. Saturday and Sunday, March 14-15, at 8:30, with Philippe Entremont, piano; and Saturday and Sunday, March 21-22, at 8:30, with Zino Francescatti, violin. All seats have been sold, and only standing room is left.)

**Brooklyn Philharmonia**—Siegfried Landau directing Haydn's "The Creation," with Maria Ferriero, soprano; Joyce Gerber, mezzo-soprano; William Brown, tenor; Robert Patterson, bass-baritone; and the Brooklyn Philharmonia Choral Society. (Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. ST 3-2434. Saturday, March 14, at 8:30.)

**American Opera Society**—An orchestral concert, with Montserrat Caballé, soprano. (Carnegie Hall. Thursday, March 19, at 8.)

**Municipal Concerts Orchestra**—Julius Grossman conducting a benefit concert, with Lilian Kallir, piano. (Town Hall. JU 2-4536. Friday, March 20, at 8:30.)

**Luther College Concert Band**—Weston H. Noble conducting. (Philharmonic Hall. Friday, March 20, at 8:30.)

**University Chorale of Boston College**—C. Alexander Peloquin directing, with Gilbert Price, baritone; Berj Zamkochian, organ; Olga Stone, piano; and the Boston Ballet Company. (Alice Tully Hall. Saturday, March 14, at 8:30.)

**Oratorio Society of New York**—T. Charles Lee directing, with two other choruses, soloists, and the Orchestra of America. (Carnegie Hall. Friday, March 20, at 8:30.)

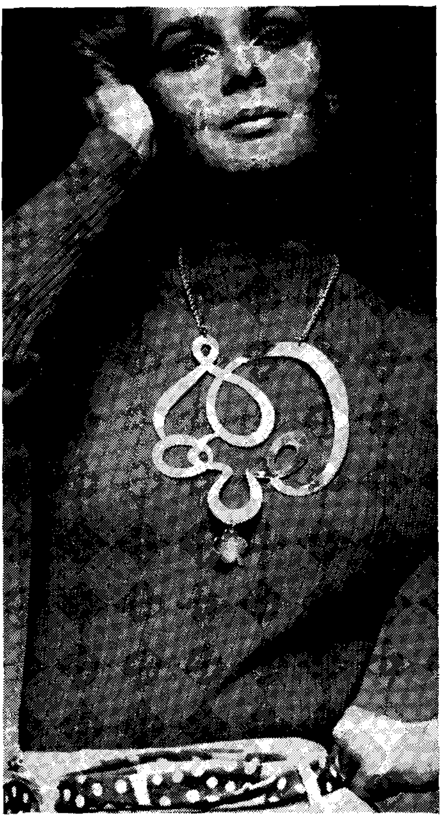
**Canby Singers**—Edward Tatnall Canby directing a program of fifteenth- to seventeenth-century music. (Carnegie Recital Hall. Saturday, March 21, at 8:30.)

## RECITALS

**Arturo Benedetti Michelangeli**—Piano. (Philharmonic Hall. Wednesday, March 11, at 8:30.)

**Hungarian Quartet**—The fourth in a series of five programs (by different quartets) presenting the Beethoven cycle. (Hunter College Playhouse, Park Ave. at 68th St. 535-5350. Wednesday, March 11, at 8:40.)

**Musica Antigua de Chile**—An ensemble of eleven singers and instrumentalists. (Alice Tully Hall. Thursday, March 12, at 8:30, medieval to Renaissance Spanish music and music from the colonial period of Latin America. . . . ¶ St. Thomas Church, Fifth Ave. at 53rd St. Monday, March 16, at 8:30,



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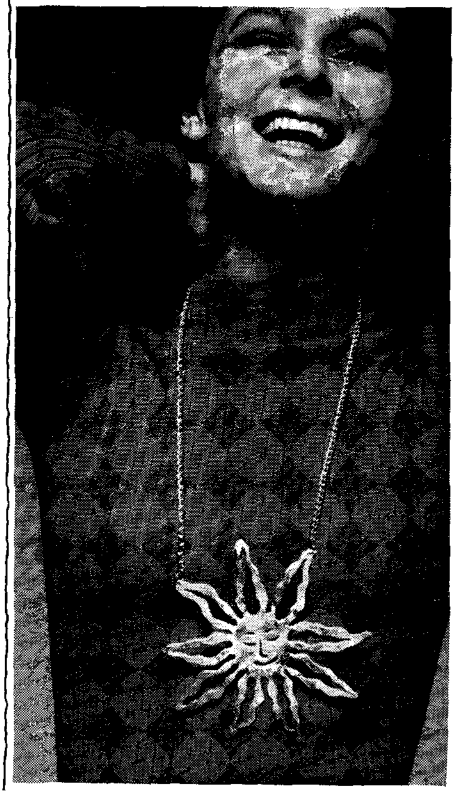

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# GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

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**JUILLIARD STRING QUARTET**—Chamber music. (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 82nd St. 879-5512. Friday, March 13, at 8:30, an all-Schubert program. All seats have been sold, and only standing room is left. . . . ¶ Alice Tully Hall. Tuesday, March 17, at 8:30, the first in a series of five programs presenting the Beethoven cycle.)

**PAUL A. MCGHEE WASHINGTON SQUARE CHAMBER MUSIC CONCERTS**—The Festival Winds. (Vanderbilt Hall, New York University, 40 Washington Sq. S., at Macdougal St. Friday, March 13, at 8:30. Tickets at the box office on the night of the concert.)

**WAVERLY CONSORT**—The last in a series of recitals, this one a program of Renaissance band music, with Ronald Roseman, alto shawm, and others. (Kaufmann Concert Hall, Y.M.H.A., Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. 427-6000. Saturday, March 14, at 8:30.)

**RITA STREICH**—Soprano. (Alice Tully Hall. Sunday, March 15, at 3.)

**BALSAM-KROLL-HEIFETZ TRIO**—In a benefit concert. (Kaufmann Concert Hall, Y.M.H.A., Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. Sunday, March 15, at 3. For information about tickets, call 533-7100.)

**LORIN HOLLANDER**—Piano, in a benefit recital. (Philharmonic Hall. Sunday, March 15, at 8:30.)

**MURRAY PERAHIA**—Piano. (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 82nd St. 879-5512. Monday, March 16, at 8:30.)

**SVIATOSLAV RICHTER**—Piano, in the first of two concerts. (Carnegie Hall. Monday, March 16, at 8:30.)

**GEORGE MALCOLM**—Harpsichord, in the second of two recitals. (Hunter College Playhouse, Park Ave. at 68th St. 535-5350. Monday, March 16, at 8:40.)

**GARY GRAFFMAN**—Piano. (Philharmonic Hall. Wednesday, March 18, at 8:30.)

**JULIAN BREAM**—Guitarist and lutanist, in the second of two recitals. (Alice Tully Hall. Thursday, March 19, at 8:30.)

**EVENINGS FOR NEW MUSIC**—The third in a series of four programs prepared by Lukas Foss and Lejaren Hiller. (Carnegie Recital Hall. Thursday, March 19, at 8:30.)

**CHAMBER MUSIC SOCIETY OF LINCOLN CENTER**—At Alice Tully Hall—Friday, March 20, at 8:30: Charles Treger, Yoko Matsuda, and Hiroko Yajima, violin; Uri Mayer, viola; Leslie Parnas, cello; Paula Robison, flute; Leonard Arner, oboe; Gervase de Peyer, clarinet; Jeanne-Marie Darré, piano; and Charles Wadsworth, piano and harpsichord. . . . ¶ Saturday, March 21, at 9: An all-Fauré program, performed by the Misses Robison and Darré and the Messrs. Treger, Mayer, Parnas, and Wadsworth.

**GUARNERI QUARTET**—Chamber music. (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 82nd St. 879-5512. Friday, March 20, at 8:30, the fifth in a series of six concerts presenting the Beethoven cycle. . . . ¶ Kaufmann Concert Hall, Y.M.H.A., Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. 427-6000. Saturday, March 21, at 8:30, a varied program.)

**MISHA DICHTER**—Piano. (Hunter College Assembly Hall, Park Ave. at 69th St. 535-5350. Saturday, March 21, at 8:30.)

### MISCELLANY

**LUIGI DALLAPICCOLA RETROSPECTIVE CONCERT**—A program of his music, performed by vocal and instrumental soloists, including Jean Hakes, soprano, and Joel Sachs, acting as pianist and conductor, plus the Bedford Madrigal Choir and an instrumental ensemble. (McMillin Theatre, Broadway at 116th St. Wednesday, March 18, at 8:30. Tickets at the box office on the night of the concert.)

### JAZZ/FOLK/ROCK/ETC.

**JOHN MAYALL, WITH DUSTER BENNETT; B. B. KING; AND TAJ MAHAL**—Fillmore East, 105 Second Ave., at 6th St. 777-5260. Friday and Saturday, March 13-14, at 8 and 11:30, and (minus Mr. King) Sunday, March 15, at 8:30.

**IRISH ROVERS AND TOMMY MAKEM**—Felt Forum, Madison Square Garden, Eighth Ave. between 31st and 33rd Sts. 564-4400. Friday, March 13, at 8:30, and Saturday, March 14, at 2 and 8:30.

**AL HIRT**—A festival of New Orleans music, with jazz bands from Preservation Hall and marching brass bands. (Carnegie Hall. Saturday, March 14, at 8:30.)

**SERGIO MENDES AND HIS BRASIL '66**—Carnegie Hall. Sunday, March 15, at 7 and 9:30.

**MOODY BLUES, LEE MICHAELS, AND ARGENT**—Fillmore East. Friday and Saturday, March 20-21, at 8 and 11:30.

## SPORTS

(The box-office number for Madison Square Garden, Eighth Ave. between 31st and 33rd Sts., is 564-4400.)

**PROFESSIONAL BASKETBALL**—At Madison Square Garden—Wednesday, March 18, at 7:30: Knicks vs. Milwaukee. . . . ¶ Saturday, March 21, at 8: Knicks vs. Cincinnati.

**BOXING**—At Madison Square Garden—Wednesday, March 11: Emile Griffith vs. Carlos Mark, middleweights, 10 rounds. (Preliminaries at 8:30; main bout at 10.). . . ¶ Friday, March 20, at 8: Golden Gloves New York City finals. Sponsored by the News Welfare Association.

**HOCKEY**—Rangers vs. Minnesota. (Madison Square Garden. Sunday, March 15, at 8:35.)

**RACING**—At Aqueduct: Weekdays at 1:30; through Saturday, May 23. The Paumonok Handicap, Saturday, March 14.

**TROTTING**—At Yonkers Raceway: Weekdays at 8; through Monday, May 25.

## FOR CHILDREN

**OPERA**—The Amato Opera Company presenting an abbreviated version of "The Barber of Seville," with an English narration. (Town Hall. JU 2-2424. Saturday, March 14, at 2:30.)

**STAGE SHOWS**—By the **BIL BAIRD MARIONETTES:** "The Whistling Wizard and the Sultan of Tuffet." (Bil Baird Theatre, 59 Barrow St. YU 9-7060. Saturdays and Sundays at 1 and 3:30.) . . . **B. GAY PUPPETS:** "Folk Tales and Legends." (Museum of the City of New York, Fifth Ave. at 104th St. LE 4-1672. Saturday, March 14, at 1:30. Children under five not admitted.). . . **SALVATORE GUIDA:** "The Golden Tambourine," Saturday, March 14. . . . ¶ "The Magical Red Fan," Sunday, March 15. . . . ¶ "A Very Special Clown," Saturday, March 21. (Mask Theatre, 125 Fifth Ave., at 19th St. 673-0291. Afternoons at 2:30.). . . **ROSE LYNCH PRODUCTIONS:** "Hansel and Gretel," Saturdays and Sundays at 1. . . . ¶ "Heidi," Saturdays and Sundays at 2:30. (Royal Playhouse, 219 Second Ave., at 14th St. 475-9647.). . . **MERI MINI PLAYERS:** "The Princess and the Pea." (Universalist Church Theatre, 4 W. 76th St. 877-1952. Saturdays at 3:30.) . . . **PERFORMING ARTS REPERTORY FOUNDATION:** "Mother Goose Go-Go," Wednesday, March 11. . . . ¶ "Young Tom Edison," Thursday, March 12. . . . ¶ "The Circus," Friday, March 13. . . . ¶ "Martin Luther King, Jr.," Wednesday and Thursday, March 18-19. . . . ¶ "Tom Sawyer," Friday, March 20. (Town Hall. JU 2-2424. Mornings at 10.). . . **PICKWICK PUPPET THEATRE:** "The Arabian Nights." (McMillin Theatre, Broadway at 116th St. Saturday, March 14, at 3. Tickets at the box office only, after 2:15 on the day of the performance. Children under five not admitted.). . . **PIXIE JUDY TROUPE:** "Aurora, the Sleeping Beauty." (Judson Hall, 165 W. 57th St. JU 2-4090. Saturdays at 1:30 and Sundays at 2.)

**JUNIOR MUSEUM**, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 81st St.—An exhibition, "The Artist's Workshop: Tools and Techniques," demonstrating the techniques employed in pictorial art and including examples of various mediums from the Museum's collections of European, American, Egyptian, and Near and Far Eastern art. (Weekdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

**HAYDEN PLANETARIUM**, Central Park W. at 81st St. (873-1300)—The current show is called "New Challenge of the Planets." (Mondays through Fridays at 2 and 3:30; Saturdays at 11, 1, 2, 3, 4, and 5; and Sundays at 1, 2, 3, 4, and 5. Children under five not admitted.)

**NOTE**—Ice skaters of fourteen and under have the Wollman Memorial Skating Rink, in Central Park, all to themselves, and free, every Saturday from 10 to 12.

## ET ALIA

**United Nations**—Visitors may attend periodic meetings of the Security Council and regular sessions of various commissions and committees. A limited number of tickets are available, but only to those applying for them in person at the admissions desk in the public lobby no earlier than thirty minutes before each meeting. Meetings usually convene at 10:30 or 11 and at 2:30 or 3, Mondays through Fridays. (General Assembly Building, First Ave. at 45th St.)... ¶ Hour-long tours leave the lobby of the General Assembly Building every fifteen minutes or so from 9 to 4:45 daily.

**St. Patrick's Day Parade**—Starts at noon on Tuesday, March 17, at 44th Street and Fifth Avenue, and disperses at 86th Street.

**Poetry Readings**—John Logan and Milton Kessler reading from their own works. (Poetry Center, Y.M.H.A., Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. 427-6000. Monday, March 16, at 8:30.)

**French Aubusson Tapestries Today**—Examples by Mathieu Matégot, Jean-Pierre Courroy, and Antoine Triboulet; through April 6. (French General Consulate, 934 Fifth Ave., at 74th St. Weekdays, 10 to 4:30.)

**Antiques Shows—BRITISH ANTIQUES FAIR:** Thirty British dealers will display furniture, china, silver, and objets d'art, all pre-dating 1860, together with paintings and prints done before 1890. (Royal Manhattan Hotel, Eighth Ave. at 45th St. Wednesday through Saturday, March 18-21, from 11 to 11, and Sunday, March 22, from 1 to 11.)... **PARK AVENUE ANTIQUES FAIR:** Vestiges of the good old days, displayed by a hundred dealers from a dozen states and England. (69th Regiment Armory, Lexington Ave. at 25th St. Wednesday through Friday, March 11-13, from 1 to 10:30, and Saturday, March 14, from 1 to 5.)

**International Flower Show**—The first rite of spring, with elaborate garden settings, flowering plants, thousands of cut flowers, and so on. (Coliseum, Columbus Circle. Wednesday through Saturday, March 11-14, from 11 to 9, and Sunday, March 15, from 1 to 7.)

**Auctions**—At the Parke-Bernet Galleries, 980 Madison Ave., at 76th St. (Exhibition hours: Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5.)—Thursday, March 12, at 10:15 and 2: Pre-Columbian and ethnographical art, from several collectors.... ¶ Friday, March 13, at 2: Chinese porcelains and jades, belonging to Sara I. Sommer and others.... ¶ Saturday, March 14, at 2: French furniture and decorations, from various owners.... ¶ Tuesday, March 17, at 10:15 and 2: Japanese art, including prints, *netsuke*, metalwork, pottery, and lacquers; from many owners. Exhibition starts Friday, March 13.... ¶ Wednesday, March 18, at 10:15 and 2: Modern and decorative prints, including works by Currier & Ives and Audubon; from a number of sources. Exhibition starts Friday, March 13.

**Film Libraries**—At the **MUSEUM OF MODERN ART,** 11 W. 53rd St. (956-7078)—Nine programs (tentative schedule) in a series of Hal Roach films: March 12 at 2, 5:30, and 8, "Topper" (1937); March 13 at 2 and 5:30, "Merrily We Live" (1938); March 14 at 3 and 5:30, "General Spanky" (1936); March 15 at 2 and 5:30, "Blockheads" (1938) and "Thicker Than Water" (1935); March 16 at 2:30, "Captain Fury" (1939); March 16 at 5:30, "Captain Caution" (1940); March 16 at 8, "The Housekeeper's Daughter" (1939); March 17 at 2, "Road Show" (1941); March 19 at 2, 5:30, and 8, "Turnabout" (1940).... ¶ March 11 at 2 and 5:30: "Mädchen in Uniform" (1931), in German, directed by Leontine Sagan.... ¶ March 14 at 11:30: "Zero for Conduct" (1932), in French, directed by Jean Vigo.... ¶ March 17 at 5:30: A film by Gary Keys.... ¶ March 18 at 2 and 5:30: "The Man I Killed" (1932), with Lionel Barrymore. (A limited number of reservations are available, but only to those applying for them in person at the Museum after 11 on the day of the showing or, if it is a Sunday, after noon, or, if a Monday, after 2. Reservations for the showings at 8 will not be accepted before 5:30.)... **SOLOMON R. GUGGENHEIM MUSEUM,** 1071 Fifth Ave., at 89th St.—Six short silent films by Laszlo Moholy-Nagy. (Sundays at 2. For information about tickets, call EN 9-5110.)

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Ø We have a philosophy, perhaps inborn, that says a man should look strong, firm, proud, young. Healthy, to put it in a word.

But as part of this, we know that no matter how good a man's body and face look, it will be for naught if his hair does not look the same way.

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And, of course, we have all the things you are used to. Aftershaves, colognes, deodorants.

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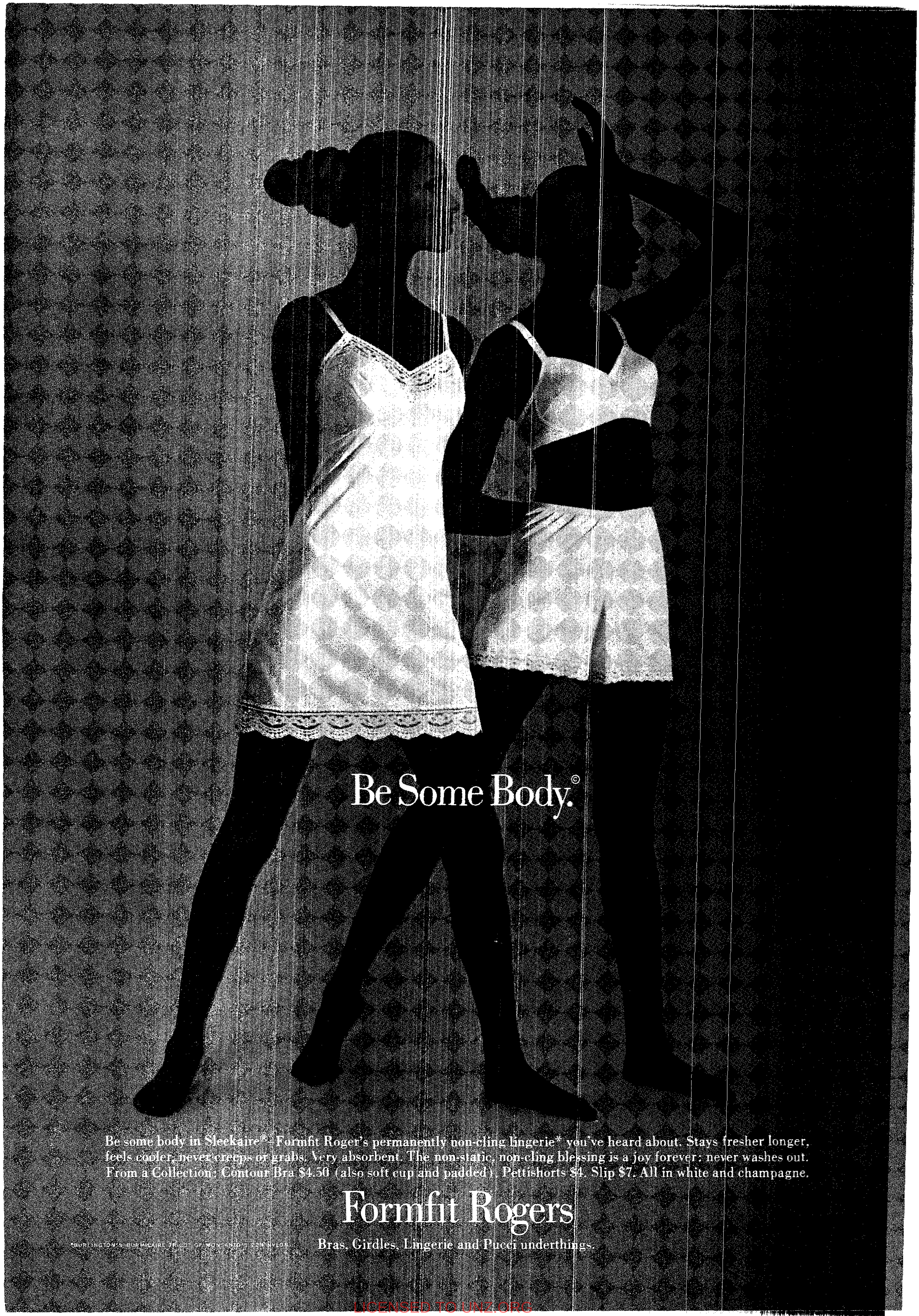

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# GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

## MOTION PICTURES

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**Alfie** (1966)—Michael Caine gives his best performance as a self-centered working-class swinger who divides his attentions among Vivien Merchant, Jane Asher, Shelley Winters, and others. Directed by Lewis Gilbert, from Bill Naughton's play. Score by Sonny Rollins. (Symphony, B'way at 95th, AC 2-6600; starting March 18.)

**Alice's Restaurant**—Arthur Penn's tender, simple film from Arlo Guthrie's best-selling talking-blues ballad record, "The Alice's Restaurant Massacree." Arlo Guthrie plays himself. Among many other things, the film becomes a very touching study of kinds of American faces—hippies, an old man, even an affectingly seen cop. (Cinema Village, 22 E. 12th, 924-3363; through March 15.)

**Anne of the Thousand Days**—Richard Burton as Henry VIII and Genevieve Bujold as Anne Boleyn, in a well-acted but peculiarly unconvincing account of their thousand-day marriage. (Plaza, 42 E. 58th, EL 5-3320.)

**Billy Liar** (1963)—An English comedy in which Tom Courtenay plays a boy who can't stop telling disastrous whoppers. With Julie Christie. Directed by John Schlesinger. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; March 15-16.)

**Bob & Carol & Ted & Alice**—A match (Robert Culp and Natalie Wood) and a mismatch (Elliott Gould and Dyan Cannon) in the best American comedy of 1969. Written by Paul Mazursky and Larry Tucker. Mazursky directed. (Cinema I, 3rd Ave. at 60th, PL 3-6022.)

**Butch Cassidy and the Sundance Kid**—Maybe the company should have just bought the title and got another script to go with it, because this one (by William Goldman) is some kind of cute cross between a contemporary put-on and a stylized Western legend, and if there is any way to make it work, George Roy Hill, who directed, didn't find it. Paul Newman, Robert Redford, and Katharine Ross are, however, among the most attractive performers around. (Greenwich, Greenwich Ave. at 12th, 929-3350; and Guild, 33 W. 50th, PL 7-2406.)

**The Damned**—Luchino Visconti's excruciating attempt at a masterpiece. Depravity in the Third Reich—grandiose, lurid, sluggish. (Festival, 6 W. 57th, 581-2323; through March 15.)

**David and Lisa** (1962)—David and Lisa are mentally sick teen-agers who help each other by falling in love. Keir Dullea, Janet Margolin, and Howard Da Silva have the leading roles. Directed by Frank Perry. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; March 19.)

**Downhill Racer**—The ski footage is exciting, and the movie is fast and relatively unassuming. Robert Redford is the poor boy determined to be an Olympic champion; unfortunately, the movie doesn't provide many clues to *why* or to what the championship in this particular event means. Directed by Michael Ritchie. (Charles, Ave. B at 12th, GR 5-4210; starting March 18.)

**Duet for Cannibals**—Susan Sontag made this chamber film in Sweden. It's about an older couple and the games they play with a younger couple, but the people have little character, and as the games don't seem to have rules or stakes, it's all rather dry. Adriana Asti acts mysterious and neurotic, and the other actors look as if they're trying to find something to do. In Swedish. (Bleecker St. Cinema, 144 Bleecker St., OR 4-3210; March 12-15.)

**Dutchman** (1967)—Shirley Knight and Al Freeman, Jr., in a movie version of LeRoi Jones' play about a white girl maniac and her Negro victim. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; March 12.)

**Easy Rider**—Dennis Hopper's important first piece of direction—a moving, simply stated film. Peter Fonda and Dennis Hopper play two motorcycle riders, journeying east across America from an easy calm into the eye of the country's storm. Jack Nicholson gives a wonderful performance as a humorous Southern liberal. (Orpheum, 3rd Ave. at 86th, AT 9-4607.)

**The Entertainer** (1960)—Laurence Olivier at the top of his bent as a second-rate English music-hall performer—one of the great characters of modern drama. From John Osborne's play, directed by Tony Richardson. With Joan Plowright, Brenda de Banzie, and Roger Livesey. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; March 11.)

**Fellini Satyricon**—Man without God running photogenically amok. Gawd. In Italian. (Little Carnegie, 146 W. 57th, 246-5123. Nightly at 7:15 and 9:45. Matinées Mondays through Fridays at 2, and Saturdays and Sundays at 2 and 4:45.)

**La Femme Infidèle**—Claude Chabrol's quiet and elegant thriller about the hidden violence of overcivilized people. Conventional, but very well made. In French. (8th St. Playhouse, 52 W. 8th, GR 7-7874; through March 17.)

**Goodbye, Mr. Chips**—Peter O'Toole plays the schoolmaster whose life is transformed by the Cinderella touch of Petula Clark. This version of the James Hilton story has Muzak by Leslie Bricusse. That it survives is a triumph for O'Toole and Herbert Ross, making his début as a director. (Palace, B'way at 47th, 757-2626; through March 15. Nightly at 8:30. Matinées Wednesday and Saturday at 2:30, and Sunday at 1:30 and 5. Reserved seats only.)

**Hello, Dolly!**—The incredible Barbra Streisand, in the biggest rabble-rousing musical of them all. Directed by Gene Kelly. (Rivoli, B'way at 49th, 247-1633. Nightly at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30, and Sundays at 1:30 and 5. Reserved seats only.)

**King of Hearts** (1967)—Philippe de Broca makes a lulling and rather winsome period comedy about a 1918 soldier in an evacuated village now inhabited only by zoo animals and lunatics in fancy dress. With Alan Bates. In French and English. (Elgin, 8th Ave. at 19th, 675-0935; March 11.)

**The Left Handed Gun** (1958)—Arthur Penn's first film, adapted from a television play by Gore Vidal, has some of the violent, legendary, nostalgic qualities of his later "Bonnie and Clyde." A young, great-looking Paul Newman plays Billy the Kid as an ignorant boy in the sex-starved Old West. (Trans-Lux East, 3rd Ave. at 58th, PL 9-2262.)

**The Loneliness of the Long Distance Runner** (1962)—Tony Richardson's movie about a runner who throws a race as an expression of his rejection of society. From Alan Sillitoe's story. Tom Courtenay is the runner. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; March 19.)

**Lord Love a Duck** (1966)—George Axelrod's malicious and funny survey of present-day teen-aging. With Roddy McDowall and Tuesday Weld. (Elgin, 8th Ave. at 19th, 675-0935; March 12-18.)

**The Loves of Isadora** (1969)—Karel Reisz directed this study of the life and character of the great Isadora Duncan, danced and acted by Vanessa Redgrave. (Symphony, B'way at 95th, AC 2-6600; starting March 18.)

**Loving**—A beautifully sustained piece of movie-making by Irvin Kershner. It is an unusual American movie in that it has the sensibility and feeling for character generally associated with Czech films or prewar French films. George Segal is the middle-class man trying to live without giving up his illusions that he can be an artist. (Loew's Ciné, 3rd Ave. at 86th, 427-1332; and Cinema 57 Rendezvous, 110 W. 57th, JU 6-4448.)

**A Man Escaped** (1956)—Robert Bresson tells the story of a wartime prisoner's ascetic, single-minded dedication to escape. An austerely beautiful movie, made at the Montluc fortress with almost fanatic authenticity. In French. (New Yorker, B'way at 88th, TR 4-9189; March 11.)

**Masculine Feminine** (1965)—Jean-Luc Godard's graceful, intuitive examination of the courtship rites of "the children of Marx and Coca-Cola." With Jean-Pierre Léaud as a young radical in love with Chantal Goya, a *yé-yé* singer. In French. (Elgin, 8th Ave. at 19th, 675-0935; starting March 19.)

**M*A*S*H**—A gloriously sane comedy about the insanity of war. With Elliott Gould, Donald Sutherland, and Tom Skerritt. Directed by Robert Altman. (Baronet, 3rd Ave. at 59th, 355-1663.)

**Midnight Cowboy**—Jon Voight as the cowboy and Dustin Hoffman as Ratso Rizzo. Directed by John Schlesinger. (34th St. East, 241 E. 34th, 683-0255; and Waverly, 6th Ave. at 3rd, WA 9-8037. . . . ¶ Cinema Studio, B'way at 66th, 877-4040; through March 16.)

**The Milky Way**—Luis Buñuel temporarily abandons Surreal violence and makes a genial, relaxed parody of religious doctrines and heresies. The jokes are a bit recondite, and sometimes impenetrably private. In French. (68th St. Playhouse, 3rd Ave. at 68th, RE 4-0302.)

**The Molly Maguires**—Fine performances by Sean Connery, Richard Harris, and Samantha Eggar in an elegiac movie about labor violence a century ago in the Pennsylvania coal mines. A handsome production with memorable qualities, despite an unconvincing script. Martin Ritt directed. (Forum, B'way at 47th, PL 7-8320; through March 12.)

**The Night They Raided Minsky's** (1968)—A parody tribute to burlesque, with a minimum of plot and a maximum of evocative stage routines. The actors include Jason Robards, Norman Wisdom, Joseph Wiseman, Britt Ekland, and Elliott Gould. Directed by William Friedkin, choreographed by Danny Daniels. (Elgin, 8th Ave. at 19th, 675-0935; March 12-18.)

**Oh! What a Lovely War**—The history of the First World War evoked in songs and sketches. An anti-war musical with John Mills, Laurence Olivier, Maggie Smith, Michael and Vanessa Redgrave, Ralph Richardson, John Gielgud, Dirk Bogarde, et al.; if a bomb had fallen on the set, the English theatre would have been wiped out. Which is rather odd, considering how little this great cast does for the movie. Richard Attenborough directed. (Ciné Malibu, 235 E. 59th, 759-4630; through March 15.)

**Patton**—George C. Scott in an epic that can be taken as the story of a maniac or of a great hero, depending on your point of view. Directed by Franklin J. Schaffner. (Criterion, B'way at 44th, JU 2-1796. Nightly at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays, Saturdays, and Sundays at 2:30. Reserved seats only.)

**Pickpocket** (1958)—Directed by Robert Bresson. In French. (New Yorker, B'way at 88th, TR 4-9189; March 11.)

**Popi** (1969)—Alan Arkin as a Puerto Rican father teaching his young sons how to pass as orphans and Cuban refugees. Directed by Arthur Hiller. (Symphony, B'way at 95th, AC 2-6600; through March 17.)

**The Prime of Miss Jean Brodie** (1969)—Maggie Smith's Jean Brodie is the kind of snobbish, romantic teacher that little girls get crushes on. (Carnegie Hall Cinema, 7th Ave. at 57th, PL 7-2131.)

**Shame** (1968)—Ingmar Bergman's simple, masterly vision of normal war and what it does to survivors. With the strong, remarkable young actress Liv Ullmann. In Swedish. (Elgin, 8th Ave. at 19th, 675-0935; March 11.)

**The Shameless Old Lady** (1964)—An agreeable comedy about how an old lady discovers the pleasures of the modern world after her husband's death. With that great old scene-stealer Sylvie occupying center screen for a change. Directed by René Allio. In French.

(Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; March 13-14.)

**The Sleeping Car Murder** (1966)—A mystery of notable ingenuity, resolved, against high odds, by Yves Montand. With Simone Signoret, and directed by Costa-Gavras. In French. (Trans-Lux East, 3rd Ave. at 58th, PL 9-2262.)

**The Soft Skin** (1964)—François Truffaut's picture is a fine, gentle study of adultery and its consequences. In French. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; March 13-14.)

**Stolen Kisses** (1968)—A modern comedy-romance in an improvisatory style, by François Truffant. With Jean-Pierre Léaud, Claude Jade, Delphine Seyrig, and Michel Lonsdale. In French. (Cinema Village, 22 E. 12th, 924-3363; through March 15.)

**Sundays and Cybèle** (1962)—A picture about a mentally disturbed young man and a girl of twelve, and how their encounter leads to heartbreak and death. In French. (Elgin, 8th Ave. at 19th, 675-0935; starting March 19.)

**A Taste of Honey** (1962)—Shelagh Delaney's sad, delightful play about the coming of age of a funny, cocky, lonely girl in an English slum. With Rita Tushingham, Dora Bryan, Robert Stephens, Paul Danquah, and Murray Melvin. Directed by Tony Richardson. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; March 11.)

**Tell Them Willie Boy Is Here**—Writer-director Abraham Polonsky sets out to demonstrate that we are a nation with corrupted instincts. With Robert Blake as the Indian, Willie, being chased by sheriff Robert Redford, and everyone coming to a bad end. (Art, 36 E. 8th, GR 3-7014; and Midtown, B'way at 99th, AC 2-1200.)

**They Shoot Horses, Don't They?**—Heavy-handed but compelling version of Horace McCoy's novel about the thirties. With Jane Fonda as the marathon dancer and Gig Young as the promotor, and both are first-rate. Sydney Pollack directed. (Fine Arts, 130 E. 58th, 755-6030.)

**This Sporting Life** (1963)—Richard Harris gives a moving performance as a professional Rugby player in this savage English movie. Rachel Roberts plays the woman who cannot love him. Directed by Lindsay Anderson. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; March 15-16.)

**The Trial** (1963)—Orson Welles' brand of outrageousness is especially unsuited to the matter-of-fact horror of the Kafka novel, but he manages some striking effects. With Anthony Perkins, Jeanne Moreau, Romy Schneider, and Welles. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; March 17-18.)

**Tropic of Cancer**—A shallow but entertaining version of the Henry Miller novel. It may be closer to "The Immoral Mr. Teas" than to its source but at least it isn't fusty. With Rip Torn. Directed by Joseph Strick. (Paris, 4 W. 58th, 688-2013. . . . ¶ Forum, B'way at 47th, PL 7-8320; starting March 13.)

**2001: A Space Odyssey** (1968)—Stanley Kubrick's prophetic myth. (Ziegfeld, 141 W. 54th, 765-7600; starting March 18.)

**Weekend** (1968)—Jean-Luc Godard's extraordinary poetic satire on modern life—a powerfully charged and deeply flawed film. With Mireille Darc as the bourgeois cannibal. In French. (Bleecker St. Cinema, 144 Bleecker St., OR 4-3210; March 12-15.)

**Z**—A political thriller (based on the Lambrakis affair) that is one of the most exciting melodramas ever made. With Yves Montand, Jean-Louis Trintignant, Irene Papas. Directed by Costa-Gavras. In French. (Beekman, 2nd Ave. at 66th, RE 7-2622.)

**Zabriskie Point**—Michelangelo Antonioni doesn't have the temperament to deal with the current American scene, and his attempt results in an awkward and obtuse movie. (Coronet, 3rd Ave. at 59th, 355-1663.)

# THE MOVIE HOUSES

FILMS OF INTEREST APPEAR IN HEAVY TYPE AND ARE DESCRIBED ABOVE

## EAST SIDE

**Art**, 36 E. 8th. (GR 3-7014)
**TELL THEM WILLIE BOY IS HERE.**

**Evergreen**, 53 E. 11th. (533-5325)
Through March 15: "I Am Curious (Yellow)," in Swedish.
From March 16: "Winter Wind" (in French), Jacques Charrier.

**Cinema Village**, 22 E. 12th. (924-3363)
Through March 15: **ALICE'S RESTAURANT**; and **STOLEN KISSES** (in French).
From March 16: "Winter Wind" (in French), Jacques Charrier.

**Charles**, Ave. B at 12th. (GR 5-4210)
Through March 17: "Medium Cool," Robert Forster; and "Isabel" (1968), Genevieve Bujold.
From March 18: **DOWNHILL RACER**; and "The Italian Job," Michael Caine, Noël Coward.

**Gramercy**, Lexington at 23rd. (GR 5-1660)
"Topaz," Frederick Stafford.

**Kips Bay**, 2nd Ave. at 31st. (LE 2-6668)
"The Happy Ending," Jean Simmons, John Forsythe.

**Murray Hill**, 160 E. 34th. (685-7652)
"Jenny," Marlo Thomas, Alan Alda.

**34th St. East**, 241 E. 34th. (683-0255)
**MIDNIGHT COWBOY.**

**Sutton**, 3rd Ave. at 57th. (PL 9-1411)
"The Lawyer," Barry Newman.

**Trans-Lux East**, 3rd Ave. at 58th. (PL 9-2262)
**THE SLEEPING CAR MURDER** (in French); and **THE LEFT HANDED GUN.**

**Fine Arts**, 130 E. 58th. (755-6030)
**THEY SHOOT HORSES, DON'T THEY?**

**Plaza**, 42 E. 58th. (EL 5-3320)
**ANNE OF THE THOUSAND DAYS.**

**Baronet**, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (355-1663)
**M*A*S*H.**

**Coronet**, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (355-1663)
**ZABRISKIE POINT.**

**Pacific East**, 220 E. 59th. (688-0750)
Through March 17: "The Mercenary," Franco Nero, Jack Palance.
From March 18: "The Liberation of L. B. Jones," Lee J. Cobb, Anthony Zerbe.

**Avco Embassy East**, 220 E. 59th. (688-1717)
To be announced.

**Ciné Malibu**, 235 E. 59th. (759-4630)
Through March 15: **OH! WHAT A LOVELY WAR.**
From March 16: "Slogan" (in French).

**Cinema I**, 3rd Ave. at 60th. (PL 3-6022)
**BOB & CAROL & TED & ALICE.**

**Cinema II**, 3rd Ave. at 60th. (PL 3-0774)
"End of the Road," Stacy Keach.

**Beekman**, 2nd Ave. at 66th. (RE 7-2622)
**Z** (in French).

**68th St. Playhouse**, 3rd Ave. at 68th. (RE 4-0302)
**THE MILKY WAY** (in French).

**Tower East**, 3rd Ave. at 71st. (TR 9-1313)
Through the afternoon of March 16: "The Kremlin Letter," Bibi Andersson, Richard Boone.
From March 16, at 8: "The Boys in the Band," Frederick Combs. (Opening night by invitation only.)

**72nd St. Playhouse**, 1st Ave. at 72nd. (BU 8-9304)
"Without a Stitch" (in Danish).

**Trans-Lux 85th St.**, Madison at 85th. (BU 8-3180)
"The Only Game in Town," Elizabeth Taylor, Warren Beatty.

**Orpheum**, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (AT 9-4607)
**EASY RIDER.**

**Loew's Ciné**, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (427-1332)
**LOVING.**

**86th St. East**, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (249-1144)
"What Do You Say to a Naked Lady?," an Allen Funt film.

## WEST SIDE

**Bleecker St. Cinema**, 144 Bleecker St. (OR 4-3210)
March 11: Theatre closed.
March 12-15: **DUET FOR CANNIBALS** (in Swedish); and **WEEKEND** (in French).
From March 16: "Winter Wind" (in French), Jacques Charrier.

**Waverly**, 6th Ave. at 3rd. (WA 9-8037)
**MIDNIGHT COWBOY.**

**8th St. Playhouse**, 52 W. 8th. (GR 7-7874)
Through March 17: **LA FEMME INFIDÈLE** (in French).
From March 18: "The Honeymoon Killers," Shirley Stoler.

**5th Ave. Cinema**, 5th Ave. at 12th. (WA 4-8339)
"Me" (in French).

**Greenwich**, Greenwich Ave. at 12th. (929-3350)
**BUTCH CASSIDY AND THE SUNDANCE KID.**

**Elgin**, 8th Ave. at 19th. (675-0935)
March 11: **KING OF HEARTS** (in French and English); and **SHAME** (in Swedish).
March 12-18: **THE NIGHT THEY RAIDED MINSKY'S**; and **LORD LOVE A DUCK.**
From March 19: **SUNDAYS AND CYBÈLE** and **MASCULINE FEMININE** (both in French).

**R.K.O. 23rd St. Cinema**, 8th Ave. at 23rd. (255-7050)
"Topaz," Frederick Stafford.

**Criterion**, B'way at 44th. (JU 2-1796)
**PATTON.**

**Palace**, B'way at 47th. (757-2626)
Through March 15: **GOODBYE, MR. CHIPS.**
From March 16: Theatre closed.

**Forum**, B'way at 47th. (PL 7-8320)
Through March 12: **THE MOLLY MAGUIRES.**
From March 13: **TROPIC OF CANCER.**

**Rivoli**, B'way at 49th. (247-1633)
**HELLO, DOLLY!**

**Guild**, 33 W. 50th. (PL 7-2406)
**BUTCH CASSIDY AND THE SUNDANCE KID.**

**Music Hall**, 6th Ave. at 50th. (PL 7-3100)
"Airport," Burt Lancaster, Dean Martin.

**Ziegfeld**, 141 W. 54th. (765-7600)
Through March 17: "The Sound of Music" (1965), Julie Andrews, Christopher Plummer.
From March 18: **2001: A SPACE ODYSSEY.**
Saturday and Sunday, March 14-15, at noon and 2: Kenneth Clark's series of films, "Civilisation." This week, "The Skin of Our Teeth" and "The Great Thaw."

**55th St. Playhouse**, 154 W. 55th. (JU 6-4590)
"Me" (in French).

**Festival**, 6 W. 57th. (581-2323)
Through March 15: **THE DAMNED.**
From March 16: "Love Is a Funny Thing" (in French), Jean-Paul Belmondo, Annie Girardot.

**Cinema 57 Rendezvous**, 110 W. 57th. (JU 6-4448)
**LOVING.**

**Little Carnegie**, 146 W. 57th. (246-5123)
**FELLINI SATYRICON** (in Italian).

**Carnegie Hall Cinema**, 7th Ave. at 57th. (PL 7-2131)
**THE PRIME OF MISS JEAN BRODIE.**

**Lincoln Art**, 225 W. 57th. (JU 2-2333)
"The Magic Christian," Peter Sellers, Ringo Starr.

**Paris**, 4 W. 58th. (688-2013)
**TROPIC OF CANCER.**

**Cinema Studio**, B'way at 66th. (877-4040)
Through March 16: **MIDNIGHT COWBOY.**
From March 17: To be announced.

**Regency**, B'way at 67th. (724-3700)
To be announced.

**Hunter College Assembly Hall**, Park Ave. at 69th St. (535-5350)
March 18-20, showings at 7:30 and 9:30: "Sympathy for the Devil," a Jean-Luc Godard film.

**New Yorker**, B'way at 88th. (TR 4-9189)
March 11: **A MAN ESCAPED** and **PICKPOCKET** (both in French).
March 12-18: "Mouchette" (in French).
From March 19: "Mouchette" (in French); and "Six in Paris" (1965, in French; six episodes, six directors).

**Symphony**, B'way at 95th. (AC 2-6600)
Through March 17: **POPI**; and "If It's Tuesday, This Must Be Belgium" (1969), Suzanne Pleshette, Ian McShane.
From March 18: **THE LOVES OF ISADORA**; and **ALFIE.**

**Thalia**, B'way at 95th. (AC 2-3370)
March 11: **A TASTE OF HONEY**; and **THE ENTERTAINER.**
March 12: **DUTCHMAN**; and "One Potato, Two Potato" (1964), Barbara Barrie, Bernie Hamilton.
March 13-14: **THE SHAMELESS OLD LADY** and **THE SOFT SKIN** (both in French).
March 15-16: **THIS SPORTING LIFE**; and **BILLY LIAR.**
March 17-18: **THE TRIAL**; and "Mr. Arkadin" (1955), Orson Welles, Michael Redgrave.
March 19: **THE LONELINESS OF THE LONG DISTANCE RUNNER**; and **DAVID AND LISA.**

**Midtown**, B'way at 99th. (AC 2-1200)
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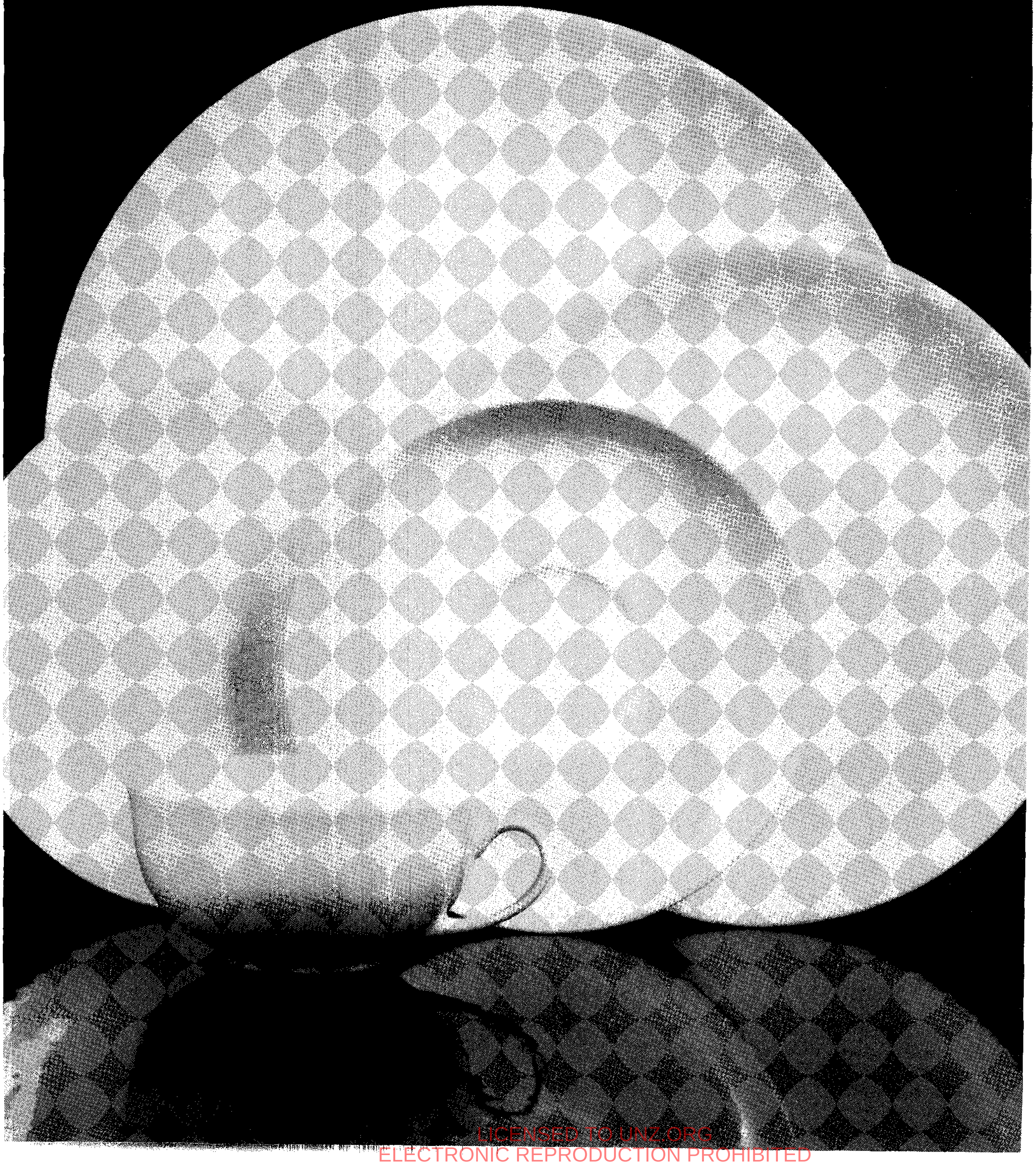

I. MAGNIN

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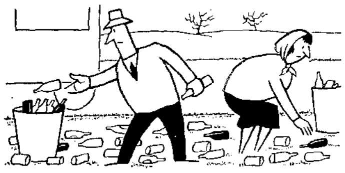
THE NEW YORKER

# THE TALK OF THE TOWN

## Notes and Comment

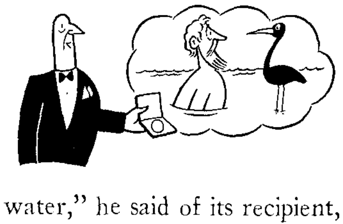
THAT matter-of-fact investment banker who spends most of his weekends in the country has sent us another rural report. He writes, "The old back road that leads from my house to the village is at one point flanked for almost a mile by open potato fields, and, driving home from the store last Saturday morning, I was struck by the ugly litter of cans and bottles in the grass along that stretch. Particularly struck, I should say. I counted a dozen beer cans alone before I gave up in disgust. I was so disgusted that, for once, I decided to do something about it. I talked it over with my wife and she agreed, and after lunch we put a couple of baskets in the back of the station wagon and drove down to that stretch of road and went to work. It took us an hour and a half to clean it up. Then we drove home and unloaded the car in the yard behind the garage. I shall not attempt to interpret our findings. I shall simply list what we found. A total of two hundred and forty-seven items, of which one hundred and fifty-nine were cans and eighty-eight were bottles. Fifty-three of the bottles were beer bottles, twenty-six were soda bottles, and nine were miscellaneous bottles. The brands of beer represented were: Schaefer (30 bottles), Miller High Life (9), Ballantine (7), Budweiser (4), Rheingold (2), and Ruppert Knickerbocker (1). The soda bottles were: Coca-Cola (13), Pepsi-Cola (5), Mission Orange (5), Hires Root Beer (2), and Canada Dry Cream Soda (1). The other bottles were Hiram Walker Imperial (2) and one each of Bacardi Rum, Four Roses, Smirnoff Vodka, Gallo Thunderbird Wine, Vita Herring Party Snacks in Wine Sauce (a jar, really), Kraft Apple Jelly (another jar), and Heinz Tomato Ketchup. Of the one hundred and fifty-nine cans, one hundred and eighteen were beer cans, thirty-four were soda cans, and seven were miscellaneous cans. The brands of beer represented were: Schaefer (68), Rheingold (15), Colt 45 (12), Budweiser (11), Miller High Life (4), Ballantine (3), Pabst Blue Ribbon (3), Carling Black Label (1), and Ruppert Knickerbocker (1). The soda cans were: Coca-Cola (10), Pepsi-Cola (4), two each of Wink, Canada Dry Root Beer, Canada Dry Orange, Yukon Club Orange, Hills-Korvette Diet Cola, Tab, Sprite, and Hi-C Grape, and one each of 7-Up, Fresca, Hires Root Beer, and Bohack Root Beer. The miscellaneous cans were two five-gallon cans of Eptam 6-E ("A Selective Herbicide"), one five-gallon can of Kill-All ("For Potato Vine Killing"), one five-gallon can of Guthion Spray Concentrate ("Crop Insecticide"), one can of Metrecal, one can of Chocolate Cow, and one can of Helme Sweet Scotch Snuff. After completing our inventory, we stowed the collection away (in two fifty-gallon oil drums) for the trash man. The trash man would take it to the dump. But then what? And then what? And then what?"



## Bird Preservation

A FEW weeks ago, we made our way to the Pacific Bird Hall of the Museum of Natural History for a black-tie dinner given by the International Council for Bird Preservation (United States Section), at which the Council's first Delacour Medal, struck in honor of Jean Delacour, the famous French-born naturalist and a former I.C.B.P. president, was presented to Konrad Lorenz, the famous Austrian animal behaviorist. Milling around during the cocktail hour, in some cases with their wives, were Gardner D. Stout, the Museum's president; Dr. S. Dillon Ripley, the Council's president and the Secretary of the Smithsonian Institution; Alexander Wetmore, a Secretarial predecessor of his, who has been writing about birds since the nineteen-twenties; James A. Oliver, the Museum's Coördinator of Scientific and Environmental Programs; William G. Conway, the general director of the New York Zoological Society; and Miss Phyllis Barclay-Smith, the editor of the *Avicultural Magazine*, of Great Britain. "We were seventy-five years old last year," she said. "I flew over for the dinner. I've become a member of the international jet set."

Following the dinner, Mr. G. Stuart Keith, a Museum authority on African birds, who serves as the Council's American secretary, delivered a welcoming speech; Dr. Ripley paid tribute to Mr. Delacour ("How vigorous and excited Jean was about birds—as he is today—when I first met him, thirty-five years ago!"), whose medal bears on its obverse the likeness of an imperial pheasant, a species that Mr. Delacour discovered in Indo-China, and on its reverse a likeness of Mr. Delacour; and Dr. Dean Amadon, the Museum's ornithology chief and an expert on hawks, bestowed the medal. "He made the simple discovery that the way to study waterfowl is to get into the water," he said of its recipient, Dr. Lorenz, who launched into the evening's talk, on the relation of animal behavior to human behavior.



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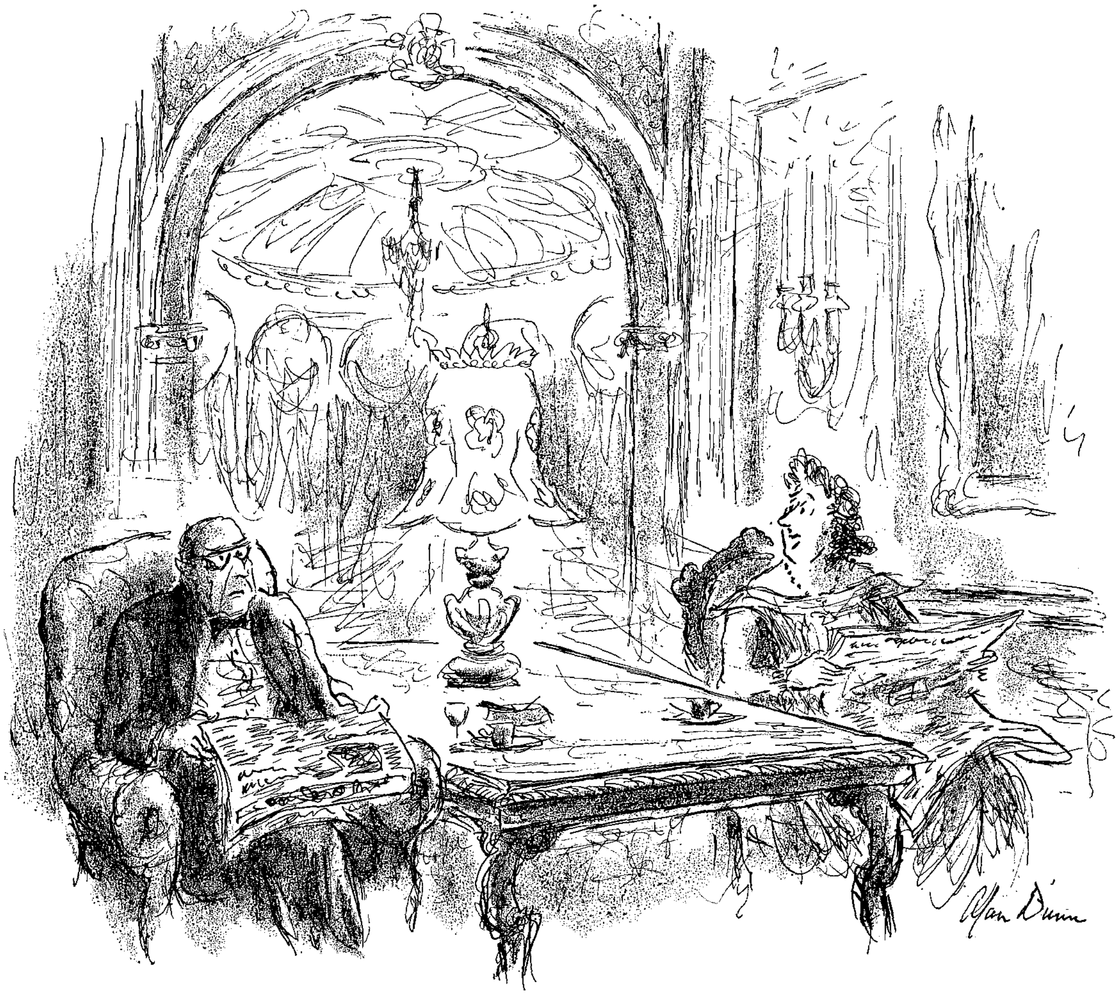


*"Darling, is the economic slowdown something I should know about?"*

• •

institutional host, we lunched, a while later, with Mr. Keith and Dr. Amadon, who is its American vice-chairman. "Roger Tory Peterson is chairman, but he's always away travelling," Dr. Amadon said. "We're a complex organization, with chapters in seventy countries. Our object is to promote the conservation of birds on an international basis. Our chapters, or national sections, have individual members and member societies; the member societies in the United States include the American Museum, the National Audubon Society, and the American Ornithologists' Union. International meetings are held every four years. The next one, to be held this September, will be on Texel—an island in Holland that is a breeding ground for sea birds. I think we have some tangible accomplishments. We've set up a crane sanctuary in Kyushu, the southernmost of the four major islands of Japan. Cranes used to spend the winter there, and they are beginning to again."

"We have good key people in various countries," Mr. Keith said. "The head of our Japanese section, Dr. Yoshimaro Yamashina, is a cousin of the Emperor. We haven't much money, but some things can be done without money. In western Panama last year, I noted that the quetzal, an enormous trogon, was dying out, because of the chopping down of the forests. Our Panamanian representative advised me to write to various Panamanian government departments and personages on I.C.B.P. stationery. I sent letters to, among others, the President of Panama and the Minister of Tourism, suggesting that the threatened area be made into a national park. I said it was bound to get lots of visitors. A month later, I received a reply from the head of a committee for the preservation of natural resources, to whom my letters had been referred. He said that it was a fabulous idea, and that it was being favorably considered. Well, wait and see."

"It's important to stress income from tourists," Dr. Amadon said. "Pollution is the bandwagon today. DDT has been banned or greatly restricted in this country, but there is no ban on selling it abroad. There are great signs advertising it and its derivatives in Panama City. It's hell on brown pelicans. They eat it and lay eggs that are too thin-shelled to hatch."

## *Black Mark*

A MAN we know works in the New York office of a large national firm, and he recently had occasion to examine the confidential file on an employee who had just been transferred from the Los Angeles office. The Personal Summary read as follows:

> Hard, conscientious worker, but no mixer, so scope probably limited. Does not participate in company-sponsored activities and has no close friends among office associates, who consider him "standoffish." In three years here never visited Disneyland.

## *Newspapers*

THE conventional wisdom about starting newspapers in New York City is that it can't be done. During the nineteen-sixties, the number of daily papers of general circulation here dropped from seven to three; the "death toll," to use a time-honored city-room phrase, included the *Mirror*, the *World-Telegram & Sun*, the *Journal-American*, and—most sorely missed—the *Herald Tribune*. Then, after the collapse of that three-headed hybrid the *World Journal Tribune*, in 1967, a number of corporate entities, among them the *Times*, the *News*, and Time Inc., spent considerable sums persuading themselves that the cost of setting up a new paper would be "prohibitive." All this time, of course, a much larger number of non-corporate entities (mostly kids with something radical, obscene, or otherwise provocative to say) were busying themselves setting up dozens of weekly, biweekly, and monthly "underground" newspapers—a phenomenon made possible by the development of cheap techniques of composition and offset printing. It was only a matter of time before someone would get the idea of putting together the economics of underground newspapers and the lingering desire for more daily journalism in New York. Last week, word of two new projects along this line reached us, and we went to visit their young authors. Both of the proposed new papers will come out five days a week, both will be tabloid size, both will be staffed mostly by people under thirty, and both will be printed by job printers on photo-offset presses, but beyond that, it turned out, the divergences will be wide. One of the new papers, the *Daily Planet*, proposes to become the first offbeat daily, pitching its appeal not only to followers of the conventional papers but to those who now read the *Village Voice*, the *East Village Other*, *Rat*, *Other Scenes*, or nothing at all. The other new paper, to be called *Weekday*, plans to concentrate on straight, solid local-news coverage, mostly of neighborhoods that it believes have been neglected by the existing dailies.

We went first to see Michael C. Luckman, co-founder of the *Daily Planet*, at his office, in the New School for Social Research, where he is assistant director of public information. A pear-shaped man of twenty-seven with long black hair, which he wears tucked behind his ears, Mr. Luckman told us that he grew up in Queens and, among other things, had done publicity for such causes as birth control, the peace movement, and Biafran independence.

We asked Mr. Luckman to tell us what the *Daily Planet* would be like.

"We're pretty much into the McLuhan bag," he said. "Our layout will be a total experience of sensory bombardment with images and words. We're *not* going to use A.P. or U.P.I. We might use Reuters and Agence France-Presse, and, of course, we'll use L.N.S., the Liberation News Service. We'll cover the arts that are in the streets and in lofts, not just at Lincoln Center and in the Museum of Modern Art. We'll have a direct line to student, anti-war, black, and women's-liberation groups. We'll be anti-Establishment, but that's all you can label us. We're not going to follow any party line. We'll have sixty full-time employees and a hundred contributing editors, running the gamut from liberal to revolutionary."

"Anyone in particular?" we asked.

"Well, I can't give you any names right now, but we're working on them," he replied. "You'd recognize the names."

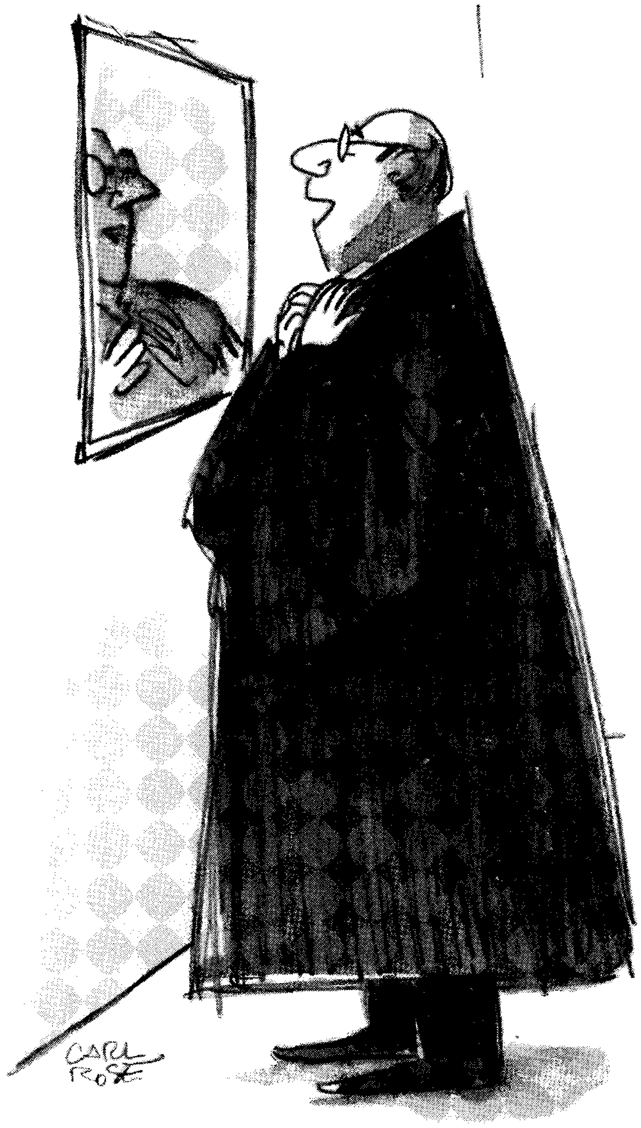
We asked about the financial picture, and Mr. Luckman said, "We're aiming for early September as our date to begin publication. The budget for the first year will approach two million dollars, and we'll need less than half of that before we start. With a circulation of a hundred thousand, we can break even. Frankly, I don't see how a paper like ours can miss."

"Why are you calling it the *Daily Planet*?"

"Because we're going to report everything that's happening on this planet every day. The other reason is that we represent truth, justice, and the American way."

We got up. "Incidentally, are you concerned about competition from *Weekday*?" we asked.

"*Weekday*?" Mr. Luckman said. "I've seen their dummy. I don't think we have anything to worry about."



*"Mirror, mirror on the wall, who is the fairest judge of all?"*

In an apartment on West End Avenue, we met James A. Smith, who is twenty-two years old and is the president of Weekday Publications, Inc. Mr. Smith has already founded several publications, and he told us that the difficulty of starting newspapers has been exaggerated. "People think you need your own presses, rows of linotype machines, hot metal, a skyscraper, and a fleet of trucks with your name on them," he said. "Actually, with the kind of technology that's available now, putting out a newspaper isn't such an awesome task. When people realize that, they won't have so much respect for the printed word. They'll begin to see that nothing should be unquestioned."

"Where's the money coming from?" we asked.

"Mostly from business associates of my father," he said. "Actually, we'll need only about a hundred thousand to begin operations, and the economics of this thing are really favorable." Mr. Smith handed us a piece of paper covered with figures. We glanced at it and noticed that he planned to pay his reporters an average of two hundred and twenty-five dollars a week. "We could support the paper without any advertising at all if we had a circulation of a hundred and twenty thousand, and even at fifty thousand our losses would be only a thousand dollars a day—on our schedule, that would be twenty thousand a month."

We asked what *Weekday* will look like, and Mr. Smith handed us the dummy issue. It was hefty—forty-eight pages—and it had a makeup that was conservative without being oppressively serious. The four columns of type on each page were set flush left but not flush right. "Madison Avenue caught on long ago to the fact that lines of uneven length attract readers. The paper will be composed on typewriters just like that one," he said, pointing to an I.B.M. Executive on his desk.

"What will your editorial approach be?" we asked.

"The vacuum in this town

is for a specifically New York newspaper, not a national newspaper that happens to operate out of Manhattan. I'm fairly far left of center, but *Weekday* won't have an editorial page. All an editorial page would do is give people an excuse to dismiss our news coverage—and on that you should talk with our city editor, Allan Wolper."

"One more thing," we said. "Are you worried about competition from the *Daily Planet*?"

"They think we're terribly bourgeois," said Mr. Smith, who wears his hair short and his glasses horn-rimmed. "Actually, objective reporting is the most radical thing there is."

We found Mr. Wolper at the offices of Channel 13, the educational television station, where he is associate producer of "Newsfront," the nightly news broadcast. Mr. Wolper, a bearlike man of thirty-one, is a former political reporter for the Associated Press. He told us that he would be doing most of the hiring for *Weekday*. "I'm going to get guys who have been in New York for a while," he said. "Guys who know how to report, and who also won't mind getting up in front of a P.-T.A. meeting or a Lions Club or some other community group and making a speech about the paper. Guys who know where Riverdale is. I'm going to buy borough flags and hang them up in the city room to remind these guys they're not prima donnas." Mr. Wolper leaned forward in his chair. "New York City is divided into five boroughs," he said, in a tone that suggested he would tolerate no nonsense. "For many years, no one has known that. There *is* a Tremont Avenue in the Bronx. There *is* a Sixty-ninth Road in Queens. There *is* a Nostrand Avenue in Brooklyn. There *is* something called the lower East Side, as opposed to the East Village. This is my credo."

## *Service*

A PUNCTUAL career woman of our acquaintance who lives in an eighth-floor apartment in the East Sixties, overlooking Fifth Avenue, tells us that she long since stopped winding the alarm clock that stands on her bedside table, and rises each morning with a sense of well-being in answer to the crowing of a rooster in the Children's Zoo, far below.

•

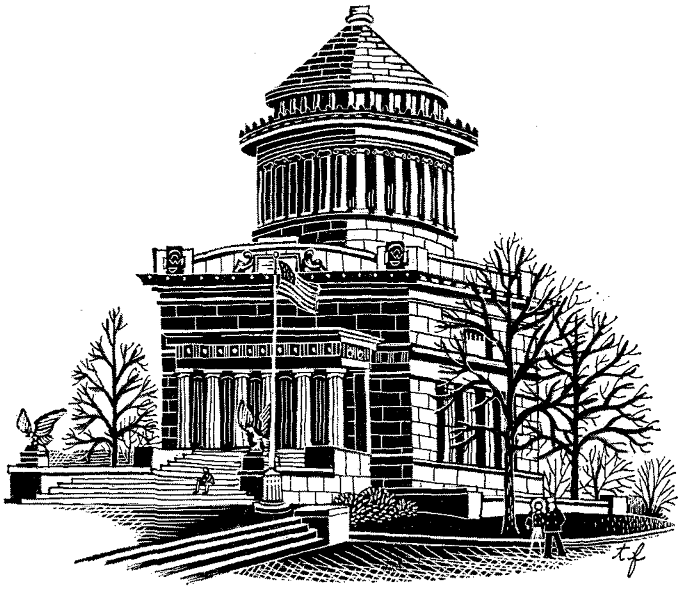
AN introspective friend, on the other hand, tells us that he feels shakier than usual as the result of a letter from Sears, Roebuck bearing the number 141234 and the salutation "Dear Preferred Customer."

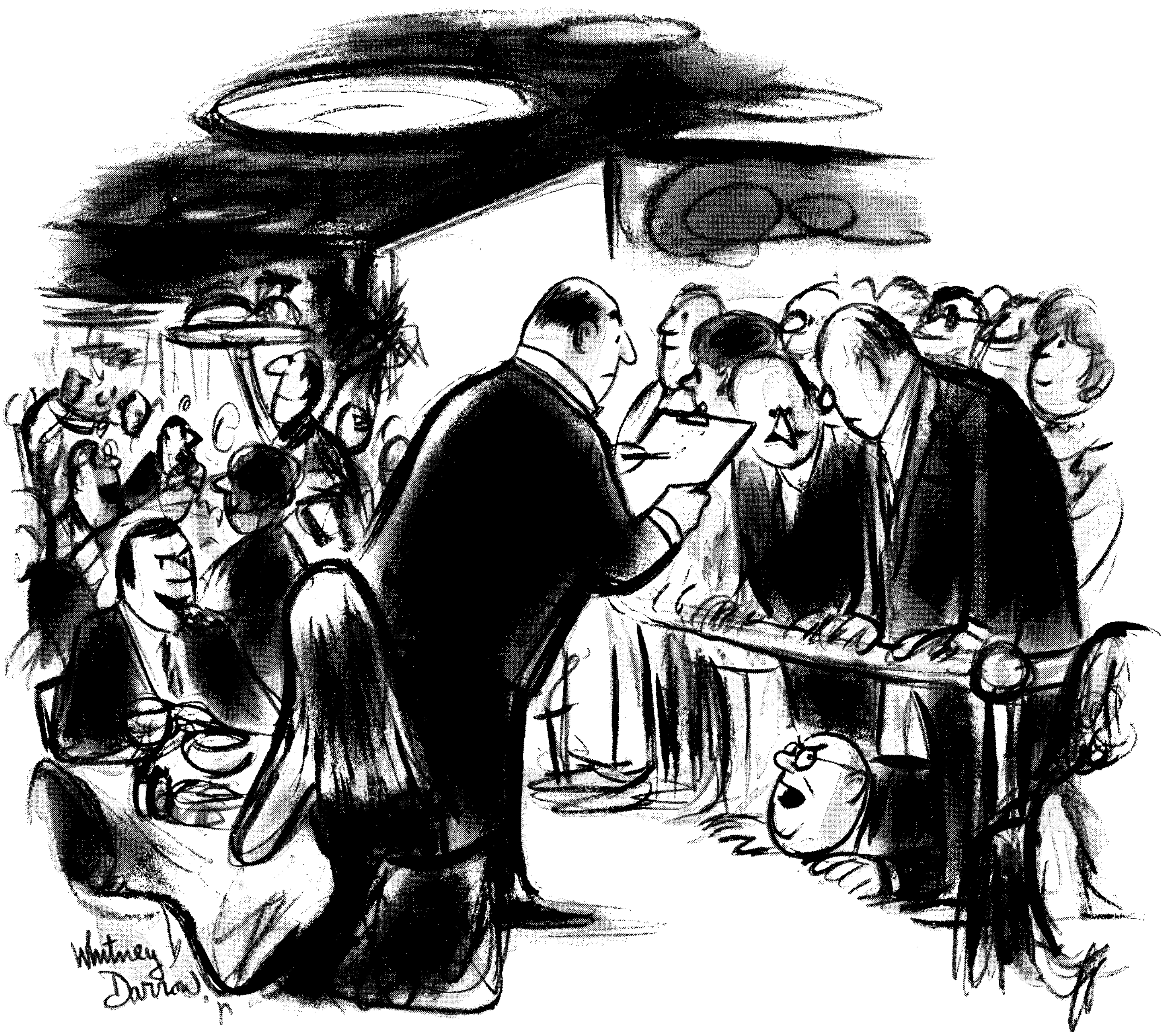
## *Automation House*

PART of the enchantment of Paris in the twenties, as Scott Fitzgerald once remarked, was that everything that happened there seemed to have something to do with art. Although New York in the seventies is hardly likely to evoke the same sort of enchantment, one does get the feeling sometimes that art here is simply inescapable. The notion assailed us with particular force the other evening when we went to the opening of Automation House, the new home of the American Foundation on Automation and Employment, the Institute of Collective Bargaining, and the recently established Board of Mediation for Community Disputes. Instead of institutional décor and foundation furnishings, we found ourself surrounded by—of course!—the familiar dazzle and pop of electronic art.

In Automation House, the handsome brownstone at 49 East Sixty-eighth Street, which was formerly part of the Soviet Mission to the United Nations, three of the six floors were given over to an electronically activated show called "The Magic Theatre" and consisting of eight "environments" devised by eight artists. Sidling across a platform pocked with strobe-lit portholes, we made our way toward a black curtain, and, luckily, emerged into an art-free room where Theodore W. Kheel, the professional arbitrator and mediator, and the moving spirit behind Automation House, genially took us in tow. Mr. Kheel, who has close-cropped black hair, rugged good looks, and a reassuring voice, told us that "The Magic Theatre" is being sponsored jointly by the Museum of Contemporary Crafts and Automation House, which is one of the very few buildings in the city with enough space and enough electric current to accommodate it. "The Museum was looking for a place to install the show, and it sounded like a natural for our opening, so we took it," he said.

In a few minutes of brisk conversation with Mr. Kheel, we learned that he had set up the American Foundation on Automation and Employment back in 1962, after finding that many of the labor-management disputes he was called on to mediate came down in essence to changes as a result of automation. "We pooped along for several years, and got out a few books and studies," he said. "Then, in 1967, the Foundation was able to buy this house—it had been saved from demolition a couple of years before that by the Marquesa de Cuevas, who also bought the two houses adjoining—and we set out to make it a multipurpose place that would demonstrate the ability of the new technology to *help* individuals and to solve problems. The renovations cost more than a million dollars. We started them a little before the General Motors Building broke ground, and we got finished a little after it did. It's pretty phenomenal. We've got enough electrical wiring in here to light the Waldorf-Astoria. The place is completely wired for closed-circuit television, so anybody in any of the rooms can be plugged into what's going on in any other room. We'll also be able to do live telecasts from here over national hookups. I see it mainly as a conference center now, a place where all sorts of people can get together and air their troubles—not only management and labor but community and city groups, too. Last week, for example, the Young Lords came here to iron out their differences with the First Spanish Methodist Church in East Harlem. The great thing is that we're flexible.





*"Damn it, sir, are you aware of the fact that I made an eight-o'clock reservation for two at half past ten this morning?"*

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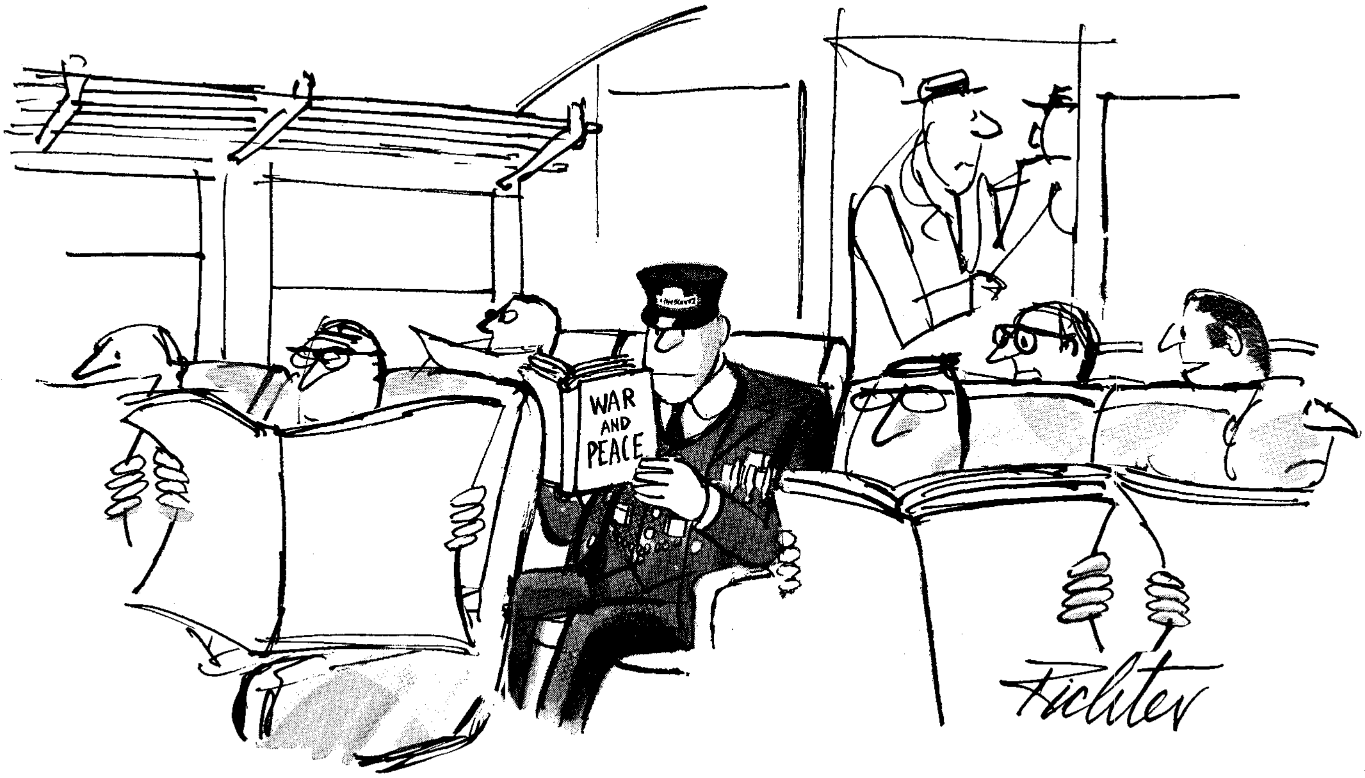
We can go in just about any direction we want."

"Including art exhibitions?" we asked.

"Absolutely," Mr. Kheel replied. "The way that came about was sort of interesting. I don't have any knowledge of or background in art, but about three or four years ago I was introduced to Billy Kluver, a young scientist who used to be at Bell Labs. Kluver and the artist Robert Rauschenberg had a nonprofit organization called Experiments in Art and Technology, which was designed to promote contacts between artists interested in using new technological materials and methods and the engineers who worked with those things. Experiments in Art and Technology—or EAT, as they refer to it—was having one of its periodic financial crises, and they thought I might be able to help. Kluver, Rauschenberg, and I had lunch together, and before the meal was over, I realized that there was an identity of purpose between us. We were all interested in using technology to help the individual, and we were all aware of the immense frustration that people feel when they can't participate in the new technology. As a result, we started to confer informally on a lot of things, and then, when my foundation bought this house, we invited EAT to become one of the participating organizations, and they accepted. Kluver and Rauschenberg have been very helpful in developing the concepts for the building, which will also be a place for artists to work in and exhibit in. Actually, our biggest problem here was persuading the builders to make it flexible enough. And architects can create problems. They want to know just what a particular space is going to be used for—where to put the Xerox machine, and all that. I kept saying that we didn't know how the space was going to be used, and that what I wanted was options. Thomas Lehrecke and Joseph Tonetti were the architects who finally made it work, and we managed to get the Tishman Realty & Construction Co., which rarely takes on a project this small, to do the actual renovation. I think it's worked out pretty well, too."

A wave of art-numbed guests claimed Kheel's attention, and we found ourself talking with Mr. Tonetti. He told us that working with Kheel had been a lot of fun, and that



*"We must really be stalled this time."*

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as a result of it he had learned something about mediation. "There were a few occasions when we, the architects, and the people from Tishman were in serious disagreement," Mr. Tonetti said. "A meeting would be called, and we'd have our say and they'd have theirs, and nobody was pulling any punches. Kheel sat between us saying nothing at all but looking *very* alert. After both sides had finished pasting each other, he would make a suggestion, which everybody would listen to, because he hadn't said a word for such a long time. Amazing how effective it was."

AFTER leaving Mr. Tonetti, we decided to have a real look at "The Magic Theatre." This show, a nostalgic retrospective of the art and technology of the nineteen-sixties, was commissioned by the Performing Arts Foundation of Kansas City, Missouri, where it opened in May, 1968. It takes a while these days for major cultural events to work their way down from the provinces to the East Side, and in the two years it took "The Magic Theatre" to get here from Kansas City the exhibit had a nice chance to mellow.

To enter Automation House in the first place, we had had to pass through a picket line thrown up by the Guerrilla Action section of the Art Workers Coalition, which was protesting EAT's involvement in the show, because, one of the pickets told us, EAT was devoted to mounting "the baubles of capitalism" and oppressing young artists. We had asked the young picket if *he* was being oppressed by EAT. "I haven't been in New York long enough," he replied. When, making our way to "The Magic Theatre," we ran into Donald Wyckoff, executive vice-president of the American Crafts Council, the parent of the Museum of Contemporary Crafts, we mumbled something to him about baubles of capitalism. He simply smiled and told us to observe the elevator. "It's the first fibre-glass elevator in New York," he said, in a tone that implied there were already several fibre-glass elevators in Kansas City.

To reach the elevator, we had to pass through a neon environment, and to do this we were required to walk without shoes over a floor of neon tubing. A small group of people stood in front of the environment taking off their shoes. One of them, a well-groomed chap wearing a three-piece suit and a massive gold watch chain, said petulantly, "This is the second party in three weeks where I've had to take off my shoes." The elevator was small and yellow. It moved slowly, and it closed its doors on people, thereby pinching them painfully. In it, we were carried to every floor of Automation House. At the top, we found a roof environment, and near the bottom we found a basement environment, enlivened by a box of broken dinner rolls. At the very bottom, we found a party—a young man with a telephone dial on a chain around his neck, a bar where drinks cost fifty cents a shot, and Mrs. Vanderbilt Webb. Mrs. Webb, a handsome woman who was wearing a striking hat, is president and chairman of the board of the American Crafts Council. She said she thought the exhibit was "interesting and provoking" and "a definite statement."

After a very brief stay in a tiresome environment where a floor flashed at us, we found an environment, by the young composer Terry Riley, that thoroughly suited us. It was a Time-Lag Accumulator—octagonal in shape, with many little chambers, and many little doors leading from one chamber to another. Sounds made in these little chambers accumulated, were then mixed, and were replayed after a short pause. When there were a lot of people in the Accumulator, everything they said came out as jungle noise, and we participated in several jungles. We discovered, however, that the Accumulator was more fun when we had it all to ourself. We passed through all the little chambers and opened all the little doors, and everything we said to ourself came out sounding like the denser dialogue from "Last Year at Marienbad."

# SAD ARTHUR

(Go Hesse, Young Man)

ONE morning, Sad Arthur, the banker's son, rose and garbed himself. Softly and lovingly the bedroom mazdas bathed him as, supple-limbed, he drew on the new costume of his decision. Over his baggy BVD gaiters Sad Arthur put on his resplendent Belstaff Riding Suit with its storm-proof pockets, storm-cuff sleeves, heavy-duty zipper, snapdown pockets, and buckled mandarin-style collar. Sad Arthur bent and stepped into his Beau Geste Rough Rider boots with full-zippered backs, adjustable heel and instep straps, and imbedded front-and-back steel friction plates. Sad Arthur pulled on his Leathertogs genuine-leather jacket with transverse zipper and heavy-duty wrist snaps, and strapped on his stud wristbands and seven-inch stud belt. Delicately Sad Arthur balanced his yellow Foster Grants above his lofty brow and then picked up his flocked fuchsia Fury Helmet. Sad Arthur's mirror, which loved him unquenchably, watched in sad surprise as Sad Arthur left the bedroom forever. Then the mirror fell into a reflective mood, wondering once again how it had ever lost Altman's.

Sad Arthur entered the veranda and stood behind the chair where his father, the banker, was catching a few Z's. The good banker, who that week had taken a bath in Leasco, was having a troubled dream about unholy ablutions. In time, he awoke, aware of the presence of leather. "Is that you, Sad Arthur?" he said.

Sad Arthur remained silent, his arms folded. Long ago, he had learned the lesson of the closed yap, the magic of the monosyllable. In the sullen downward-hanging head, the lidded eye, the unheeding ear there lay invulnerable peace. There was strange power in this youthful demeanor that willed nothing. Faced with it, the others—the teachers and talkers—became irritated, then flustered, then enraged, then placating, then suppliant. Like a flock of bees, they gave up their golden treasure to him who merely seemed to doze by the hive. So Sad Arthur stood unmoving. Sunbeams meditated in the unshorn locks on his neck.

"What is it already?" the banker demanded. "Come around here where I can see you." He sighed. "No—on second thought, don't."

"You know what is in my mind," Sad Arthur said at last. "I would leave home and join the Holy Terrors. Like."

"I don't get it," confessed the good banker. "My son the bike freak."

"With the Holy Terrors I will make Vegas," Sad Arthur said. "I wish to attain Nevada."

The banker fell silent. In his secret heart, he too had seen himself joyful at Vegas, strolling The Sands. Several hours passed in silence, like skipped pages in a meaty volume. In time, the banker gave a start, opened his eyes, yawned, and rose from his chair. "Let me know if you attain Nevada," he said to his son. "Call us collect." He could deny nothing to this young man. Like the mazdas and the mirror and the sunbeams, like everything and everybody, he loved Sad Arthur, though often it was hard to know why.

Sad Arthur left his home. Near the garage, his faithful companion Irving was waiting with the bikes.

"You have come," Irving said.

"I have come," said Sad Arthur, smiling.

"He was faked out," Irving said.

"He was faked out," said Sad Arthur.

"We can split," Irving said.

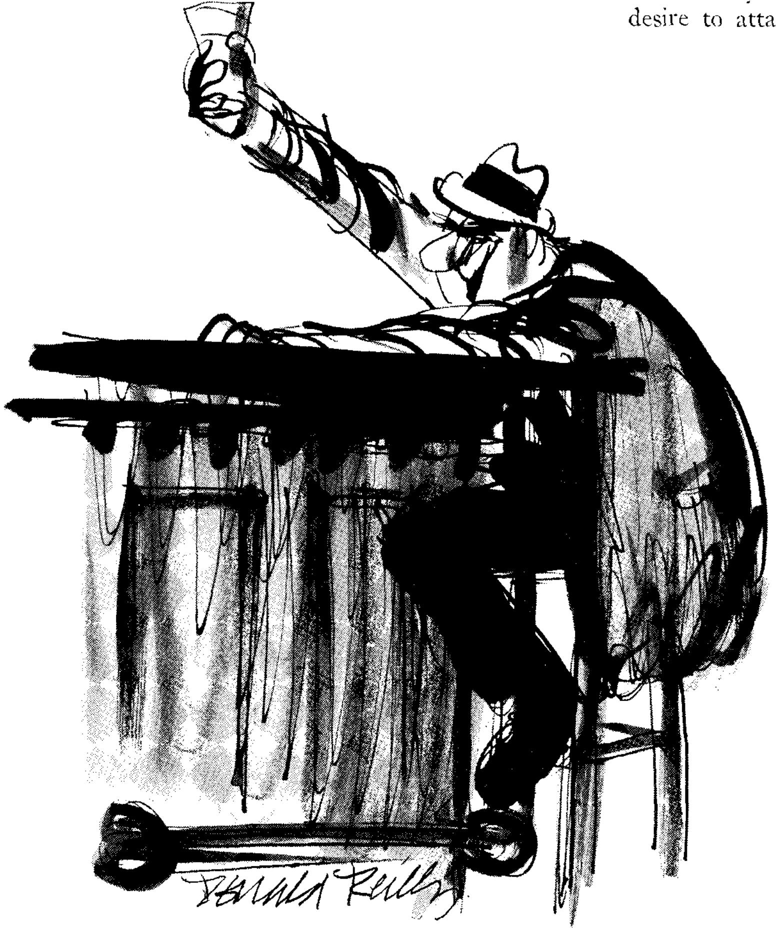
"We can split," said Sad Arthur.

They split.

WANDERING westward, Sad Arthur and Irving found the Holy Terrors in a blighted grove near Leonia, N.J. They recognized the leader of the band, the fabled Guttheimer, and drew near. This good buddy was known for his teachings and his freaky vines. His ancient bombardier's jacket was encrusted with many a graffitic virtu and many a mottoed malediction, now all faded by wind and dust, that depicted the pain and suffering of the pilgrim's way. The Illustrated One, at ease astride his ancient Harley two-stroke banger, listened to Sad Arthur's and Irving's joyful plea to get their heads together as novitiates in the Holy Terrors, heard their deep desire to attain Nevada. He subjected them to certain rites and then, well pleased, grunted the wished-for grant. Sad Arthur and Irving were Holy Terrors at last!

Happy among brothers, boot to boot with these heavy-footed disciples and their Old Ladies, Sad Arthur wandered westward (and sometimes eastward and ditchward) on the ancient paths of Jersey. Together, the Holy Terrors bombed Bogota, deafened Dumont, horrified Hoboken, outraged Oradell, paralyzed Palisades Park, piqued Parsippany, ravaged Rahway, and were busted in Boonton. Here, within a rustic slammer, Sad Arthur drew near Guttheimer and spoke what was in his mind.

Sad Arthur said: "Hear me, O Illustrated One, for I am,



*"By God, here's to America, warts and all!"*

you know, like troubled. I have heard your teachings and learned much. You show the world unbroken, like a well-lubed chain. From you I have learned the Eightfold Path to hop a Honda 90cc SL to a sassy quarter in thirteen with a stroker kit, trochoid pump, overboring, and velocity stacks. From you I have learned the Fivefold Path to dirty up a square Moto Guzzi 750cc Ambassador by means of laid-on chromed riser bars, extended forks, sissy bar, and STP decals. From you I have learned the Fourteenfold Path to cowboy-roll a joint while drafting on a downhill Greyhound at eighty per. All this have I learned, O Good Buddy, yet what do I see? I see this band still mucking about here in upper Jersey, no nearer Vegas than the day I fell in. So what are teachings, what is knowledge, what are dead eardrums and dropped kidneys if they do not take me to Nevada? Are you not, then, the same as my father the good banker, a mere workahubby?"

The Illustrated One's eyes were lowered, his furred mouth set in an unfathomable half smile of understanding. He was stoned. "You are some punkins, O Sad Arthur," he said. "You are a real smart-ass. I would enlighten you with still another lesson, the Onefold Path to a bust in the mouth, only right now I gotta crash."

The next morning, Sad Arthur took his leave of the pokey. He bade farewell to the Holy Terrors. He bade farewell to the faithful Irving, who was crying. Alone, he wandered westward on his Kawasaki Three. He saw many things. He saw a small boy at a Carvel stand who had dripped chocolate ripple all over his mother's handbag. He saw a man in madras bermudas who had just been bilked by a used-lawnmower salesman. He saw a young opossum that had just been mashed by a teen-ager in a magenta Corvette. He saw a drunken housewife weeping in front of her Sylvania color console. He saw an elderly pastor playing miniature golf in a black hairpiece. He saw a Fruehauf twelve-wheel rig lying on its side, with its cargo of disposable diapers scattered across the highway. The world was beautiful when seen this way—alone and without questions or meaning. It was beautiful to go through the world like this in childlike cool. The Illustrated One was right, Sad Arthur thought. Sad Arthur, you are some punkins.

In a sun-dappled launderette in Nutley, N.J., but a short distance from the holy ruins of the Nutley Velodrome, Sad Arthur encountered the fair Lambie, whose lips were like unto a melting Tootsie Roll. At one sight of her, he plugged in his Fender and, without thought or further ado, sang this song:

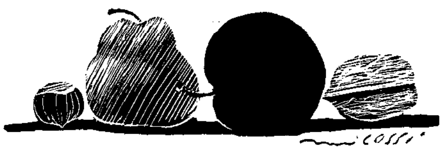
*"For love of the fair Lambie,*
*The pilgrim Sad Arthur,*
*Sad Arthur the erstwhile Terror,*
*The fabled rubber-layer,*
*Would forget Nevada*
*And stay*
*Here in Nutley Enn Jayyy!"*

"O Sad Arthur, how marvie!" cried the entranced Lambie.

"Yes," said Sad Arthur without unbecoming modesty. "Please note the rhyme."

"O Sad Arthur, c'mere." She drew him to her, placing one heel on his instep and one hand on his ear in the position of love that is known as "Opening the Deck Chair." Then she kissed him with her lips that were like unto a melting Tootsie Roll.

Thus it was that Sad Arthur put away his boots and helmet, put away Nevada, put away his dreams and his Kawasaki to stay in Nutley and groove with the fair Lambie. He cut his hair and went to work for Lambie's father, a merchant, the owner of the Nutley Kwik Kleen Dry Cleaners. He went among the people and took on the people's ways. With Lambie he bought six-packs and electric back-yard rotisseries, he wore His-'n-Hers flowered at-home jams, he joined the Thursday Evening Swingin' Couples League at the Nutley Bowlmor Lanes. Lambie's father was pleased with him and said, "You have learned much from me, Sad Arthur."



"No," said Sad Arthur. "All that I have learned I have taught myself. I have learned to deliver a suit on Friday that was promised for Wednesday. I have learned to deliver size forty-two pants to the size thirty-four next door. I have learned to mislay ladies' dress belts, to anneal zippers, and to loosen buttons so that they will pop off upon being buttoned. I have learned to starch alpaca sweaters and imprint indelible rust stains on dress evening shirts. Most of all, I have learned the imperious Brahmin's manner that elicits abject thanks and excessive tips. Thus do I add injury and interest to the lives of these sad schnooks. It is you, rather, who have learned from me."

Lambie's father looked on Sad Arthur with admiration and surprise. "The mouth, O Sad Arthur," he said. "That mouth will get bust wide open one of these days."

Sad Arthur saw that it was time for him to resume his questing. The mer-

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## SNOWFALL

Some time in the dark hours
it seemed I was a spark climbing
the black road
with my death helping me up
a white self helping me up
like a brother
growing
but this morning
I see that the silent kin I loved as a child
have arrived all together in the night
from the old country
they remembered
and everything remembers
I eat from the hands
of what for years have been junipers
the taste has not changed
I am beginning
again
a bell rings in some village I do not know
and cannot hear
and in the sunlight snow drops from branches
leaving its name in the air
and a single footprint

brother

—W. S. Merwin

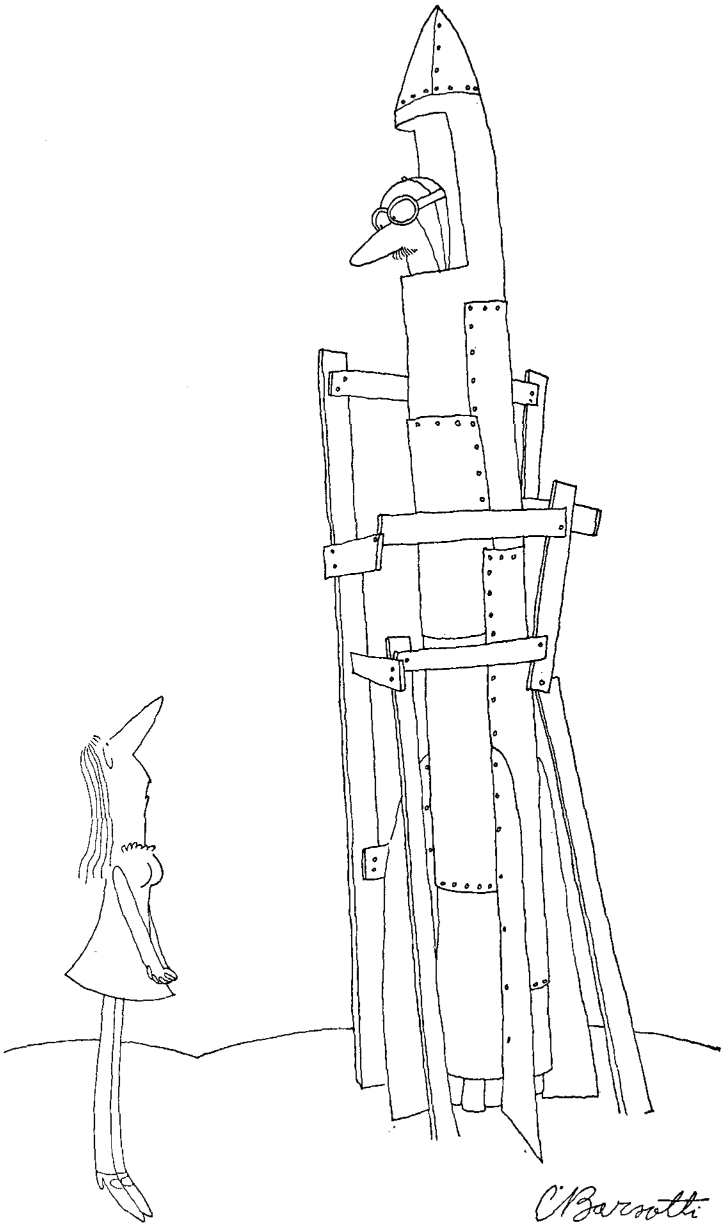
• •

chant's message, so like the parting words of Guttheimer, told him that he had come full circle. He had learned the people's ways, their business and their pleasures, and now his soul was sickened, as the soul of one who has played thrice at ticktacktoe. He went to the fair Lambie and imparted unto her what he had decided.

"O no, Sad Arthur!" cried the fair Lambie. She placed her elbow in his abdomen and her knee against his back, in the position that is known as "Putting Away the Ironing Board," but he pushed her rudely aside.

"Tough darts, Lambie," Sad Arthur said. "It's Nevada for me. 'Bye now."

Why did her lips, curved in sorrow, remind him of a Cat's Paw heel?



*"But, Father, is running away ever an answer?"*

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SAD ARTHUR turned westward once more. On foot now, he wandered with thumb lifted, riding with any who heeded his disdainful summons. Riding silent in high cab beside some trusting trucker, Sad Arthur smiled and commended himself for having put aside still more knowledge, more habits, more mere humans. Within his stomach he felt the tiny gerbil of his Self stirring once again, heard it remount its squeaky little wheel.

Closer to Vegas at last, Sad Arthur alighted on the north bank of the great Pennsylvania Pike, and here took employment as night pumper in a modest Amoco station. Wearing the plain blue coveralls and friendly smile of his humble calling, he dispensed the golden fluid, wiped clean the insect-speckled windshield, kept track of the ladies'-room key with its giant tag. At night, between customers, he tilted back in his chair and listened to the highway. He knew he should resume his journey, should seek Nevada, yet it seemed to him that this highway had something to tell him. He felt a deep love for these broad humming lanes with their upping and downing, their easting and westing, their freight of fumes and destinations, and he sat and stayed and listened.

Years passed, and so it was at last that an ochre Caddy stopped at Sad Arthur's modest Amoco station and yielded up a bald old gent with lowback pains and a large cigar. Sad Arthur looked on him and smiled.

"Sad Arthur!" cried the old gent. "Is that you? Are you here, only here? And all this time I imagined you at Nevada!"

"Yes," said Sad Arthur. "It is I, my old friend. Only I."

"What a gas!" cried the faithful Irving (for it was he), and then he laughed at his own foolish wit. "So neither of us made it to Vegas, eh? What a pair of losers!"

"Listen, my friend," said Sad Arthur, and he took Irving by the arm and led him closer to the highway's edge. "Listen to me, for I have learned the secret. The highway has taught me all. At one end of this highway, back beyond its beginning, is my father, the good banker. There too are the Illustrated One, the fair Lambie, the overturned diaper truck, my rusted old Kawasaki, and the lost size forty-two pants. At the other, beyond its ending and yet part of it as well, lies Nevada. At the same time, right now, they are all part of this highway, all one. This highway is everywhere at the same moment—the toll-taker and the toll-payer, the patient concrete and the headlong tire, the descendant swallow-dropping and the approaching open convertible, the totalled Pontiac and the greedy wrecker, the full box of Goobers on the dashboard and the emptied box of Goobers in the weeds by the roadside. This highway is the beginning and the ending, the cool and the uncool, learning and forgetting, the book revered and the book flung halfway across the room. There is no truth, no knowing, no wisdom, no Nevada, no nothing except, uh—well, simultanuity, like. So relax."

"Gosh, Sad Arthur," said Irving, "I never thought of it that way." He looked at his watch. "Well, Artie," he said hastily, "this has been real. Any time you're near Hasbrouck Heights—"

But again Sad Arthur drew him closer to the highway's edge. "Listen, faithful Irving," Sad Arthur said. "Listen to the highway. What does it say to you?"

"Well," said Irving after a while, "it sort of says 'Zoom!' "

"Yes," said Sad Arthur. He lifted his head in wonder. "Zoom!" he repeated. "Zoom-*zoom!*"

—ROGER ANGELL

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Members of the department work 44 hours a week with no extra pay for overtime, unless they work longer than the 44 hours.—*Tecumseh (Mich.) Herald.*

What's fair about that?

# FOREIGNERS

"OH god, I wish the shops were open," said the great atheist economist, near tears, to his terror. It was an ice-cold June Sunday. He had eaten roast mutton and apple charlotte. Three people in his Wiltshire drawing room slept, and so did his dogs. He looked at the fire hard enough to dry out his eyeballs, or perhaps to singe them.

"Sundays are impossible. I can't stand Sundays," his voice said, again frightening him. The voice was shouting. His hands were shaking. Sunday lunch, sleep; radio, muffins, sleep; gin-and-lime, the cold roast, radio, sleep. His English life, his English wife. On the opposite side of their English fireplace, Sara was answering letters on her engraved English note cards: "Mrs. Thomas Flitch, the Dower House." And so on and so on. His Indian mother was in a wheelchair by the bay window, reading. The sight of her brought back some Sunday in India. Himself a child on a bicycle. Dusk, nearly dark. Groups of young men sitting on the ground near a closed library, reading and talking by the light of flares in petrol cans.

His stepson, Simon, a tall stockbroker, guffawed for no obvious reason and kicked the chin of a sleeping dog off a pile of Thomas's books, although he didn't go on to pick up any of the spilled books.

"It'll be Monday all too soon," Sara said, with the brotherly grimness that Thomas had learned to read in her as a style of intimacy. Now she was doing household accounts and checking the milk bill. She looked fatigued and drawn. He loved her, and wished to save her the frightful inroads of Anglo-Saxon activity, and hated her hat. She was still wearing the ugly straw that she had put on for morning church. She had cooked the lunch in it. Thomas liked her hair and loathed all her hats. In fifty-odd years of high regard for Englishwomen and awe of the fortitude and grace he saw in them, he had never accepted their defiling hats.

Simon's daughter, Pippa, a beauty of six who had one blue and one green eye, swarmed watchfully into the room on her stomach with Thomas's encouragement and bounced up with a war whoop behind the chairs of two sleeping visitors. So she was as oppressed by Sunday as he was. He admired her for dealing with it so capably. There was an interlude of chaos. A pot of coffee was spilled, and Sara had to get a damp cloth for the trousers of one of the visitors, who was involved in an unwise pretense that he hadn't actually been asleep. Thomas seemed to be seeing things through the wrong end of a telescope. People appeared to be very small, and their voices were too loud for their size. Pippa was much scolded.

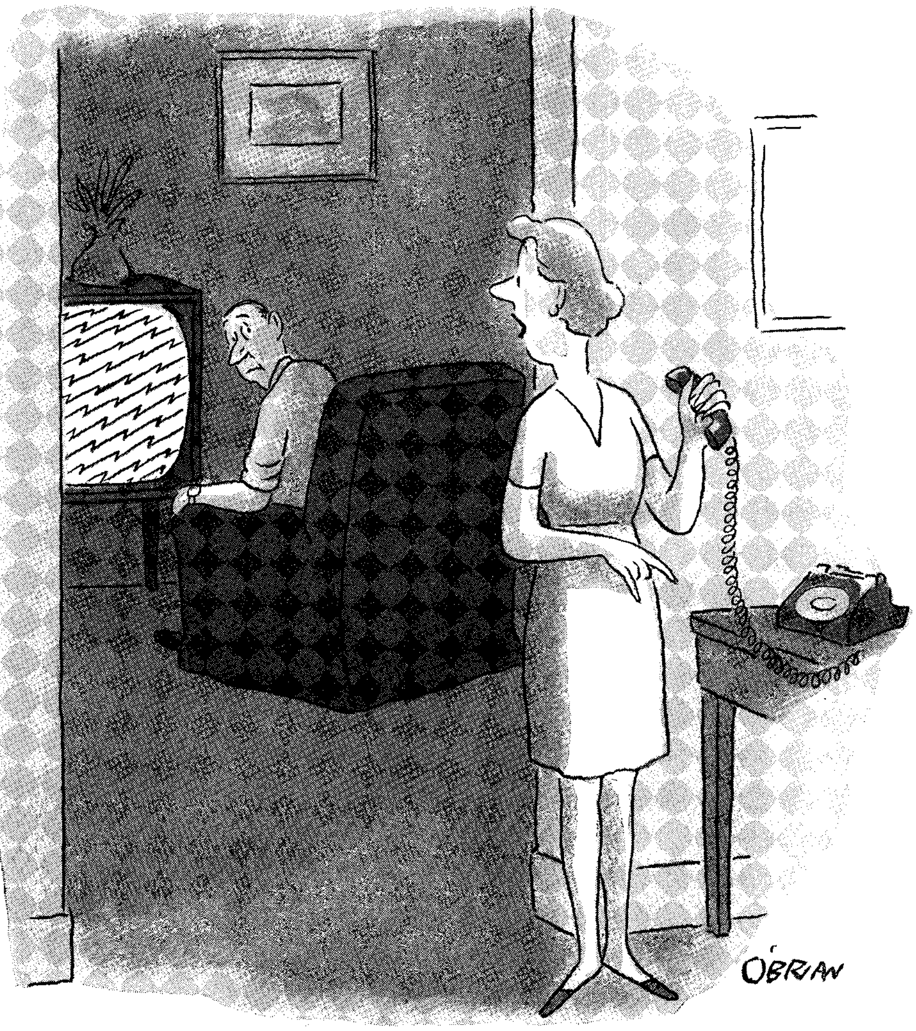
"I've brought something for Great-Granny," she said several times, while the storm went on around her pigtailed head and finally spent itself. She heard her father and Sara out, and meanwhile held the present in her closed hand.

After five minutes, Simon attended to what she was saying and assumed a look of astuteness. "Have you got something in your hand?" he asked. Pause. "Something for Great-Granny?" he carried on shrewdly. "Let's have a look at it, in case it's one of the things Great-Granny doesn't eat." He tried to force open her fingers. "Let Daddy tell you. You're old enough to know by now that in the country where Great-Granny comes from they don't eat some of the things we eat. It's not that they're fussy, it's because they think it's wrong. You know that now, don't you, Pippa?"

"You told me before," said Pippa.

"Ah, yes, you see; it's a chocolate. So we're all right. I thought so. Why didn't you show it to me in the first place? Run and give it to Great-Granny," he said, some time after Pippa was already there. "Granny, Pippa's brought you a special chocolate," he went on, some time after the old lady had thanked the child.

Thomas's mother was named Arathra Chib. Although his father had acknowledged the son in due time—when the boy grew up to be phenomenally educable—he had never married Miss Chib. She had stayed in a Delhi shack made of biscuit tins and a tarpaulin. Mr. Flitch, not a bad man, had worked most of his life in India in the tea business. When his bastard turned out to be studious, the boy was accepted into the English bachelor's house for a short time before he was shipped off to prep school and public school in his father's country. He spent the holidays in



*"He says to take a couple aspirins and go to bed. He'll send a repairman around the first thing in the morning."*

• •

England with any parents who would have him. If nothing worked out, he lived in the empty school. Some master, equally lonely, would be set to giving him extra essays and physical training to keep him occupied. Thomas bore England no grudge for the youth it dealt him; on the contrary. After getting a double first at Oxford he married Sara, scarcely able to believe his luck. She was a pretty young widow with a small son, and Thomas went to law to give the little boy his own surname.

"Well done, Pippa. Chocolates are perfectly safe," Simon said laboriously in the direction of the wheelchair.

Thomas was already in the grip of a disorder not at all native to him, and now he suddenly confounded everything he believed he felt for Simon by remembering with hatred one of his adopted son's practical jokes. Some like Sunday long ago, the child Simon had crept up to his Indian step-grandmother when she was asleep in the same wheelchair and thrown a blanket over her, shouting that she was a canary in a cage. Thomas had kept the memory at arm's length until now, when it occurred to him that Simon's sensibility had not much changed. The insight cracked Thomas's heart slightly before he got rid of it again.

His mother's vegetarianism had been carefully respected at lunch, with the usual faint suggestion that it was aberrant and therefore embarrassing, although Sara did try to conceal her opinion. Before the apple charlotte, Miss Chib was given a bowl of pea soup with a spoonful of whipped cream on it. Thomas had noticed the cream, which represented effort. It also represented license, an unusual small expense on a treat beyond the necessities of Sara's food budget. Though Thomas was greatly revered he had never been well off, and now that he had retired from government advisory jobs he earned nothing much except by writing. Simon, who was well on his way to becoming a millionaire through his dealings on the stock exchange, had leaned over his pleasant young wife to peer at his step-grandmother's plate. "I say," he said jovially, "I see my mama's been lashing out a bit."

Thomas's house, which he could barely keep up, was run mostly on the income from a small chain of modern toy shops that he had built up for his wife over the years. He had given her the capital for the first one on their twentieth wedding anniversary, when he had already bought a Georgian pendant that he dearly wished her to have, but before he chanced giving it to her he had asked her what she would like, and she told him. She had ideas about how a toy shop should be run in these times. Strong plastics, instructive building toys, things that would save women trouble. After a long while of keeping the pendant hidden and unlooked at in his sock drawer, Thomas had to bring himself to hunt for someone to buy it back, for he couldn't afford both presents. He got nothing like the price of it. But Sara's idea had obviously been the better one, he told himself, though without believing a word of it, for where would they all be now without "Mama's business venture," as his stepson warmly pointed out to him on a walk round the garden this afternoon.

"Why don't you let me take over the accounts?" Simon said.

"What accounts?" Thomas asked, sheltering in slow-wittedness. He seemed to be fending something off. Nothing he was doing was like himself, and Simon looked at him oddly before poking a black pig in the belly.

"You should keep more pigs and run the place as a farm," Simon said. "And all this could be plowed up, too." He gestured across the lawn that ran down to a stream and then up again to his own cottage, which Thomas had given him as a wedding present. "The expenses of this place are ridiculous. Mama's a Trojan, but she's looking pretty whacked."

"She needs more help. I must see about more help."

"As I say, I could do the papers of the business. You wear yourself out with them."

"They seem to be taking longer at the moment. You wouldn't have time."

"Oh, I could do them on the train to the City some morning every week."

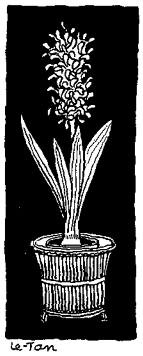
That fast? He probably could.

Simon looked around at the bigger house with an alert eye. "This place is potentially a gold mine. It's madness to run it as a private house. If you turned it into a business, you could keep six maids and gardeners if you wanted and write them off against the pigs. Or whatever else you went in for. Mama's been talking of sugar beet."

Sugar beet? Sugar beet hadn't come up. Thomas steadied his eyes on the Tudor stable yard and his library window. "I won't have it," he said, shaking.

"Buck up, Father. Nobody thinks it's your fault. You're one of the world's thinkers. Been doing much writing?"

Thomas lied, against his temperament. "Quite a bit." Pause. "Preliminaries." Oh, come off it. But the ground seemed to be moving away. He felt as if Simon were lifting him by the collar and dangling him so that his feet were off the earth and his toes straining to reach something. Simon's big head and loose mouth loomed above him against the ridiculous English summer sky, which was the color of iron.



Le-Tan

"Your last book was very impressive," Simon said. "Prunella and I both thought so. Reflected glow, you know." He blew his nose on a red spotted handkerchief that he wore in yeoman moods. "A bit above my level, I'm afraid, some of it."

"Oh dear. Was it hard to follow?" Thomas asked, taking him to mean what he said. "Which passages?" But Simon had never got beyond page 27, and after that he had merely left the book out in case his mother and stepfather came unexpectedly for drinks. So now he was at a disadvantage, which angered him, and he lost sight of the gratitude he usually summoned up for the stepfather who had spent much of his life obliging his adopted son's ambition for parents with a big house and a dashing car. At many moments of weakness, or love, Thomas had spent far more money than he could afford or even wished for the sake of Simon's joy in the holidays. The days when he could do it, or would, were now over. Their town house had been sold, lingeringly, with rearguard modernizing actions to keep up its price. The eventual loss kept Thomas awake at night. For the present, in the daytime, he was abruptly fed up with the lot: himself, his insufficiency, the toll that his financial state seemed to be taking of his wife, and the colossally polite head of his stepson, hanging over him now as if it had a miniature keg of brandy around its neck.

"Men are not made better by calamity," he said. At the same time, he was engaged in disliking his own state of intellect at the moment, which appeared to own no responsibility for the production of that sentence and buzzed around small problems without much resource or repose.

"What's that from? Is it an Indian saying?"

"What? No. Where was she thinking of putting the sugar beet?"

"Hey, I say, chin up. No calamity in this house, eh? Mama's full of beans."

"She's very tired."

"Take her to the sun. Take her to Greece. A friend of mine's got a yacht. You could charter it."

"It would be rather ludicrous." When we can't afford someone to clean the house, Thomas added silently.

"I could do it on the firm and it wouldn't cost anybody anything. A conference yacht." Simon laughed loudly. "Mama could be entertaining foreign buyers. I do think you should let me go into the pigs."

Thomas told Simon to leave. He said he had work to do. Simon walked down to the stream and across the bridge to his own cottage, waving with his usual cordiality, which was unfailing because it depended on no cordial impulse. Thomas came back past the drawing room. He could see his mother, playing with Pippa, and his wife talking to a woman friend by the window. Thomas looked at them all, and then at Simon, who was now a small figure and in another sense no longer monstrous, because he was walking exactly as he had done when he was a very young child and most moving to Thomas, with his hands in his pockets and his back arched. The familiarity of everyone eased the strangeness in Thomas's head. I wish I had them all here, he thought. I wish we were together. I wish we were having a picnic, and that it was hot, and I do indeed wish that we were all together; though even if I were to hold the whole world against my chest, it would probably save us from very little. The longing was unaccustomed. He came to the drawing-room window, which was open. His mind had at last found its way back to its usual cast when he heard Sara's friend talking to her.

". . . start bestirring himself, for heaven's sake. Leaving you to do everything. What's a brilliant mind—"

"He is brilliant, that's so," Sara said over her. "But he's never made the career he could have done. He won't use his elbows."

But I am not that man, Thomas thought, shivering in a heap on the flower bed where he had dropped onto all fours so as not to be seen. I am not that man, he thought again, straightening up now, for in the next instant it seemed entirely necessary that he should not hide, should visibly walk to the front door and into his library. I will not be that man. He sat behind his desk for a long time, skipping Sunday's cold-mutton supper, rousing himself to say goodbye to the visitors, trying to deal with the paperwork of Sara's business. Wholesale and retail prices, markups, running expenses, employment insurance. Nausea. Sara, beautiful Sara, appeared in the accounts as the manageress. Deductible, to be candid. *No. Once not.* She had left samples of toys and plastic playthings among his books and manuscripts. Garbage. Her piercing, household face swam across his eyeline, even more changed from its former self than now, and hermetic in its enthusiasm for nursery objects properly researched by child psychiatrists to be fit for the middle-class children who would lose them without a pang. There was a pale-pink celluloid rattle on his desk. It was decorated with an overdressed pale-blue rabbit in non-toxic paint. Long ago, he had found Simon a Hindu rattle made of chased silver with an ivory handle shaped for a child to hold. *What shall we leave behind us*, he thought. He stared at a Rajput scene on the wall among his books. "Won't use his elbows." I know as little of love as I do of painting, he thought. The days of smoking a pipe suddenly came back to him, and he realized that he was biting down on his own teeth. His mind seemed to be acting like mercury. He saw it slipping around in a pool and then dividing into drops that ran apart. He leaned back often for a rest and once he got up to type an envelope on an old typewriter in the window. The typewriter had been made in Delhi many years ago, copied from an English Underwood and reproduced in every detail except for the vital spring to drive the keys back. In the machine's heyday, the deficiency had not been regarded as crippling. Labor was cheap, time ran slow, and a girl sat beside the man typist to return each key by hand as he pressed it. Thomas had grown up in the neighborhood of the machine and one day he had bought it, bringing it to England by boat and vaguely intending to explore the possibility of supplying a spring, though he also liked it well as it still was.

He delayed going upstairs for as long as possible, partly in a hopeless pretense of getting the papers finished with, and partly to avoid Sara. But she was lying awake. He guessed her to be worrying about money. Temper defeated pity and he attacked her rabidly for, of all things, going to her Anglican church. It appeared to him suddenly that there was a link between her flouted ambition for him and the ethic of a religion more alien to his own thought than he had ever dreamed. He sounded to himself like some tendentious student with balloon words coming out of his mouth.

"Jesus was the first Catholic and therefore the first Mr. Success of the profit motive," he said, putting on his dressing gown and feeling foolish. "Christianity and capitalism are inseparable. Why do you go? Why do you spoil Sundays?"

Sara said, "You're not well. You're losing your grip." She watched him quite carefully. She got up.

"I daresay. We can't stay in this house. We simply can't keep it up."

She was quiet.

So he snarled. "Does it mean that much to you?"

"What do you think?" Now the rage poured out: All these years, our things, deserve, owe, our time of life, all we've been through.

Help, he thought. I can't go on. I can't manage any of it.

Earn, she threw at him.

Relearn, he thought, adding the first three letters to her word in his head as if they were playing a game. "Church!" he shouted.

"You never shout," she said, staring at him.

"You spoil Sundays!"

"Socrates was the first man who thought about thinking," she said, sitting on the window seat and surprising him in every way.

"Uh?" he said over her.

"Jesus may have been the first man who understood the power of some actions. The power of forgiving an enemy, for instance."

"You mean me, don't you?" He held his head.

ON Monday, when Sara had left the house early to see to things in two of the toy shops on the other side of the county, he could find nothing at home that he felt up to doing. He drove to a café in the nearby market town and simply listened to pacify himself. It was a teashop, with one half that sold honey and homemade scones and the other with tables where the walls were decorated with a mixture of horse brasses and psychedelic posters. One of the middle-aged women who kept the shop had ordered a set of posters about the Paris rising of May, 1968, because she had gone to the Sorbonne to study when she was a girl. The teashop was next door to one of Sara's branches. Remorse had drawn Thomas there and it kept him pinned, though he was also wild for flight. An arthritic woman came into the café, alone, with a paper bag carrying the name of Sara's shop.

"You feel safer at home than what you do further away," she said after a long silence, addressing no one. "Further away you might be a nuisance."

Unplaced impatience felt like burrs on Thomas's skin. He leaned over to her and said, "No, you should get out and about more," which affronted her. He had broken the fourth wall.

In the late afternoon, slow to go home, he dropped in on an elderly doctor friend and played tennis. His hands shook and his friend prescribed a sedative.

"Work a strain at the minute?" said the doctor, watching.

"That sort of thing."

"Take two a day," said the doctor. "Sleeping all right?" The whole circumstance startled him. He expected limitless serenity of a man half Indian, and indeed Thomas had sustained the expectation for twenty years or more.

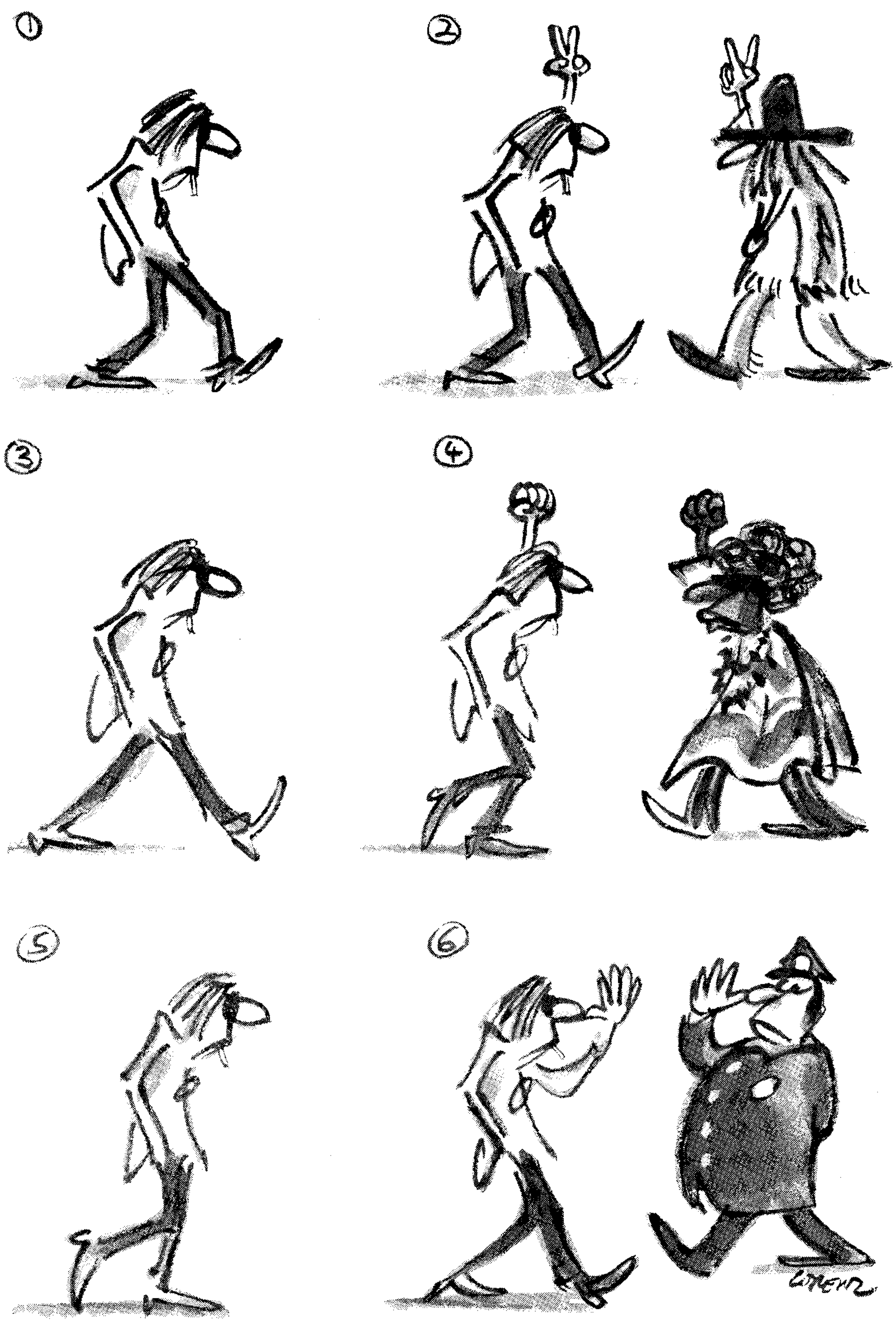
"Mostly," Thomas said.

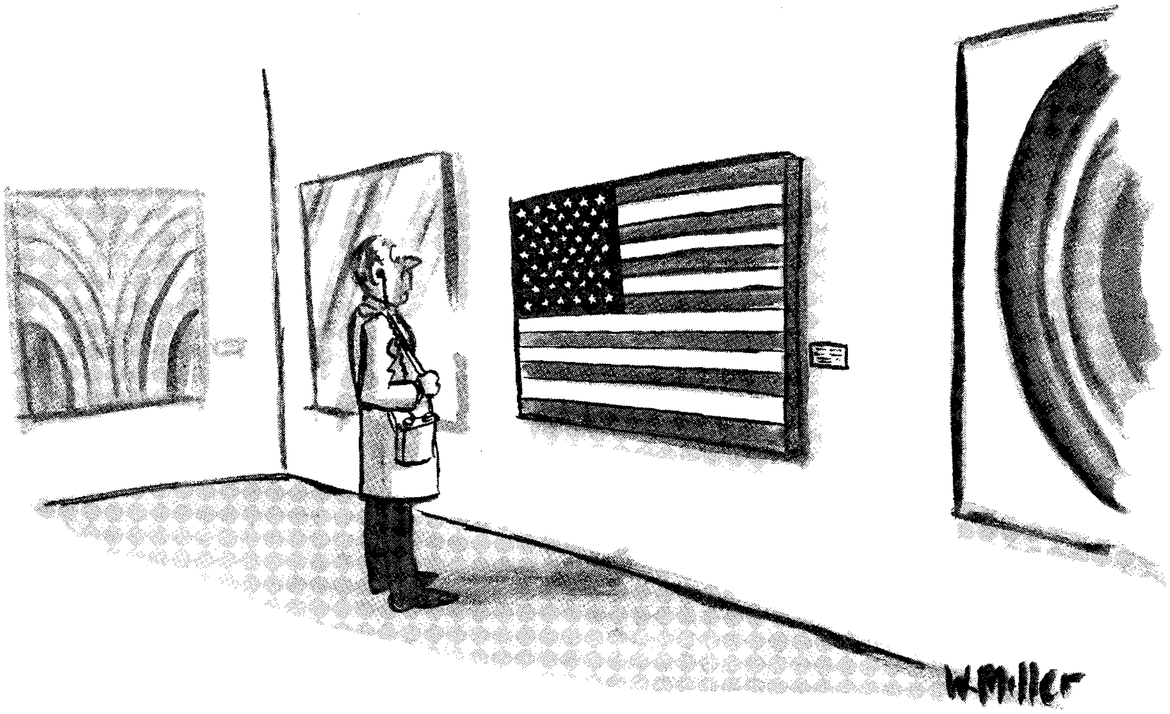
"Let me know. Keep in touch."

"I can't concentrate. I don't understand myself. Sara's being a brick."

"Your English is more English than mine," the doctor said, not really to make conversation but to find more time to see. Thomas's mind seemed to be elsewhere, and there was no perfunctory laugh in return.

The doctor was concerned enough





*"Oh, say, can you see by the dawn's early light . . ."*

about him to trail him on a journey that Thomas then made to London Airport. He merely sat at the coffee counter there, hour after hour, alone. The talk of strangers alleviated something. At one point, he inquired at the Air-India desk and made a booking. Then he went back to the coffee counter, where two girls were talking about pop singers.

"I wouldn't mind marrying Paul," said the blond girl of the pair. She had a beautifully high forehead and an upper lip that twitched softly, like a cow's in a fly-ridden summer.

"Paul?" said her freckled friend. "Ringo any day."

"I think Paul's sweet."

"Ringo's more of a husband. More masterful."

"Well, if you're talking about *masterful*," the blonde said vaguely.

"Don't you want to be mastered?"

"Not much."

"I don't think a marriage with Ringo would work if he wasn't the master."

"There's always divorce."

They paused, and then the freckled girl said, "What about the cooking? I can't see me cooking."

"I wouldn't mind doing Paul a steak," said the blonde. "Or spaghetti. As long as it wasn't fish with the eyes left in, or a chicken. Not a whole chicken. Nothing with innards."

"Would you look after him if he was ill? That's what I'd have to do for Ringo, you know. I wouldn't mind. I should think he'd be very demanding. Anyone in the public eye."

"Paul's kept his sincerity. He's not spoilt."

Thomas quietly bought them another cup of coffee each, and they giggled *when they* realized it and clinked the thick coffee mugs with him before carrying on with their conversation as if he weren't there.

"What sort of ill, anyway?" said the blonde.

"Sick, say," said freckles.

Thomas saw Sara in his mind's eye. She was never ill, but now she looked beaten and angered by something he must be doing to her. For richer, for poorer.

"What sort of sick? English sick or American sick?" said the blonde.

"What's the difference, then?"

"Cor, don't you know that? American sick is just ill. When they mean *English sick, they say throw*-up sick or sick to your stomach."

"English sick."

"Come to think of it, I'd look after him anyway. So long as he didn't carry on about it. You wouldn't catch Paul carrying on."

They ran for their plane, thanking Thomas for the coffee. He missed them and paced around and made another booking at the Air-India counter, stalling grandly about actually buying the ticket without even noticing that the people on duty were the ones who had humored him before. After a time, his doctor friend had seen enough of his extremity and took him for a drink in the airport bar.

"Funny, meeting you," Thomas said, refusing any ordinary guess that it could be no accident.

"Off somewhere?" said the doctor.

Thomas suddenly started to shake so badly that the ice in his glass chattered. He fished the cubes out and put them into an ashtray and found it all he could do not to weep at the mess they made with the ash.

"You need help," his friend said.

"What for?" Thomas said. "The pills will do the trick. It's mostly that I can't sleep."

"There are things that pills don't do so well as a rest and treatment. You need a rest."

A county hospital treated Thomas that week for acute depression. He was greatly humiliated. He was also in fear. To the family, who were breezy, referring to "Daddy's trouble," he revealed nothing. Sara drove him scornfully to the hospital three times a week, for he wasn't supposed to drive. This on top of everything else, she seemed to be thinking, although she did what she might to eliminate exhaustion and scorn from her voice. On the car journey, which took an hour and a half each way, he would talk to her with all the will he could muster about the toy shops. It was barely manageable. He found it impossible to believe that he had ever been able to write a book, or give a lecture, or advise a government. Other scholars heard that he was unwell and sent him notes made remote by their instinct that his straits must mortify him. Sara felt many things, including affection, balked control, trouble over his loss of weight, and enmity toward one of the weak. Sometimes she tried talking to him about India, with a genuine impulse to do what she could. She did not feel shame, or any sense of partaking in the very view of life that was nearly extinguishing him.

AT the end of the hospital treatment they went away to the Caribbean on holiday, by an airplane that belonged to a director of Simon's firm. An old friend of Thomas's lived on the island, but he was a Negro politician with a mind in the world that Thomas had lost for the moment. Sara had letters to people who owned polo ponies and valuable land for development. So Thomas played bridge with them, and swam, and learned to use an aqualung. He began to feel like a king, more or less. Or fit, at the least. One day he slipped off alone, out of interest, to look up a local doctor, who took him on a tour of hospitals. Maternity wards with two women to a bed. Children with rickets. He didn't tell Sara much of it.

When they got back to England Simon had a surprise waiting. He had exchanged houses with them. Sara and Thomas were to be in the cottage, and Simon's household of three in Thomas's place. The point was the running expenses. Most of the move had been accomplished already. Sara knew of it. "We didn't tell you, because you were too ill," she said. "We decided to wait, so that there was a secret for you when you came back. When you were your old self."

"It's a fine idea," Thomas said to her, expounding it to himself and meantime walking around Simon's cottage with resentment for every stone of the place. "They're an expanding family. There's less work for you to do here. It's very good of him. Where will I work?"

"I thought you'd be relieved. The financial burden. Young shoulders. Besides, he can write a lot of it off against tax, you know. So it's better in every way."

(*Where will I work?*)

"It's very good of him," he said, going across to the window to look at their house and then turning away in pain. He went on to bump his head on a beam. His state of mind was so much lighter than before that he laughed. "If *I* hit my head, at five foot nine, no wonder Simon wanted to switch," he said.

"It has nothing to do with his height," Sara said stiffly.

THE only things left to be moved were Thomas's books. The Sunday after they came back from the West Indies, he and Sara and his mother—who was living with them now in a room not much larger than a cupboard, although the view, as Simon constantly said, was staggering—went formally to lunch in their old house. Sara started off in her hat, left on from church.

"For heaven's sake, take your hat off," Thomas said.

"Do you need one of your pills, dear?"

"No, I just hate your hat. We're going to our own house, aren't we? We're not going out."

"We are going out. You've got to adjust. The doctor said that about the income." This was the way she spoke of it: "The income." She meant his earnings, not the yield of the toyshop business, but she had never been in the habit of referring to them so distinctly, let alone to the fact that they were thin on the ground at the moment. "We *are* going out. We're lunching with Simon and Prunella in their new home."

He threw a bottleful of his pills into the kitchen sink and tried to get them to go down the drain with the handle of a dishmop. "I hate the word 'home,'" he said. "It's like 'doggy.' The place is a house."

"It is my language," Sara said. She saw then that saying this had been unpardonable, but the odd thing was that he did pardon her, and laughed, and quietly fished some of the soggy pills out of the sink in case he fancied one later after all.

Simon was sitting in Thomas's armchair, which was too big to be moved to the cottage. Prunella had nicely been trying to prise him out of it before they came, but she was timid of him. "Better not to make an issue of it by my shifting," Simon said. "No need to treat him like an invalid."

At lunch, where there were maids to serve, Sara kept watching Thomas's plate. "Eat up," she said when he left something.

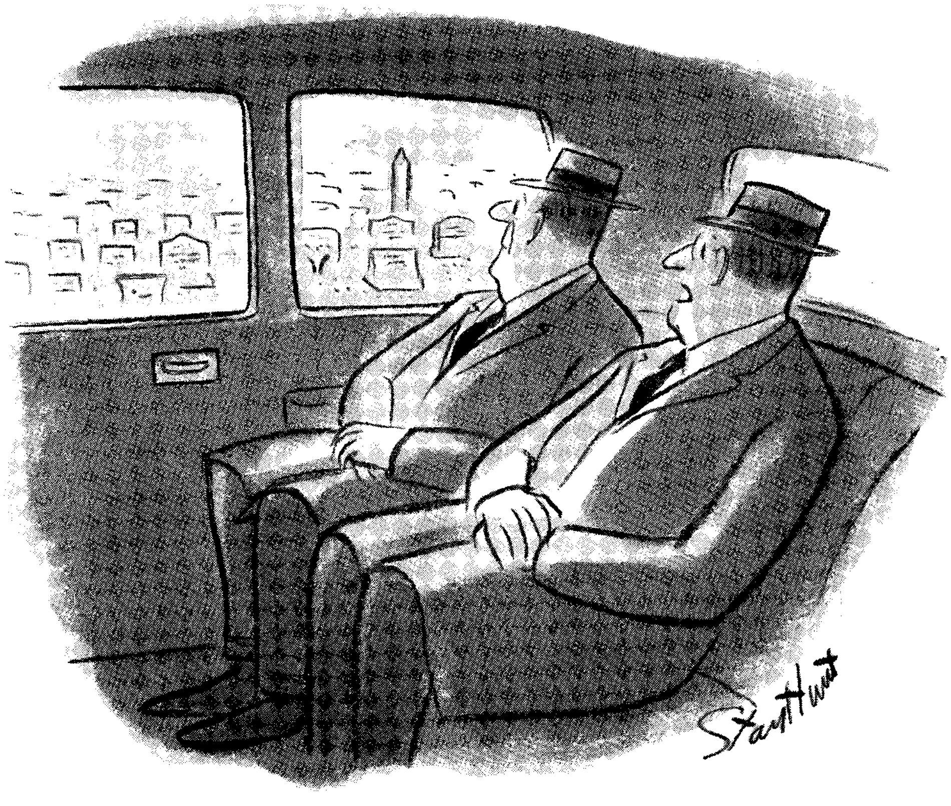
"No, thanks."

"The stomach shrinks. He's doing very well. He's put on six pounds," she told the table. She looked splendid herself, said the table. She did. But it seemed to Thomas that she was too doughty for him, somehow, and the hat finished it. For years and years, her frailer beauty had made him feel physically famished for her, but he had generally subdued the longing because she seemed worn out with housework. And now she was as strong as a cart horse, and he didn't give a damn. He suddenly felt farcically drawn to Simon's Prunella, which seemed a sign of health if nothing else.

"What's the joke?" Prunella said gently.

"There's a Russian story about a peasant who dreams night after night of having a bowl of cherry jam and no spoon to eat it with. And then at last he goes to bed with a spoon, and he doesn't dream."

Simon poured some port into the Stilton and talked of a hot tip about buying shares in a firm called North-East Gas Enterprises Limited. Thomas got up at last from his new place in the middle of the table, which he had quite liked because it had leg access to a rung where he could wriggle his feet when he was bored. He went to his old li-



"*Kind of takes some of the fun out of being rich, eh, Hamilton?*"

## A LETTER FROM LITTLE TOBAGO

This feeling of being alone,
Visiting all these birds who live here—
Who are in some way our hosts—
And who know that when night
Falls they will be alone,

Is moving. About that unquarried quarry,
Over its flat north rock-face,
White red-billed tropic
Birds slant and ride out the air
On their paper-cutter-thin tails—quarry

Of nothing because too rare; silent—
They swoop, balance, rise, then
Are thrown back to their grassy cliff,
On their own, their delicate bone-
White tails the slimmest of fans. Silent

The path we ascend; roots like lanyards
Or narrower, saplings give us a hand,
And we come up into birdsong (our guide
Long part of this jungle, we two others now
Entering)—woodspeople. Lanyard

Trees thicken, stand taller; we are right
In the forest, tuned to each bird, to noting
The least vibration of color
In this deep leaf-padded green-
Yellow strangeness; careful, we move right

Toward a courtly groaning, the birds
Of paradise' showy courting; they
Display, they let drift down that
Underwing gossamer-fall, that
Yellow smoke, something no other bird

Has. Then motmots, yellow-tails, jacamars—we
Have never seen such profusion
Before; any branch
Can be used by the cocrico
As pedestal, which he takes to; we

Have lived two whole hours alone
On the birds' own island. We have saluted
Them by being quiet, like sensible trees;
By being in view, they have saluted back. The
Birds of paradise honored us: we saw them alone,

Perched in those thickening leaves,
Which blur, which interrupt sight;
Now all around us birds, rocks, trees
Know we are going, letting them
Be, to nest as they will in their leaves.

We have boarded our dinghy and left,
Jounced back over
The gray mill-wheel of water;
Forest wisdom opens on mystery;
Mystery roofs the shy lives we have left.

—Barbara Howes

• •

brary, and Pippa followed him, equally enlivened to leave.

"Would you like to see my filthy sculptures?" she said.

"Very much," he said.

"They're in your library." They were made in Plasticine, and obviously based on photographs of Hindu sculpture in the art books on his bottom shelves. The six-year-old instinct had made them curiously abstract, and Thomas was much moved. The two were poring over them when Simon came into the room. He absorbed the little gray figures in a few seconds and his face bulged. He left the library and came back with a riding crop. Thomas found it hard to believe. He tried to block things but they went fast. The little girl was held by the back of her bent neck, and the lash of the crop swished down onto her cotton dress. When Thomas tried to grab the child away, the lash caught him in the eye.

"Stop!" he shouted, reaching again for the child and closing his red-hot eye.

"You speak of stopping," said Simon. "You led her on. Five, six, seven." It went on to nine before Thomas put an end to it. Simon by then had heavily said, "This hurts me more than it hurts you" to Pippa, and when the chaos was over Thomas began to laugh, for he had seen that the lash of the crop literally had curled round onto Simon's back between each stroke, probably quite stingingly, though the man had been too excited to notice it. Picking up the child, who was breathing in gulps like an oarsman at the end of a race, Thomas bent down to save her sculptures and carried her through to her mother. "I want these kept always," he said, thrusting the figures at her face.

"What are they?"

"They're sculptures of Pippa's. They're to be kept in my library. My books are to stay, too. I have a lot of work to do and there isn't enough room in the other place."

Sara said, "What was all that noise?" She looked more closely at the figures and turned away from him.

"What is it?" he said, watching her and flooded by a feeling that he had not expected. "You're not weeping?"

"You don't seem to be any better than before." She bent a little to lean her fists on the window seat, with her back to him. "You're not trying. You give in to these willful tempers. You're not yourself. I've got more than enough to do. You were never like this."

"Well, I am now. Simon beat Pippa for these."

"No wonder."

"He'd better have beaten me." Sara swung round, and Thomas was half touched by the horror in her. "She must have liked a book of mine," he said.

"They're in that wretched old-fashioned Plasticine," she went on, switching ground and speaking as if that compounded things. "Who could have given it to her? Prunella and I are so careful. She has plenty of the proper sort."

"This kind smells nice," he said.

"One of the *points* about the new kind is that it's odorless."

"'Smell'!" he shouted. "Not 'odor.' You even take away smells. Actually, I think I probably gave her the clay."

"But we don't stock it."

"No, I got it from an art shop." In Sara's canon this was perfidy. She looked betrayed, and tight around the chin. "You'll have to put up with it, darling," he said gaily, refusing to fall in with her mood.

There was a pause while Sara collected herself, and then she said they must go back and do the accounts.

"I've got some work to do," he said.

"Yes, we have."

"No, my own work."

"In that case there are all the books to move."

"I'll go on with it here. There's more space."

"Have you asked Simon?"

"Why the hell should I ask Simon?"

A dam burst again: All he's done for you. (Prunella left the room.) Picking up the pieces of your life for you. A foreigner accepted as if you were his own father. No real son could have done more. Difficult times for everyone. Your trouble. Everyone under great strain. You didn't mean. The subject of Pippa better not discussed (and then discussed at length). It occurred to Thomas as he listened to her that Sara had not changed a whit in the whole time they had been married. No hint or taint of him had touched her. She had remained her strong English self, and in truth she did put up with a good deal, for in her terms a scholar's life always have stood for a life of privation, which would explain the furious resolve that clenched the lines in her face. All the same, he had work to do.

"Before you leave, you'd better apologize to Simon," she said.

He left the room, picking up the little erotic figures and locking them into his desk drawer.

Sara followed him. "What are you doing?" she said.

"Nothing," he said.

"What are you thinking about?" She pursued him.

"Nothing," he said again, smiling at her, for she was Sara. ("Remember the nine tenets of resistance in a country occupied by foreign forces," he said to himself. " 'We know nothing, we recognize nothing, we give nothing, we are capable of nothing, we understand nothing, we sell nothing, we help nothing, we reveal nothing, we forget nothing.' ")

"Doesn't it hurt your pride? It must," she said, not unkindly but in a rare and urgent search for a response of any sort at all.

After contemplation, he replied quite seriously, "A little. Very little. At first. Not now. I think it's harder on you."

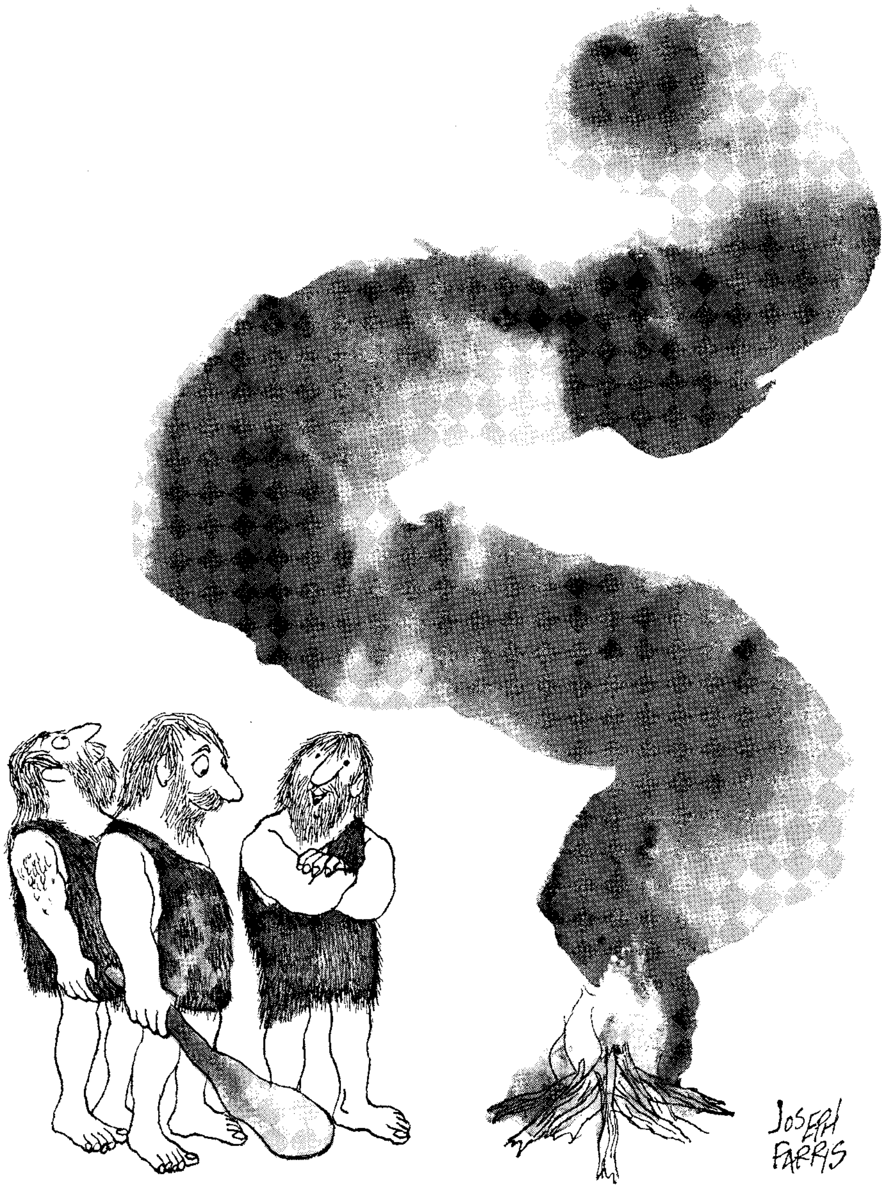
"You've never been properly recognized."

"You mean well paid." He waited. "To choose to do the work one wants, I suppose one will quite often have to renounce the idea of making a fortune. Yes? I'm sorry, my dear." A few minutes before, he had tried to add "We apologize for nothing" to the rules in his head, but he knew that Sara would always move him to compunction.

Alone then in his library, feeling fine, his spirits began to mount. He thought about some work, and also about the world, as he had not since he was in India. The sense of being part of a general flux had been lost for years. There grew in him a wish to touch with his fingers a future that he knew was that of many others. The disorder that had seemed to him for decades to determine the course of events regrouped itself like a pile of iron filings suddenly organized by a magnet, and he had a flash of optimism when it appeared quite possible that men in the days to come might wish to find out more than concerned them at the moment. Probably this curiosity will be quite superficial, he thought to himself, as it is in me until I have more time to spend on it. But it will be better. He considered for several hours, making notes and getting up now and then for books. He felt he had his hand on a way to proceed, and one that might be of some consequence, with luck. Simon's heavy tread moved about upstairs and his voice shouted something at a maid. He was calling for a sherry. "And a tonic water with ice for Mr. Flitch in the library. No gin. He doesn't drink. Remember that. Pru, he is still here, isn't he? He hasn't drifted back to his own place yet, eh? Do you think we have to offer him a meal?"

Thomas looked out of the window. I'll leap into my life, he thought, if it splits my face to bits.

—Penelope Gilliatt



"I just invented fire and pollution."

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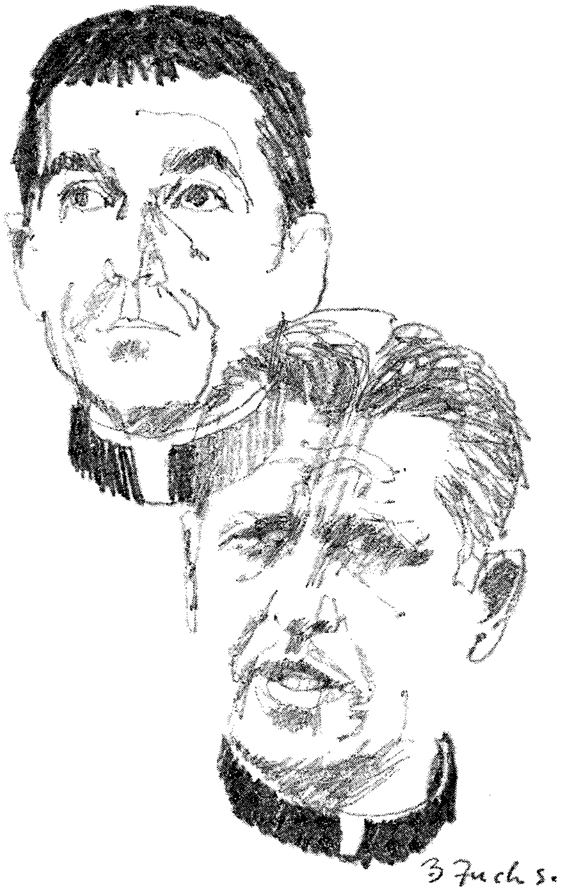
# PROFILES

## ACTS OF WITNESS

SHORTLY after noon on May 17, 1968, seven men and two women walked into the Knights of Columbus Hall in Catonsville, Maryland, a suburb of Baltimore, and climbed the stairs to a second-floor room that houses the town's Selective Service office, where they proceeded to empty the contents of several filing cabinets into large wire trash baskets. There were three women working in the office, and the head clerk screamed, "My draft files! You get away from my draft files!" After a brief scuffle, the head clerk and her two assistants stood back, helpless and astonished. The raiders, three of whom wore Roman Catholic clerical attire, spoke to each other tersely as they stuffed the draft records into the wire baskets. "You're doing great, kid!" "Don't pack them in too tight or they won't burn." "O.K., we've got enough. Let's go." Toward the end of the foray, which lasted ninety seconds, the youngest of the clerks threw a telephone through a closed window to attract the attention of passersby in the street below. The raiders carried the baskets swiftly down the stairs and into a parking lot outside. There, they emptied their haul of papers into a single pile, doused it with homemade napalm, and ignited it. As the fire devoured the draft records of three hundred and seventy-eight young Catonsville residents, the nine men and women joined hands and said the Lord's Prayer while they waited for arrest.

A small crowd of onlookers gathered in the parking lot. Several newsmen had been summoned to the scene by friends of the raiders, and cameras clicked and whirred as the nine men and women, their heads bowed, continued to pray and to explain their action in grave, liturgical voices. "We burn these draft records in the name of that God whose name is decency, humanity, and love," said a tall, heavyset man in clerical garb. "We do this because everything else has failed," another man in black said softly. "May this make clear that napalm is immorally and illegally destroying human lives in Vietnam." "Our Church has been silent," said a jowly man in a business suit. "We speak out in the name of Catholicism and Christianity."



*Daniel Berrigan, S.J.*
*Philip Berrigan, S.S.J.*

Within a few minutes, five policemen arrived at the parking lot, and began to question the raiders.

"Did you burn these draft records?"

"Yes. I wanted to make it more difficult for men to kill each other."

"Your name, please?"

"David Darst, Christian Brother."

"Did you burn these draft records?"

"Yes. I wanted to say 'Yes' to the possibility of a human future."

"Your name, please?"

"Father Daniel Berrigan, S.J."

"Thank you, Father."

The policemen, apparently awed by the sight of Roman collars, courteously questioned and identified the seven other offenders, all of them Roman Catholics: Thomas Melville, a former priest of the Maryknoll order; his wife, Marjorie Melville, a former nun of the Maryknoll order; George Mische, a former State Department employee; John Hogan, a former brother of the Maryknoll order; Mary Moylan, a registered nurse; Thomas Lewis, an artist and art teacher; and the Reverend Philip Berrigan, curate of Baltimore's largest Negro parish and Daniel Berrigan's youngest brother. Philip Berrigan and Thomas Lewis needed little identification to residents of the Baltimore area. The preceding fall, in an equally extravagant protest against the Vietnam war, they and two other men had poured blood on several hundred draft records in a Selective Service office in downtown Baltimore.

As the papers still smoldered outside Catonsville's Selective Service office, the doors of a white patrol wagon were opened. The nine cheerfully got in, smiling, embracing and congratulating each other, and extending their fingers in the peace movement's V of protest. It was a handsome, photogenic group. But there are not many photographs showing all of the Catonsville Nine, as they were henceforth called, for the cameramen had focussed throughout on Philip and Daniel Berrigan, already well known as the shock troops of the peace movement, the idols of the Catholic New Left, the Church's most militant and prolific writers on pacifism and civil rights. And so on the front pages of many evening newspapers the Catonsville incident was illustrated by a picture of the Berrigan brothers praying over the burning remains of the draft files. At left, Philip Berrigan, tall and silver-haired, stands with hands folded and head bowed, his large body bent in prayer, looking like a paratrooper preparing to leap into space. Beside him is Daniel Berrigan, a mysterious smile on his delicate and puckish face, one arm spread out before him as if he were casting a libation into the flames.

That afternoon, the Catonsville Nine were arraigned on charges of conspiracy and destroying government property. They were taken to the Baltimore County Jail, on the western outskirts of the city. The two women were placed in the women's detention wing. The seven men were housed in a large cellblock with four sleeping cubicles at one end and an open area containing a large table at the other. Their only request upon arrest was that flowers and an apologetic note from them be delivered to the head clerk of the Catonsville draft board.

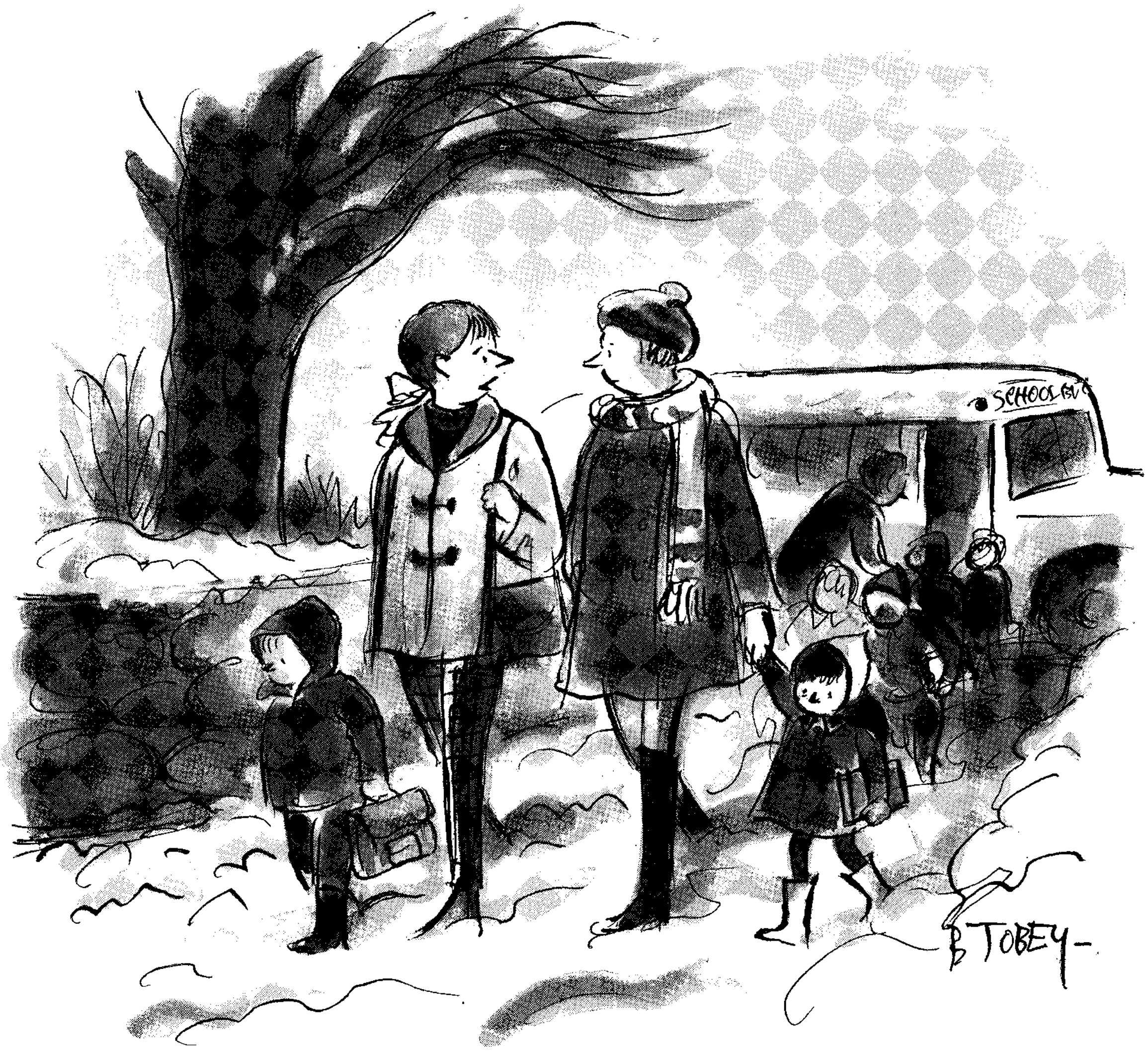
The next day, the seven men adopted a rigorous schedule for the time they would spend together in jail. Mornings were dedicated to reading, afternoons to writing, evenings to seminars (Catholic Conscience and the Vietnam War, American Imperialism in Guatemala, How to Move the Catholic Bishops on the War Issue). Every hour, when the clock struck, there were a few minutes of deep breathing and calisthenics. A ten-foot collage on the theme of peace, assembled from pages of various periodicals, soon decorated a wall of the open area. The prisoners had begun a fast the evening they entered jail. Six of the men fasted on liquids—coffee, tea, milk, fruit juices—but Brother David Darst, the youngest of the group, took nothing but water. Their fast was broken once, the Sunday after the Catonsville raid, with Communion bread and wine. The warden, a Roman Catholic who had developed a particular affection for Philip Berrigan, brought his wife and their five children into the cellblock to share in the Mass. A few days after their arrest, the Catonsville Nine were visited by a group of Jesuits from Loyola University, who presented them with a package of books. The visit was brief. The Jesuits were choked with tears. "We're embarrassed," one of them said. "We feel we should be right in there with you." The package contained volumes by Che Guevara, Herbert Marcuse, Régis Debray—all books on revolution.

Precisely a week after the Catonsville incident, on May 24th, the nine were arraigned again, this time in a federal district court. Daniel Berrigan, George Mische, Mary Moylan, Thomas Melville, Marjorie Melville, John Hogan, and David Darst were released on bail. Philip Berrigan and Thomas Lewis were returned to the Baltimore County Jail. For in another chamber of the same courthouse, two hours earlier, they had been sentenced to six years' imprisonment for their raid on the Baltimore Selective Service office the previous fall; they had then been denied bail pending appeal, on the ground that they had committed a new offense after being released in their own recognizance.

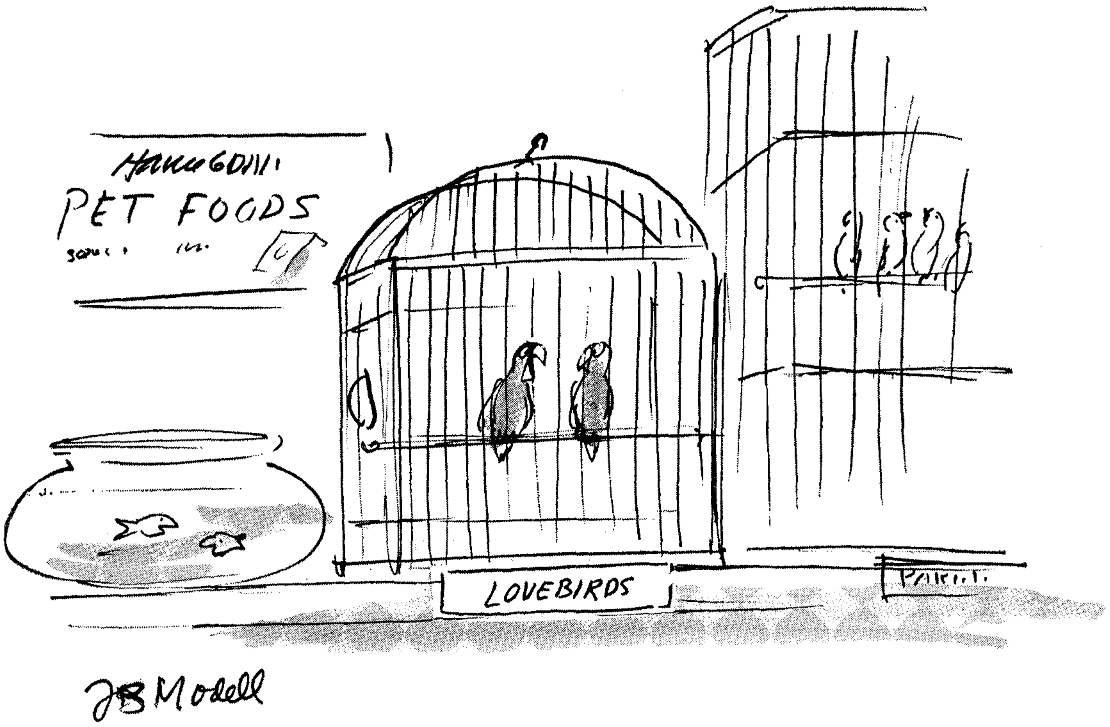
A FEW weeks after Daniel Berrigan was freed on bail, he was asked by Dorothy Day to celebrate Mass in New York at the new headquarters of the Catholic Worker, a radical Christian movement, founded by Miss Day in 1933, that is devoted to pacifism and service to the poor. Miss Day's community, which also puts out a newspaper called the *Catholic Worker*, had recently moved a few blocks north from an old building on Chrystie Street that had been its headquarters since its founding. The Mass was intended to bless the Worker's new home on East First Street, and also to celebrate the departure for jail, the preceding day, of Thomas Cornell, one of Miss Day's most dedicated disciples.

The liturgy had been scheduled for ten o'clock. At nine-thirty, Miss Day sat down at a desk just inside the entrance of a bare, freshly painted room on the ground floor. Imperious, silver-haired, statuesque, looking like the retired head of a very bluestocking women's college, she opened some mail and crisply greeted people arriving for the ceremony. There were a few mumbling, grizzled Bowery men, several Mexican Americans from Cesar Chavez's United Farm Workers Organizing Committee, a scattering of the admiring young priests and students who inevitably turn up for Daniel Berrigan's public appearances, and a group of the quiet young men who live at the Worker in Franciscan poverty, engaging in works of mercy and relentless dissent against secular power.

At a quarter to ten, three young women with a number of children, all under five, came into the room. Miss Day rose from her desk. "Ah, here are my draft resisters' families!" she ex-



*"We joined the exodus to the country several years ago, but if this weather keeps up we're going to exodus right back again."*



*"We're through, do you hear? Through! Washed up! Kaput!"*

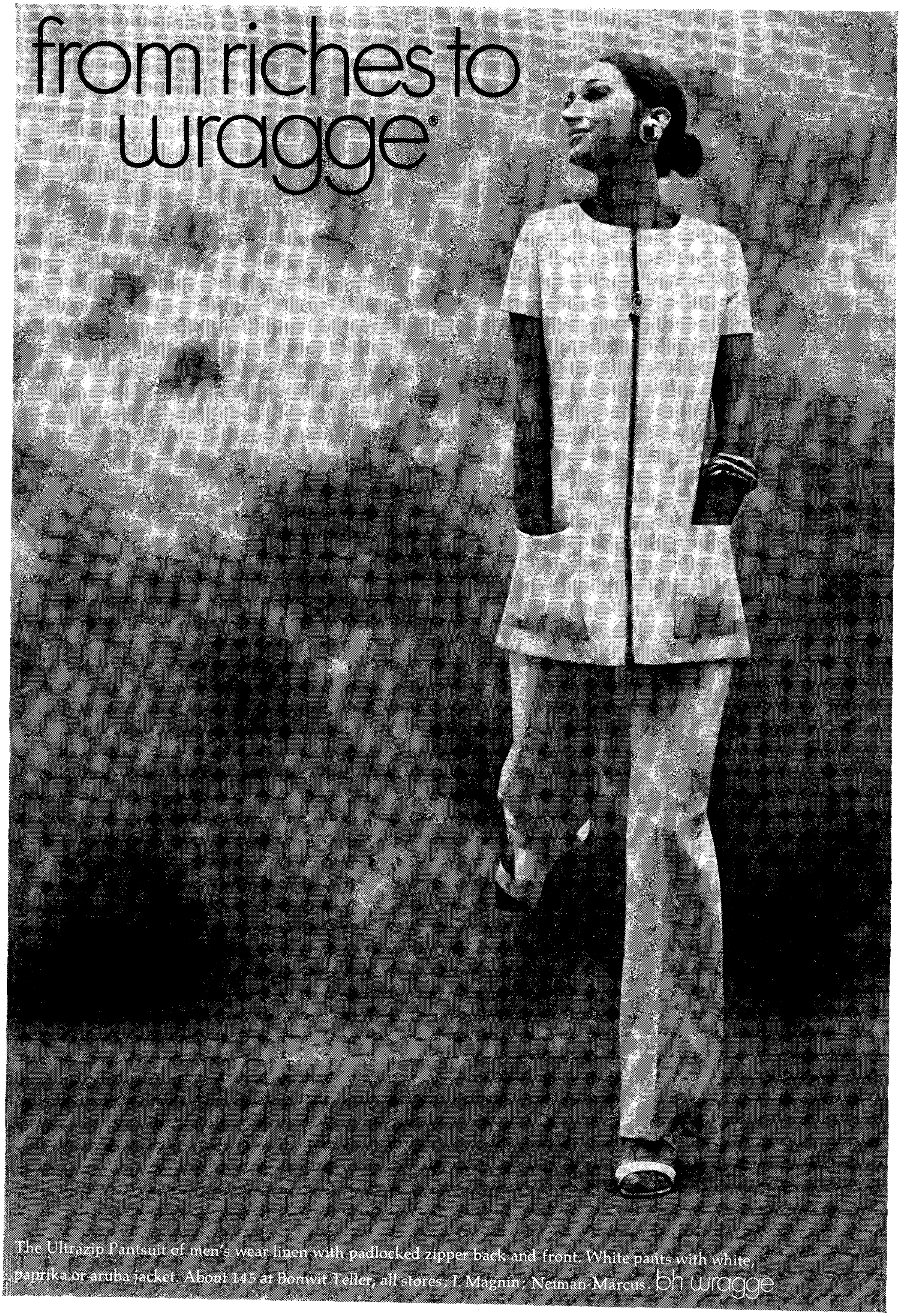
claimed. Her aloof manner thawed. She gave a motherly embrace to the three women, and proceeded to introduce them to the congregation. The husband of each had been, at one time or another, a member of the Worker community. Here was Raona Wilson, whose husband, Jim, was serving a three-year sentence at the Allenwood Federal Penitentiary, in Pennsylvania. Here was the wife of Tom Cornell, who had just yesterday begun a six-month sentence in Danbury, Connecticut. Tom had a conscientious-objector status, but he had burned his deferment card *nine* times as gestures of sympathy toward those who had not been able to avoid the draft. Finally, here was Cathy Miller, married to David Miller, who was also serving a sentence in a federal penitentiary. "David Miller was the very first American to be prosecuted for burning his draft card in protest against the Vietnam war," Miss Day said with great pride.

"Here comes Father Dan," one of the young wives said. Daniel Berrigan had entered the room with an entourage of students. After embracing Dorothy Day warmly, he hugged the three young wives with special solicitude, caressed and dandled their children, exchanged news of the prisoners, all of whom had worked closely with the Berrigans in past years. Other members of the congregation stood in a respectful circle, waiting to shake his hand. He held court for a while, greeting everyone in the casual manner of the hip college chaplain. "Hey, how goes? . . . How you doing, kid? . . . Shalom, man." He was dressed in a style reminiscent of the French worker-priests—a black turtleneck, a beret, an old ski jacket. His face had a gaunt handsomeness that recalled medallion profiles of the Medicis. His eyes were kind and knowing; they had the guarded warmth of a matinée idol who knows the power of his seductiveness, who is both pleased and unnerved by the fervor of his admirers.

At the back of the stark room, a table had been set with a clean cloth, a bottle of wine, and a loaf of bread. A few minutes after Father Berrigan had arrived, he walked toward the table and said in a boyish, friendly voice, "Well, good morning. Welcome to the new Worker home. Shall we begin?" The worshippers slid onto five wooden benches that faced the makeshift altar. Daniel Berrigan, standing beside the table, made the sign of the cross. And after a short confessional sentence he launched into the traditional Gloria: "Glory be to God on high, and on earth peace to men of good will. We praise You; we bless You; we worship You; we give You thanks for Your great glory. . . ." He spoke the words calmly, softly, with a deadpan air. Some of the young priests and students exchanged amused looks, for a Berrigan liturgy was more likely to consist of long readings from Pablo Neruda, Péguy, T. S. Eliot. He had arranged today's service, with delicacy, to meet Miss Day's traditional tastes. She followed it reverently, her head covered by a black veil.

Daniel Berrigan read a passage from St. Mark, and then, in lieu of a homily, asked one of Cesar Chavez's men to speak. A short, wizened man with the face of a Mayan statue, whose shoulders were draped with a Mexican shawl, came to the front of the room and softly urged the congregation not to buy any grapes, not to let any of their friends buy grapes until the strikes in California were settled. Daniel Berrigan patted the heads of two of the draft resisters' children, who since the beginning of the service had been wandering around the table trying to reach the Communion bread. He said the Creed and offered prayers for the farm workers, for the new Catholic Worker house, for the draft resisters. And then, one hand stretched over the bread and wine, he improvised a Canon. The children were getting restless, and their voices rose like sirens over the priest's flat litany. One of the prison widows led her two-year-old up and down the room. Another had to keep pulling at her three-year-old, who was intent upon climbing onto the altar. After the Agnus Dei, Daniel Berrigan gravely broke the loaf of bread into several dozen pieces. "Kumbaya, my Lord, kumbaya," a feeble voice sang. The congregation joined in the song and, headed by Miss Day, filed up to the table to receive the bread and wine.

The voice of one little girl had grown louder, and so had her mother's. There was an uninterrupted dialogue of screamed protest and sharp words of warning. "God be with you," Father Berrigan said after the Communion. "And with your spirit," the congregation answered. Upon those words, the child's scream rose to an unprecedented pitch. The mother shook her sternly, and the little girl, freeing herself from her mother, vomited explosively. "Welcome to the new Worker home," Daniel Berrigan said imperturbably. "Bless you all." The child quieted quickly, and slumped over her thumb, as her mother went to work



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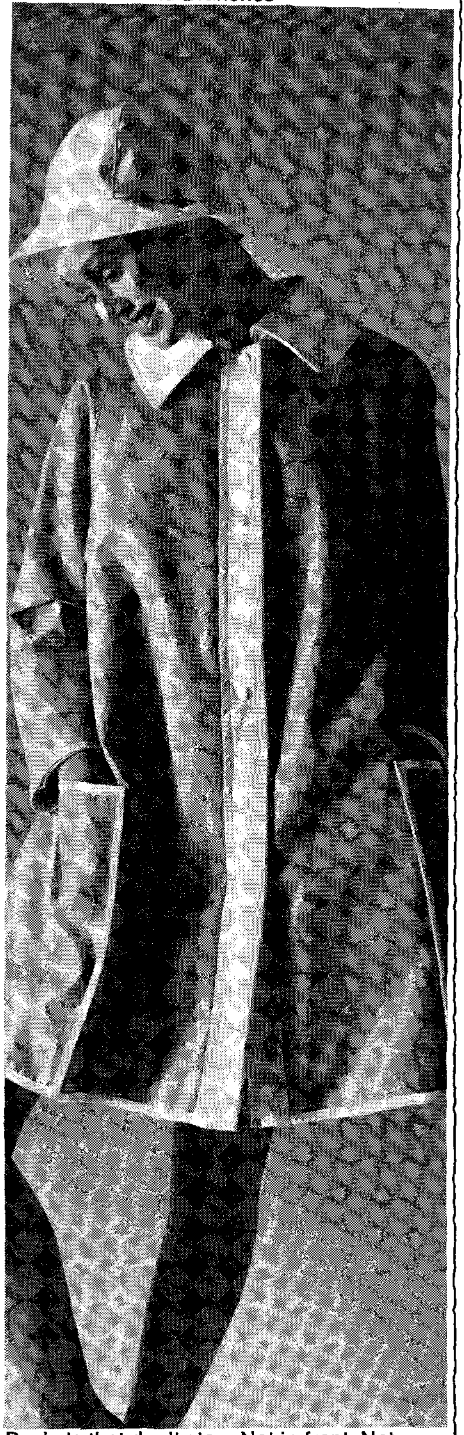

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on her hands and knees, wiping the floor with a cloth.

Miss Day had taken a seat on the front bench. "Children can be disruptive," she said with a smile. "Does anyone have questions for Father?"

Hands were raised in a flurry by some of the students scattered through the room. Where had Father been all year? What was he going to do during the summer?

Daniel Berrigan leaned against the wall of the room, looking at his audience with a kind, mischievous gaze. Well, as some of them already knew, he'd been at Cornell University all year. He was an associate director of Cornell United Religious Work, a bizzazz outfit. He'd been running the show with two Presbyterian ministers, heading a team of fourteen chaplains of all faiths. It had been the happiest winter of his life. Two members of his staff were in trouble with the government, too. The Catholic chaplain and the United Church of Christ minister had turned in their draft-deferment cards, had been reclassified, and had refused induction. That made three out of seventeen Cornell clerics in hot water. A great scene! This summer, he was in Yonkers, working with a team of students, lots of them S.D.S., tackling problems of racism in white suburbia. They were all staying with an Episcopal priest whom he had met years ago while picketing somewhere for peace. That was the Episcopal scene these days. The Episcopalians were providing the real estate for the Catholics' revolution. And, by the way, what did everybody think of the Catonsville action? The majority of American Catholics were still the worst flag-waving hawks in the country, but look at this gorgeous minority! Miller, Cornell, Wilson, Lewis, Phil Berrigan, the Melvilles—what a beautiful bunch of people! Since Catonsville, the Catholics were leading the radical fringe of the peace movement. It gave you hope for the Church, no? His smile was luminous.

What had *he* hoped to accomplish at Catonsville, one of the students asked.

Well, how different was it from Christ's overthrowing the tables of the money-changers? There were times in history when men had to destroy false idols to jolt people into justice. Four years ago, when he and Phil had started marching, picketing, writing, lecturing against this war, there had been fifteen thousand men in Vietnam. Now there were half a million. For years, they had gone easy, nursing the

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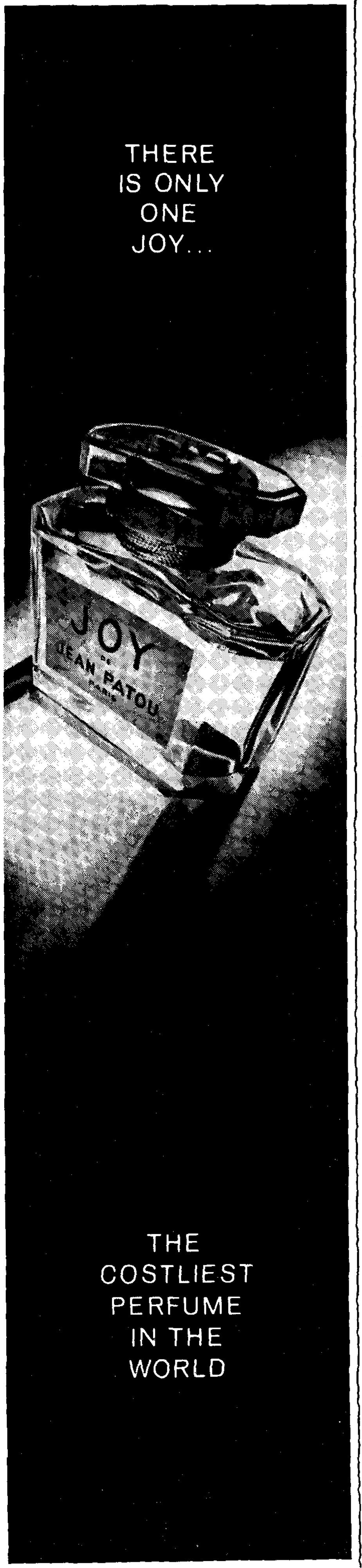
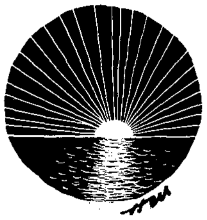


THE COSTLIEST PERFUME IN THE WORLD

peace movement in a gentle, liberal way. And now for months the peace movement had been on a plateau—even draft-card burning had become Establishment. Something majestic and symbolic and new had to jolt the nation. The Berrigans were threatened with becoming the golden boys of the anti-war protest. Well, the Berrigans weren't ever going to be the golden boys of any establishment! He shook his head and thrust it back arrogantly. Miss Day, stony-faced, nodded approval. The resisters' wives, soothing sleepy children on their laps, looked at him with adulation.



But how practical a gesture had it been, someone asked timorously from the back of the room. Hadn't it turned too many people off?

Daniel Berrigan stared at the questioner with cynical, hard eyes. And his delicate hand lashed at the air in an unexpected gesture of anger. Now, that was a really square question. Of course it had not been a useful act, a political act. Too many people were hung up on usefulness these days. If you were too useful, you could become disposable. Who wants to end up in the trash can with Godot? How useful were the acts of the martyrs? How many martyrs ever had practical programs for reforming society? Since politics wasn't working anyway, one had to find an act beyond politics, a religious act, a liturgical act, an act of witness. If only enough men could offer this kind of witness, it would purify the world. Wasn't there a time in England when every Quaker was in jail? Perhaps that's where all Christians should be today.

One of the resisters' wives asked softly how he felt about going to jail.

He smiled, again serene. Ah, jail was the most beautiful experience in the world. He'd been in twice now, for a week at a time—once after the march on the Pentagon last October, then after Catonsville. The nine of them, that last time, had been so united. In these days when it was so difficult to find community, risk was the greatest basis for friendship. And the most important thing was that jail might give you the only complete vision of the world. For most of mankind, after all, life is like a jail; it is what Pope John called the common fate of man, the violence of underdevelopment. It's only in prison that you can place yourself at the edge of mankind's suffering, that your conscience can be absolutely free. Why, Phil Berrigan was the freest man in the world—just listen to this letter. Daniel Berrigan pulled a crumpled envelope out of his pocket and read, very softly, " 'The Cardinal's secretary has just called to restore my faculties of saying Mass and hearing confessions in prison. We are surrounded by much friendship, comfort, and support from all our friends. I ask you, ain't this the millennium?' " An expression of great gentleness came over Daniel Berrigan's face. He shook his head. "Incredible man, that Phil Berrigan," he muttered. "The equipment that guy has—I've never known anything like it."

Miss Day concluded the meeting. Speaking slowly and loudly, as if addressing a multitude, she towered majestically over the small assembly. "I would like every one of you to meditate on the acts of witness given by Fathers Daniel and Philip Berrigan and the rest of the Catonsville Nine—on the witness offered by Tom Cornell, David Miller, and many of our other Catholic Workers. There is only one way to end this insane war. Pack the jails with our men!" She looked about her and repeated imperiously, "Pack the jails!"

A Biographical questionnaire returned by Daniel Berrigan to the Macmillan Company, which has published eight volumes of his verse and prose since 1957, contains the following exchanges:

1. *Birthplace? Date?*
Virginia, Minnesota, May 9, 1921.
2. *Immediate family: Parents, brothers, sisters?*
Mother and father; five brothers. A fairly heterogeneous double troika moving at present in several directions with interesting stress and balance.
3. *Education? Degrees?*
Two equivalent M.A.s, one in theology, one in philosophy. Continuing education, courtesy of the American correction system. According to the first, I might be considered incorrigible; to the second, perhaps, educable.
4. *List of awards and honors?*
Lamont Poetry Award, 1957.
Indictment, 4 felonies, U.S. Government, May 1968: Conspiracy, Entering Government property, etc., etc.
5. *Why did you become a Jesuit?*
They had a revolutionary history. I only suspected it at the time; now I am more certain—and more proud.

The Berrigan brothers' rebelliousness has myriad sources; each Berrigan picks a different one. Jerome, the fourth of the six sons, and the oldest

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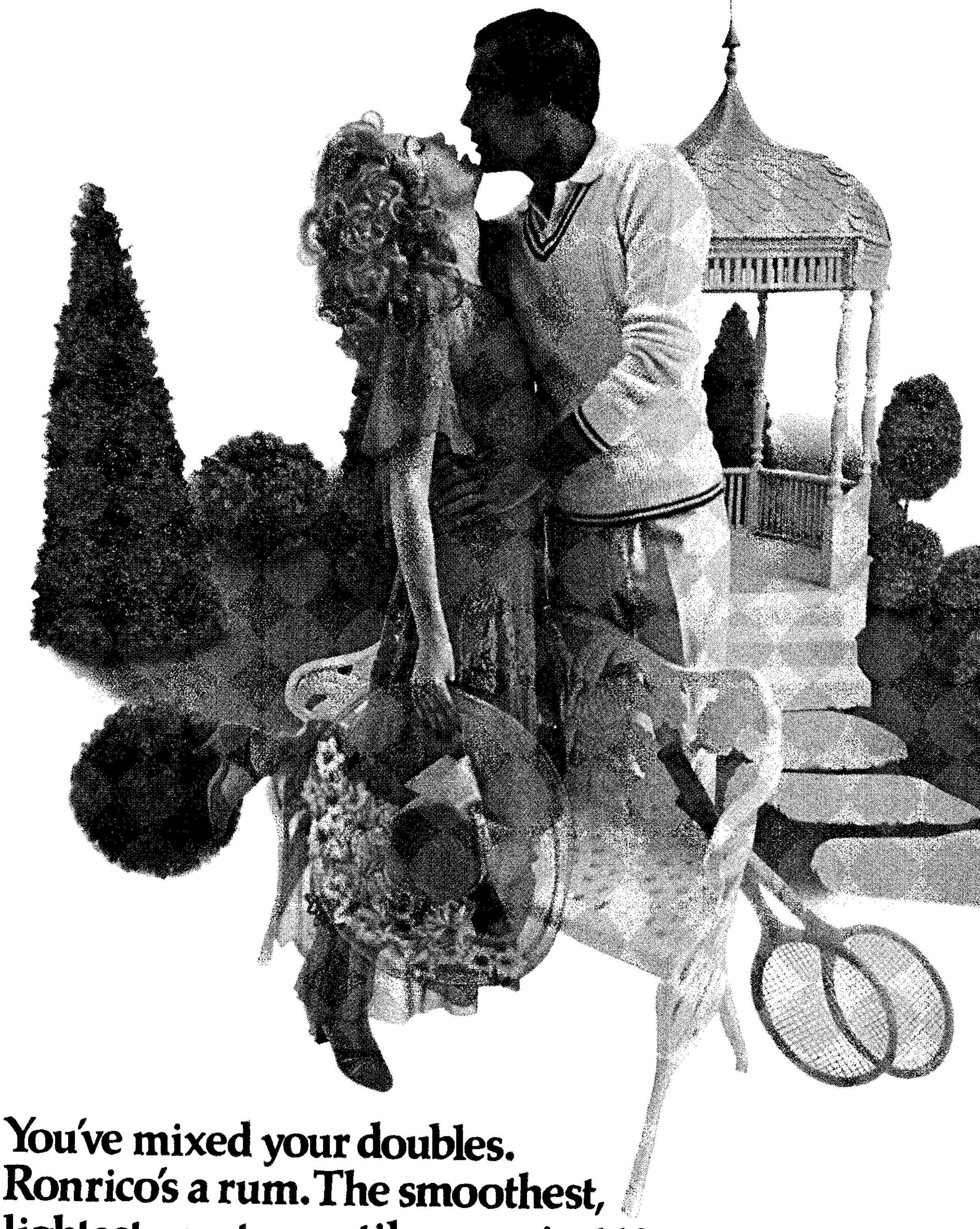

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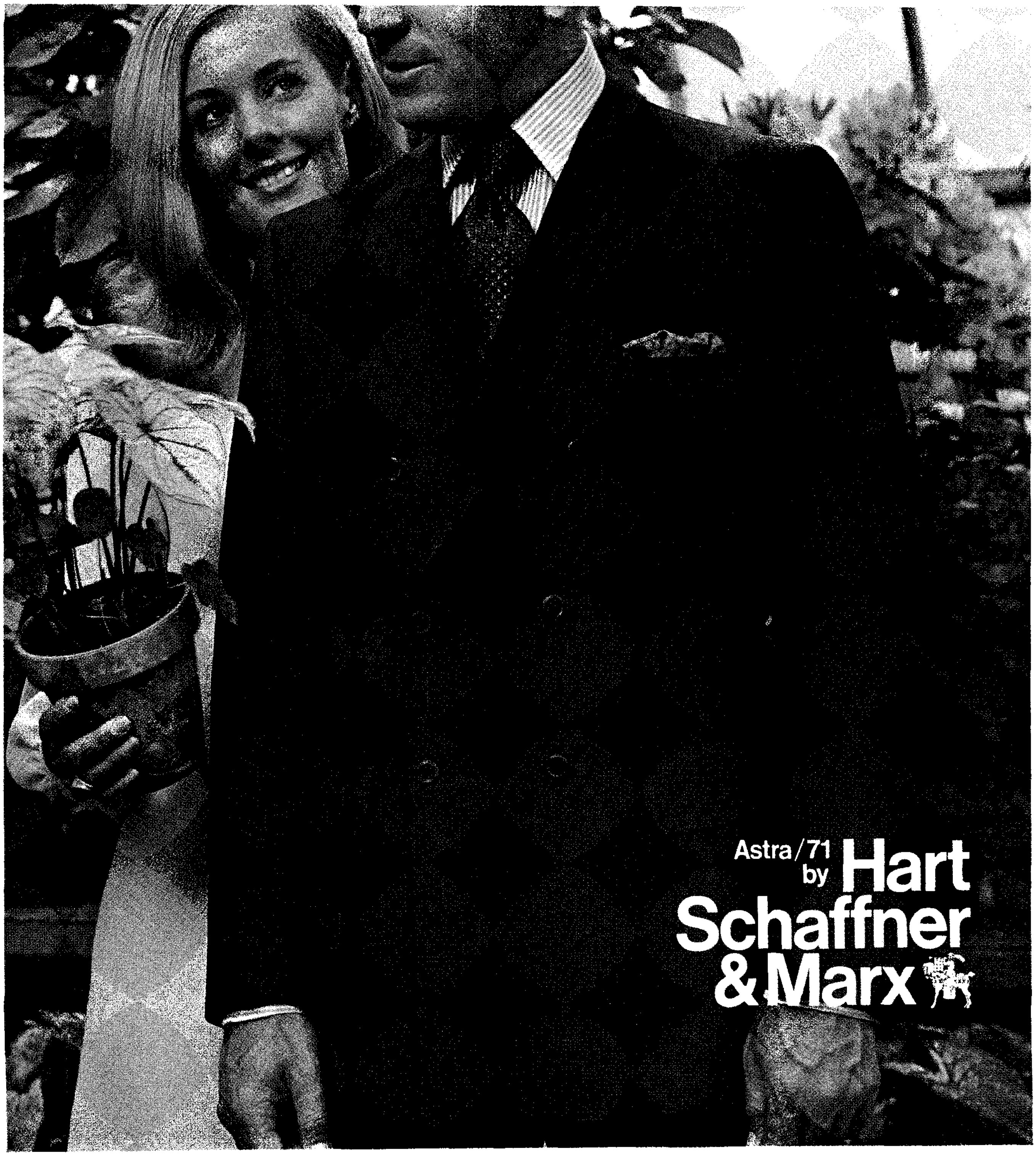
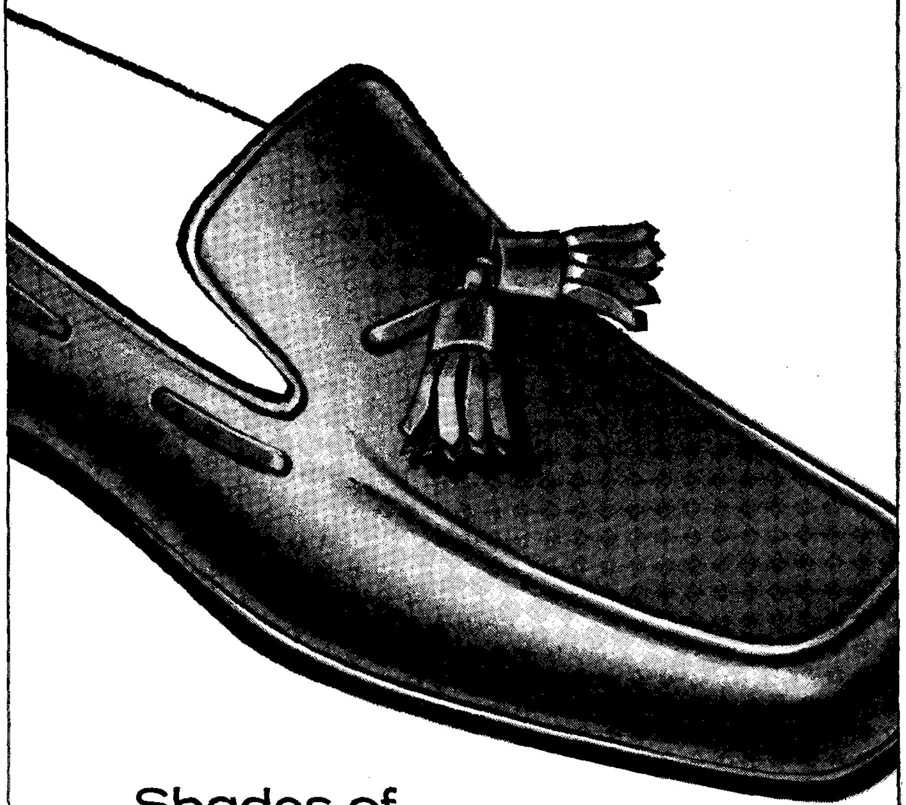

Astra/71 by Hart Schaffner & Marx

member of the younger "troika" of brothers, attributes it to the spirit of the Irish revolution. Daniel, in the center of the troika, blames it on a wicked aunt who, he says, tortured him during a year of his childhood. Philip, the youngest, says he was made a rebel by his father, Thomas Berrigan—"a tyrannical, brutal man who made me bristle against authority."

Tom Berrigan, who died last fall at the age of ninety, was born in Syracuse, New York, after his own parents—poor Tipperary farmers—had fled the Irish potato famine. The labor movement and poetry had been the loves of his life. Of his father Daniel has said, "Daddo was a Walt Whitman type, a final model of nineteenth-century man, well versed in classics, poetry, theology, knowledgeable in all realms—and if he wasn't he thought he was, which comes to the same thing." Tom Berrigan had drifted away from the Catholic Church in his teens because it did not support trade unionism. Impatient and feeling a need for physical exertion, he left college after two years to go to work as a railroad engineer. "At the age of thirty-three," he often said, "I puffed through Minnesota and met my bride." This was Frieda Fromhart, a devout, gentle German girl, whom Daniel has described as "a woman of marmoreal patience." She brought Tom back to the Church, and bore him six sons. To live with Tom Berrigan was not easy. A tall, powerful, belligerent man given to terrible outbursts of temper, he made huge demands upon his family. He lost his job in Minnesota because of his militant participation in the Socialist Party. At the start of the Depression, he moved his family back to Syracuse, into a brick house by Onondaga Lake, and decided to live off the land. With his sons' help, he farmed the reluctant clay earth on evenings and weekends while he held a job at the Niagara-Mohawk electric plant. The farm work was laid out on a daily basis. Tom cuffed and buffeted his boys when the assigned tasks were not done. The three older children—Thomas, Jr.; John; and James—frequently fought back. Brawls seemed to soothe Tom Berrigan. Philip recalls seeing his father strangely calm some mornings at the breakfast table, his face covered with cuts and bruises. "One of your brothers and I had a good, good fight," Tom would say with satisfaction.

Tom Berrigan made intellectual as well as physical demands on his sons. His memory for poetry was gigantic, and he required a docile audience. Ev-



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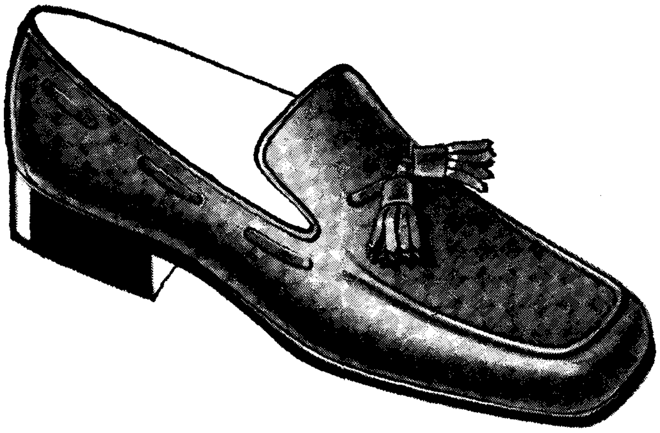

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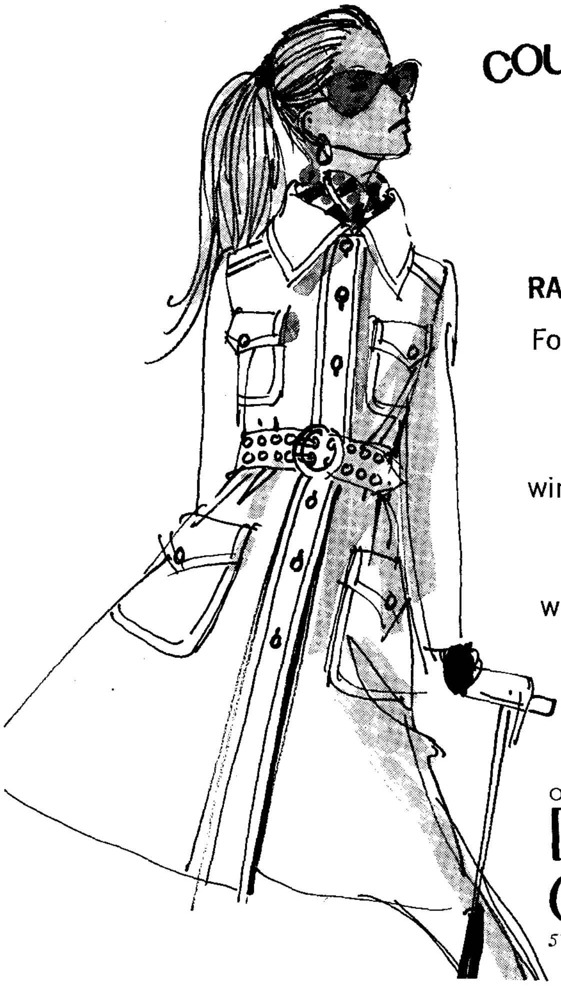

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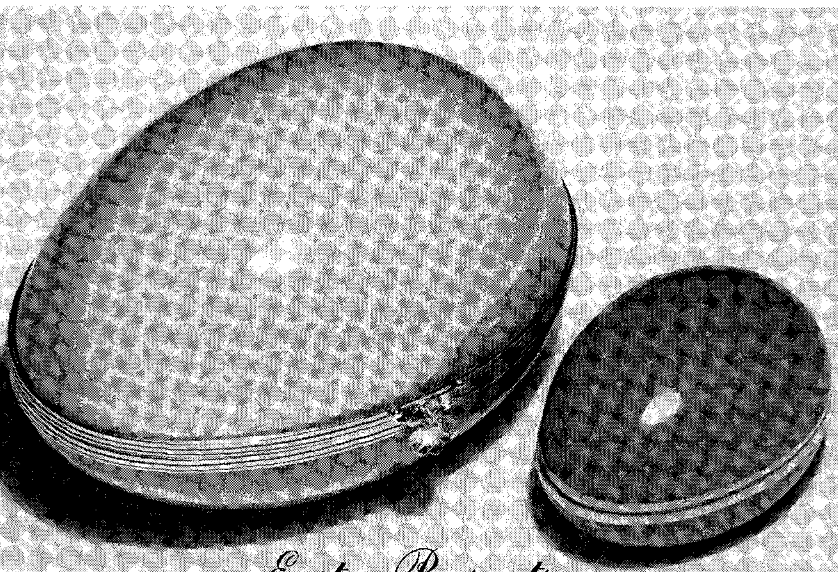

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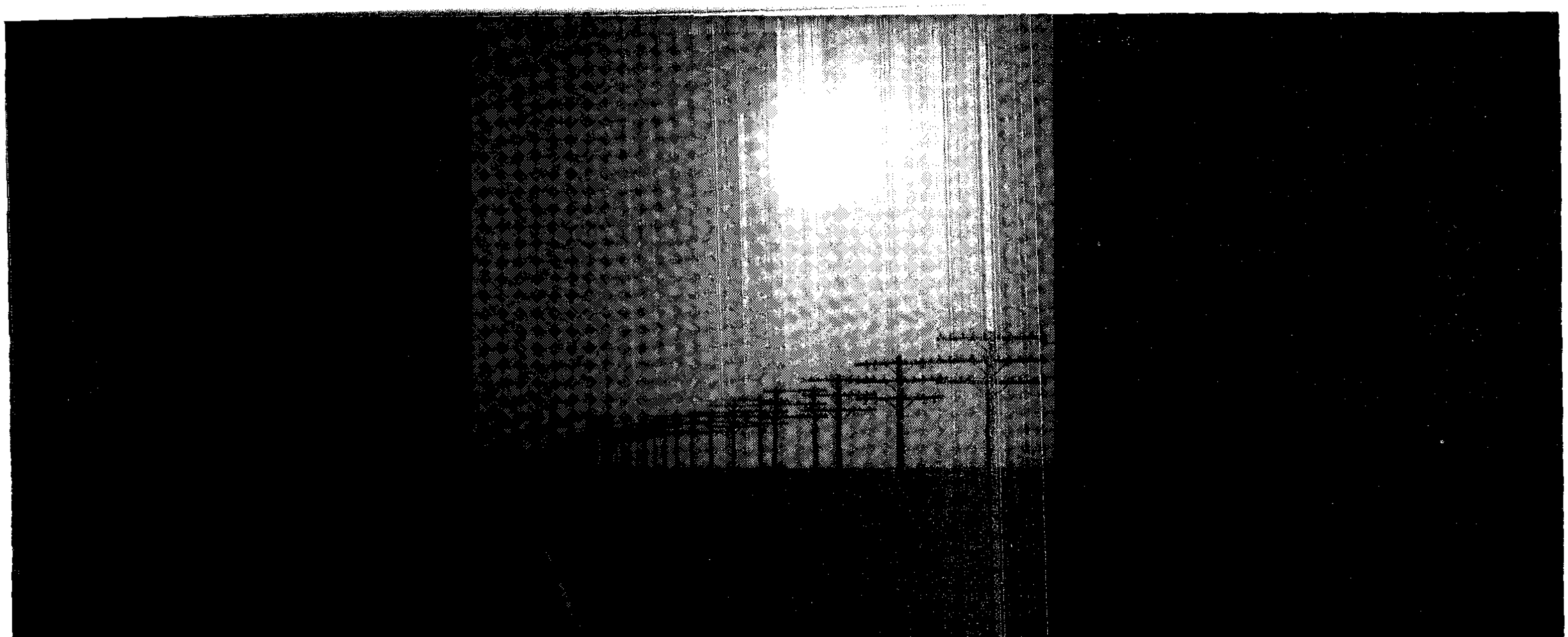
ery few weeks, a pint of homemade cider under his belt, he would drag his six sons into a corner of the parlor. "Now listen to this," he'd roar, "and mind you listen well!" And he would recite by the hour, belting out the Yeats, the Shakespeare, the florid stanzas of the Catholic poet Francis Thompson, whose verses he still declaimed, in a feeble voice, at the age of ninety:

> "Across the margent of the world I
> fled,
> And troubled the gold gateways of
> the stars,
> Smiting for shelter on their clangèd
> bars . . ."

Tom Berrigan wrote poetry as voluminously as he spoke it, and many of his fits of temper were set off by editors' rejection notices. ("The old man's at it again," Philip wrote Daniel in 1965, when their father was well on in his eighties, "taking it out on the furniture because the diocesan paper turned down some more of his crap.") It was a turbulent household. When Tom Berrigan returned to the Church, it was in a bristling, defiant way. He never ceased to agitate for the underdog. He helped to found Syracuse's first Electrical Workers' Union and its first Catholic interracial council. The Berrigans' barns and spare rooms were often filled with the needy, and its table, however frugal, was always ready to accommodate passersby.

At one point, Mrs. Berrigan was sick with tuberculosis and had to be hospitalized for more than a year. Daniel loves to dramatize the boys' life with Aunt Maggie, a spinster sister of his father's, who was called in to run the house. "She was stingy and mean, like that bicycling witch in 'The Wizard of Oz,' " he once said. "She actually starved us. Bread-and-butter sandwiches, molasses cookies, meat once a week—that was our diet. I know that's what made revolutionaries out of us. We used to have underground committee meetings in closets, and then Tom, Jr., the oldest, would head the delegation to ask for better treatment—never to any avail. Daddo was stingy and we were very poor, and he was thrilled with her because she saved so much of his paycheck. We grew terribly pale and weak." Here Daniel pinched in his cheeks pitifully. "Every Sunday, we'd go to see Mom at the hospital, and she'd lean out of bed and look at those six pale, thin little faces"—he drew his cheeks in still further—"and she would cry out of sorrow, and we'd cry, too. The doctors had been very pessimistic about my mother's surviv-



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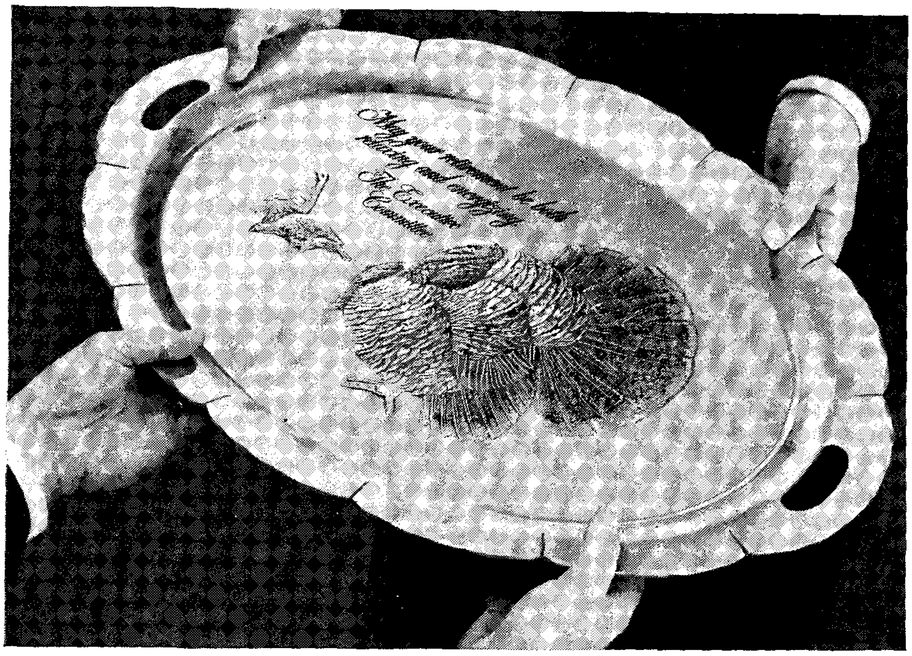
ing, but she recovered out of sheer will power, in order to get the witch out of the house. A lot of our kookiness and aggressiveness, especially Phil's and mine, came out of the unhappiness we suffered that year."

From early childhood, Daniel had been singled out as the most sensitive and studious, the frailest, and the most devout of the six children. "From the age of six," according to his mother, "Daniel was obsessed by the suffering in the world." He was the readiest for tears, he was at the top of his class, and he was the mother's helper who cleaned up the kitchen while his brothers were busy with the farm work. Of all the boys, it was he who made most use of the frugal family bookshelf, which held the Bible, some back issues of *Commonweal* and the *Catholic Worker*, a few books of poetry, and a five-volume work by a Jesuit entitled "Pioneer Priests of North America." Daniel had inherited his father's passion for writing poetry. He had weak ankles that required special shoes and exempted him from the family farm work. He was indifferent to sports. In contrast, Philip, two years younger, who has been Daniel's closest friend for as long as they can remember, was a brawny, outgoing all-American boy, a baseball and basketball star, constantly eager to test his physical prowess. However, it is Daniel, the poet and dreamer, who has often led Philip, the man of action.

Daniel had felt the call of the priesthood since childhood. And at the age of seventeen he applied for the Society of Jesus because it ran what he calls "such a cool scene." "When I was in high school," he recalled recently, "a friend and I wrote in for literature from all the orders in the United States we could think of. Benedictines, Augustinians, Dominicans—about forty of them. What impressed us about the Jesuits was that they didn't seem to want us. All the other orders were trying to rope us in by showing us photographs of swimming pools in their prospectuses. But the Jebbies just had a couple of tight little quotes from St. Ignatius on a very stark pamphlet. We applied immediately." The Society accepted both applications, and in 1939, aged eighteen, Daniel left Syracuse for the Jesuit seminary near Poughkeepsie to begin the arduous thirteen-year training that is imposed on the men before ordination. The loving ties of the two youngest Berrigan brothers were severed for a long time. It is hard to realize, in our age of worldly, pickering priests, how strict seminarians'



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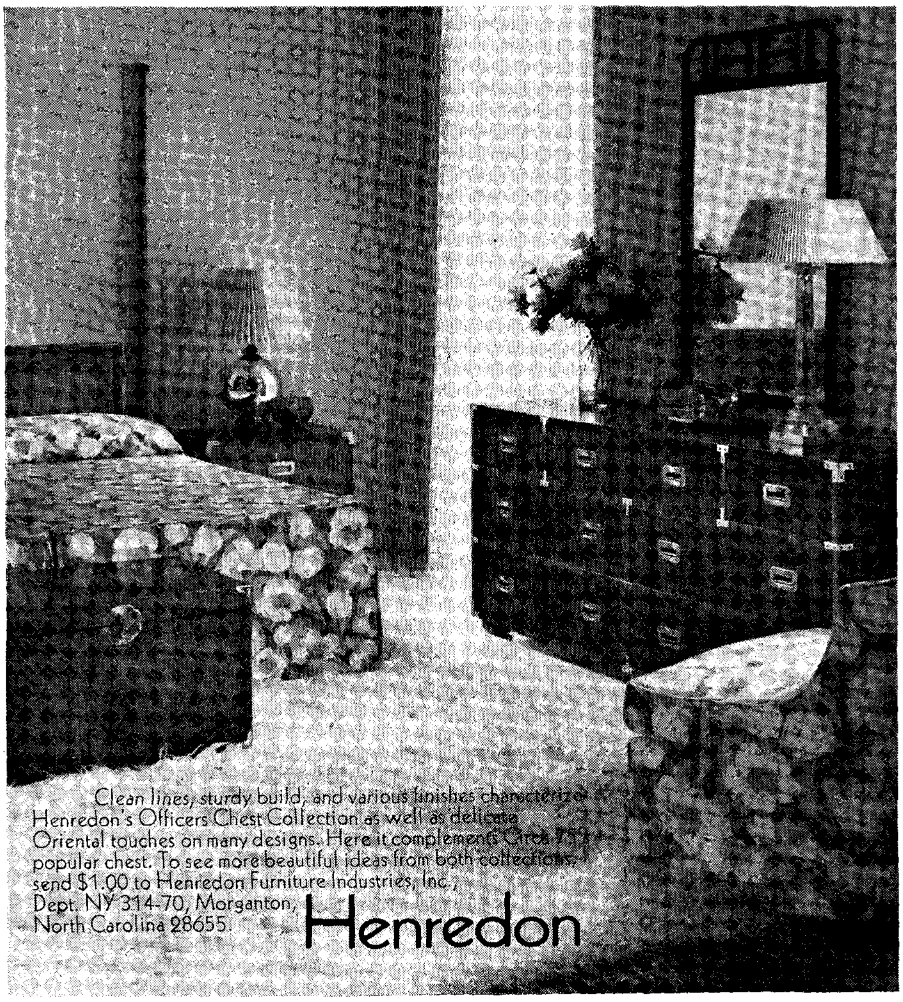

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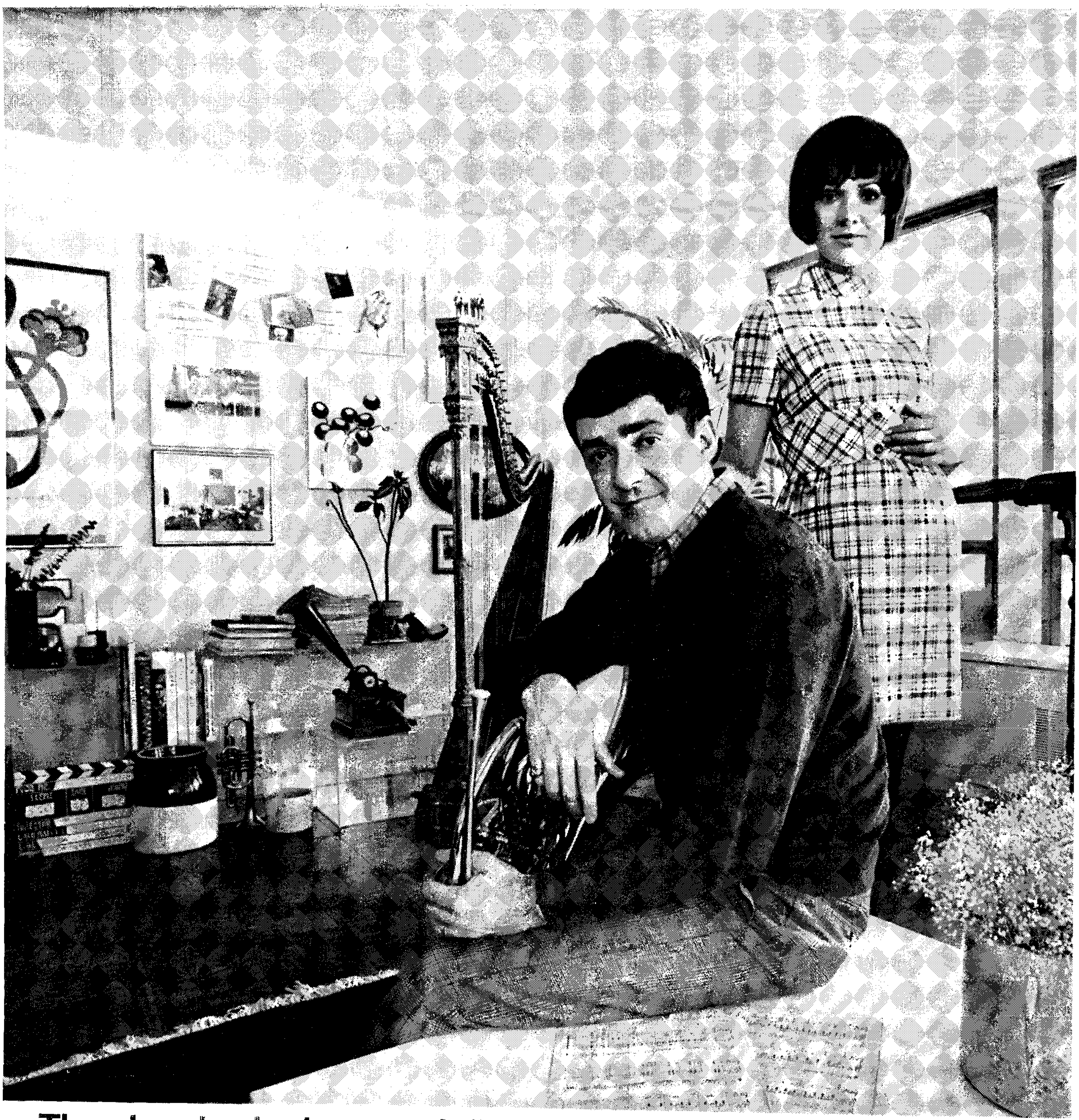

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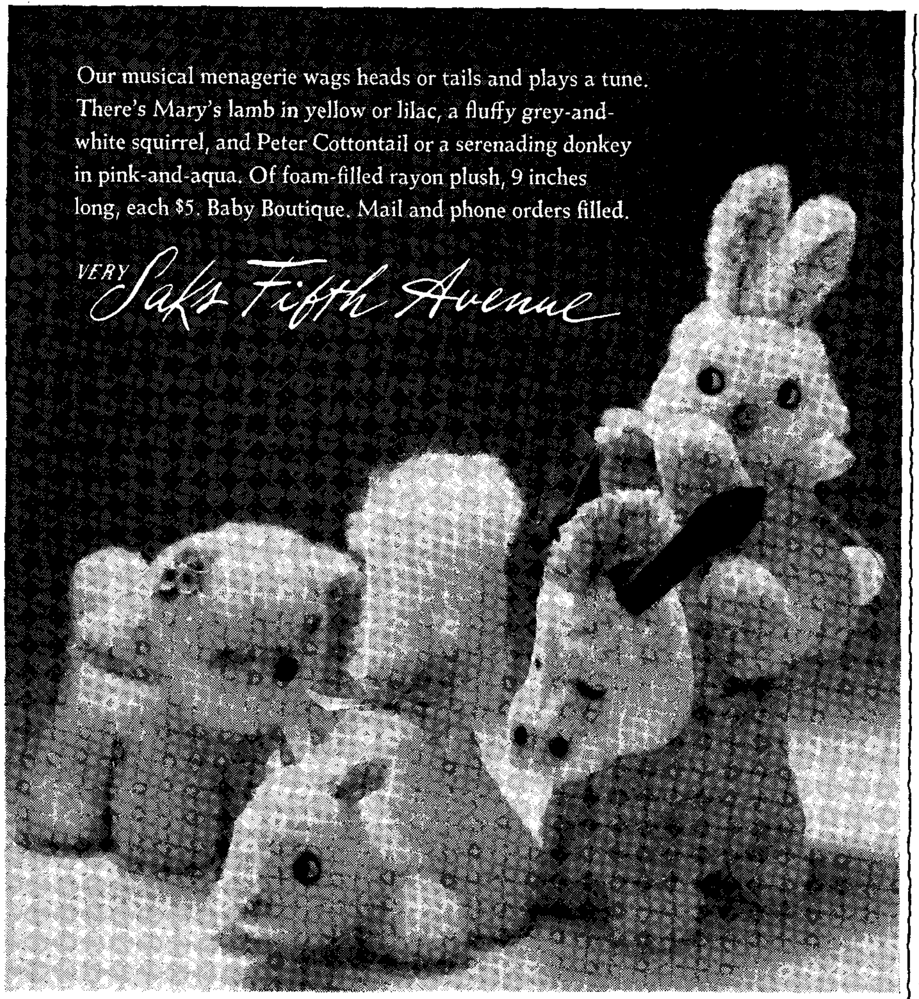

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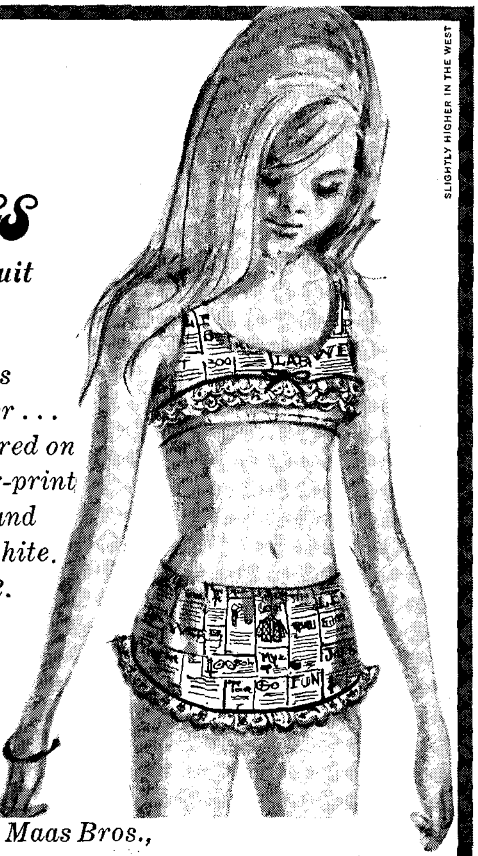

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rules were in the past. Unless there was a death in his immediate family, a Jesuit was not allowed to leave the house of his order for the first two years of his novitiate. He could be visited by his family only four times a year. Daniel Berrigan, a model seminarian, did not come home for seven years.

After graduating from high school, Philip spent a year earning money for college by scrubbing locomotives in a railroad roundhouse and playing first base on a semi-pro baseball team. With his savings, he enrolled at St. Michael's College, in Toronto. But he spent only one semester there. In January, 1943, he was drafted. And after a brief training period in the Deep South—an experience that led him to dedicate his life to helping the black people—he was sent into combat. "Philip Berrigan was, like St. Paul, an exceptionally gifted warrior," a friend has said. "You will remember that before his conversion Paul could kill men more enthusiastically than most other soldiers could." Philip fought in France and Germany with a field-artillery battalion. He switched to the infantry and was commissioned in France as a second lieutenant. It is a period of his life that he does not like to discuss.

When Philip returned to Syracuse, in 1945, he found that his brother Jerry, after three years of the Army, had decided to follow Daniel into the priesthood. In 1950, after graduating from Holy Cross College, Philip followed Jerry into the Josephites' seminary at Newburgh, New York. Officially called the Society of Saint Joseph (the initials "S.S.J." after Philip's name have led to much confusion with Daniel's "S.J.," for Society of Jesus), the Josephites are an American order that has devoted itself, for almost a century, to helping black people.

"Three sons in the priesthood, Mr. Berrigan—that's being a quality parent," admiring neighbors would say to Tom Berrigan. And Tom's devoutness, which had been overshadowed in his youth by his loyalty to trade unionism, grew along with his parental pride. Eventually, it cost him his career in labor. In 1949, there was a gravediggers' strike in the New York archdiocese, and on the second day of the strike Daniel received an agitated call from his father asking to be met in New York at Grand Central on the following afternoon. Daniel wondered what the old man was up to, but it became clear when he saw Tom Berrigan step off the train from Syracuse with an enormous shovel under his arm. "I've

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come to support the Cardinal!" he roared. "I've come to break the strike for Cardinal Spellman!" Daniel pleaded with him, but Tom, aged seventy that year, was determined. He spent a week at the Chancery, in his overalls, offering support and being politely turned down. Some time after he returned to Syracuse, he was deposed as business agent of the Electrical Workers' Union local, after twenty years in the post. Tom Berrigan's younger colleagues never forgave him for being a strikebreaker, and this was a blow from which the father of rebels never quite recovered.

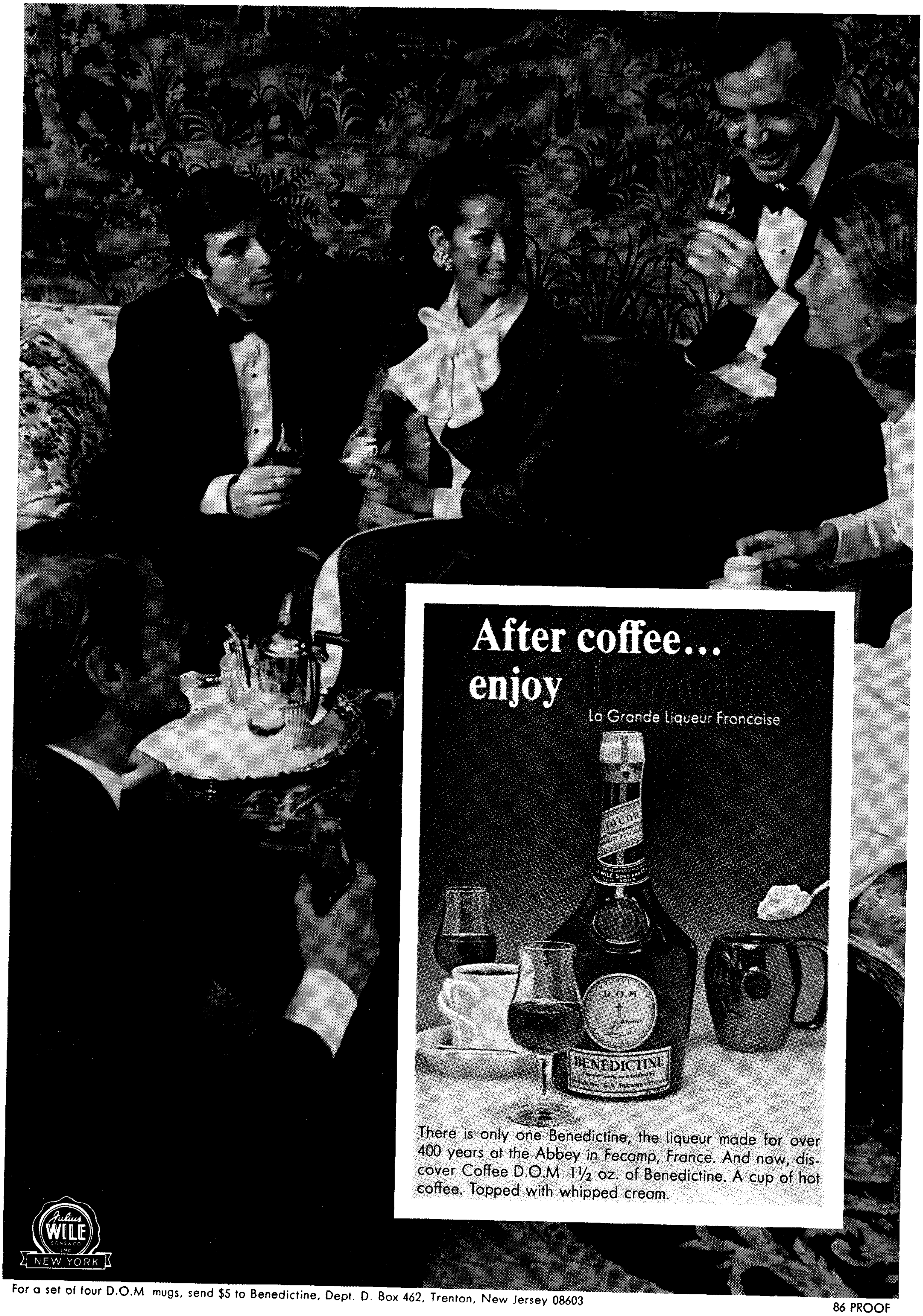
IN 1952, Daniel Berrigan, having completed his thirteen years of training, was ordained a priest in the chapel of a Jesuit seminary in Weston, Massachusetts.

> On a June morning, I knelt in the chapel of Weston, while the voice of Cardinal Cushing shook the house like a great war horse. His hands lay on my head like stone. I remember a kind of desolation, the cold of the floor on which I stretched like a corpse, while the invocations of the saints went over me like a tide, a death. Would these bones live? I arose to my feet and went out into the sunshine and gave my blessing to those two who had borne me, to all those who had borne with me, who had waited for me. A most unfinished man! . . . What would it mean to be a Catholic? Who would be my teacher? It was, finally, the world. It was the world we breathe in, the only stage of redemption, the men and women who toil in it, sin in it, suffer and die in it. Apart from them, as I came to know, the priesthood was a pallid, vacuumatic enclosure, a sheepfold for sheep.

The paragraph comes from a long essay that Daniel Berrigan wrote in 1961. The Society of Jesus took a dim view of the essay, because of its condemnation of the Church's lack of social consciousness, and it became a favorite pamphlet of the seminarians' underground. Five years later, after Pope John's liberalizing influence had transformed the Catholic sheepfold, the essay became a Jesuit classic. It was printed by the thousand, distributed to numerous Catholic bookshops, assigned to novices' reading lists. From the start of their careers as priests, the Berrigans have been ahead of their time.

Daniel and Philip were both influenced by the progressive theology that poured out of Europe after the Second World War. The French, Belgian, and Dutch Churches had been greatly affected by the participation of Catholics in the Resistance movement. The spirit of the Maquis and of the French worker-priests made a deep impression on the Berrigans. In the late nineteen-forties, when Daniel Berrigan was studying at Weston and Philip was at Holy Cross College nearby, the French avant-garde was a favorite theme of their Sunday-afternoon conversations. Their heroes were men like Cardinal Suhard, a guiding spirit of the worker-priest movement, whom Philip regards as the greatest single influence on his life; Father Henri Perrin, a veteran of German concentration camps who became a factory worker after the Liberation; and Abbé Pierre, the Resistance leader and M.R.P. deputy who led a series of demonstrations that moved the French government to underwrite new housing programs for the poor. These men had preached, in Suhard's words, "a fearless involvement in the temporal and social spheres." St. Paul's classic description of the missionary life ("With the Jews I lived like a Jew, to win the Jews") had been given a unique modern application by the worker-priests; from them the Berrigans had learned that their own task was not to bring the world to the Church but, rather, to bring the Church to the world.

Not long after Daniel's ordination, the Jesuits sent him to France for a year's training, and it was, he recalls, "like throwing Br'er Rabbit into the briar patch." France was the country he would always regard as his spiritual home. "Something says 'I was born here,' " he wrote. Daniel was assigned to ministerial work and study in a little town near Lyon, and he made friends with a number of worker-priests who had been active in the Resistance, some of whom had been deported. Eight years after the end of the war, the emotions of the Occupation period were still violent. Daniel was deeply troubled, during this first stay in Europe, by the silence of the Catholic clergy in Hitler's Germany. The worker-priests' militance in the French underground and their experience in German prisons were a major influence on his later theories of civil disobedience. Moreover, the worker-priests' political philosophy, which was largely Socialistic and anti-colonial, transformed his view of history. "Arriving in France was like landing on a fresh-air planet after being locked up all my life in a capsule," Daniel has said. "The American Church, at the time, was an Irish ghetto. I had never been politically aware before. I arrived so American, such an idiot. The worker-priests radicalized me as nothing ever had before. They gave me, for the first time,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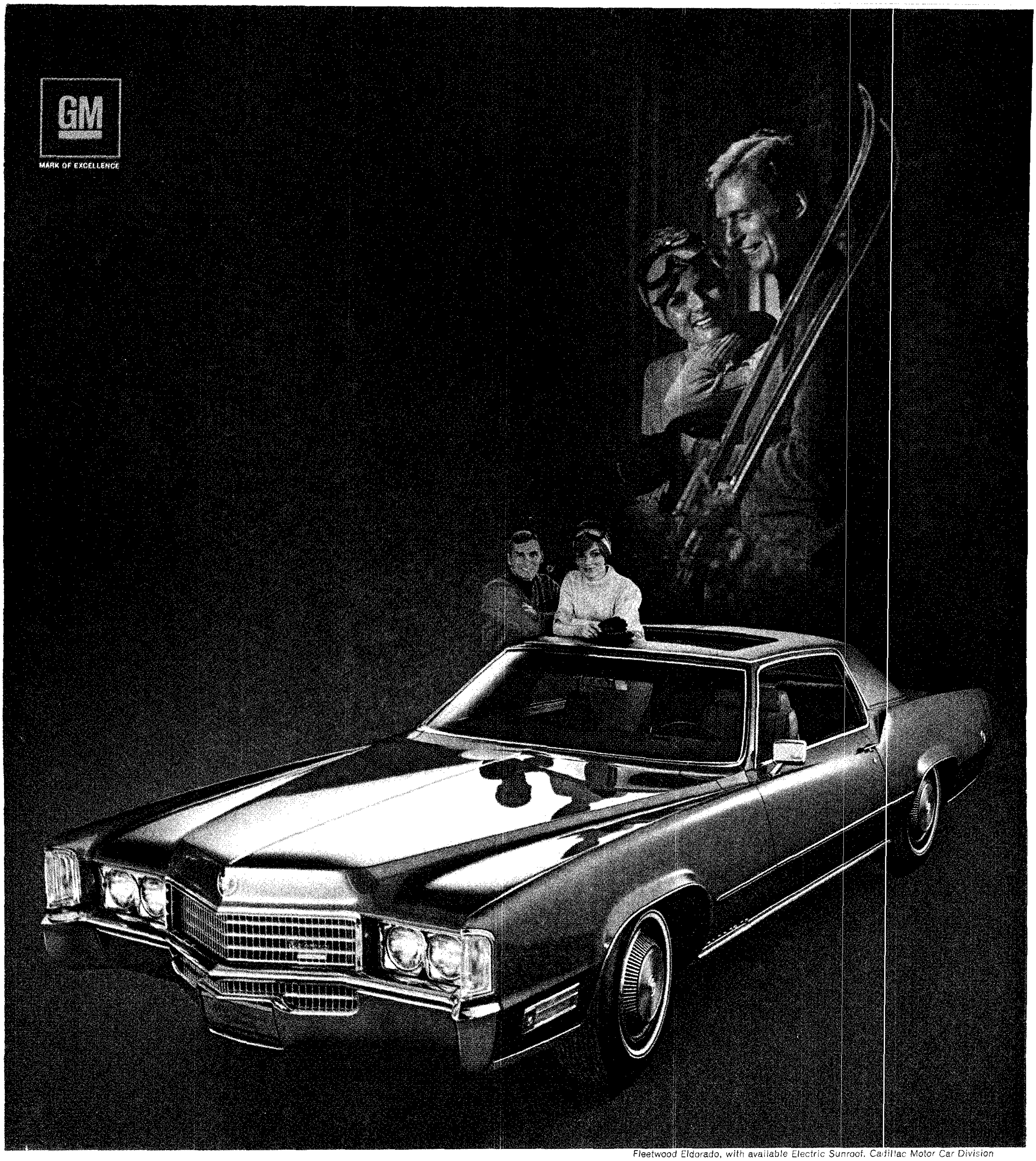

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a practical vision of the Church as she should be. They also transformed me politically in a historic year. The French had just lost Dien Bien Phu and were being forced out of Indo-China, and my French friends woke me up to the evils of colonialism. To make it all the more traumatic, I saw this worker-priest movement, which I so admired, squashed before my very eyes. In 1954, our icebox pope, Pius XII, had the movement dissolved in one swift stroke. Four years before, he had issued that shameful document 'Humani Generis,' which was directed against some of the great French theologians who had nourished me for years—Teilhard de Chardin, Yves Congar, Henri de Lubac. I saw at close hand intellectual excellence crushed in a wave of orthodoxy, like a big Stalinist purge. It hit me directly, it made me suffer deeply, it filled me with determination to carry on the work of the men who had been silenced."

Returning to New York City in the summer of 1954, Daniel modelled his work, with a vengeance, on the movement whose suppression had scandalized him. At that time, the most progressive movements in the American Church, apart from the Catholic Worker, were such Catholic Action groups as the Christian Family Movement, the Young Christian Workers, and the Walter Ferrell Guild. During a three-year assignment to teach theology and French at the Jesuits' Brooklyn Preparatory School, Daniel served as chaplain of the local chapter of the Young Christian Workers. He led his students to the lower East Side to work with Dorothy Day, to East Harlem to lend a hand in the black and Puerto Rican communities. He was also chaplain and director of the Walter Ferrell Guild, which aimed at giving the laity more extensive participation in the Church. Daniel's Ferrell Guild jolted the die-hards, in the fifties, by meeting in church basements over cocktails to discuss such secular literature as "The Brothers Karamazov." "From the time he was ordained," a Catholic educator who worked closely with him in those years has said, "Daniel was obsessed with two issues: alleviating poverty and breaking down the traditional structures of the priest-layman relationship. Most priests, then as now, keep a guarded, closed professionalism in their rapport with laymen. But Dan dared to enter the relationship to the point where he was absolutely exposed. He was always ready to run behind the layman and learn from him. In the fifties, he was revolutionizing the role of

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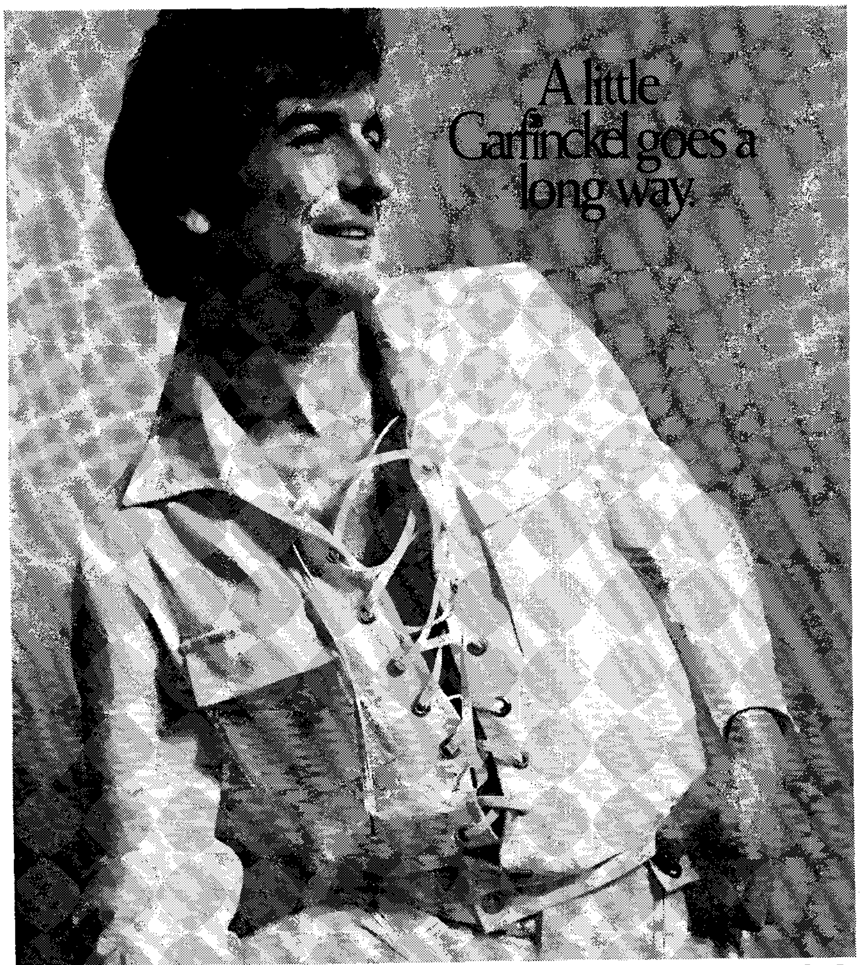
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the layman in the Church faster than any other priest in the country."

In 1957, Daniel was appointed a professor at Le Moyne College, in his home town of Syracuse. There he was happily reunited with his parents and his brother Jerry, who had left the Josephites' seminary a year before he was due for ordination. Philip, two years ordained, was teaching in an all-black high school run by the Josephite Fathers in New Orleans. The three older Berrigan brothers had scattered to different parts of the world. (Tom, Jr., was a mining foreman in northern Minnesota, John was a newspaperman in California, and James worked for an electrical company in the State of Washington.) The three younger Berrigans worked in close coöperation whenever they could. Philip, Jerry, and Jerry's wife, Carol, picketed the Niagara-Mohawk electric plant in protest against discriminatory hiring practices. Daniel sent Philip white students to work on CORE projects in the Deep South. Philip found black scholarship students to go to Le Moyne. Daniel, then as now, urged his friends to sell their houses, move into the ghetto, live in Christian poverty. A Syracuse acquaintance, who looks back on those years with a delight mingled with terror, has said, "One Berrigan needles away enough at your conscience. With two or three, there's no letting up."

Daniel was known at Le Moyne as a conscientious, affectionate, and demanding teacher. He was a heavy-handed assigner of book reports, and a stickler for impeccable syntax and for terse, accurate expression. He also required, of any student who wished to be close to him, frequent reception of the Sacraments and total dedication to community work. He quickly became the most popular and the most controversial lecturer on campus. "Half of us thought that he was Christ returned," one of his students has said. "But the conservative half thought he was subversive. Very few of us could offer the absolute dedication and honesty he required of us." One of his more controversial actions at Le Moyne was to establish an off-campus house for his élite students. International House, as his project was named, was designed to let him get closer to his students, to enable them to feel freer to talk, and also to train them for social work in underdeveloped countries. He looks back on it as "a pre-Peace Corps scene to desegregate the Catholic ghetto." The house, which had an austere little chapel whose altar had been built by Tom Berrigan, was

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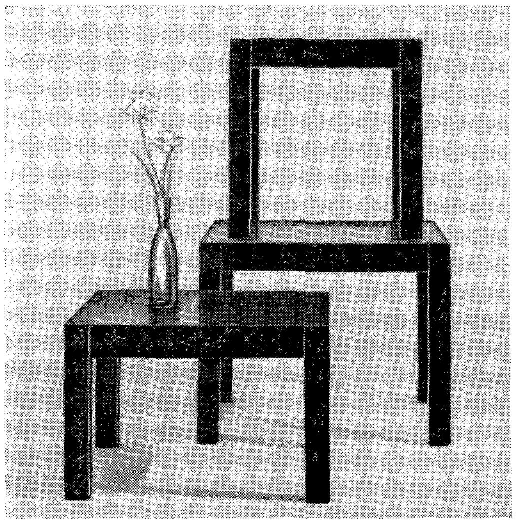
frowned upon by Jesuit superiors as a center of liturgical modernism. Daniel's innovations—turning the altar around to face the congregation, saying parts of the Mass in English—seem routine today. But he was pioneering them two years before the Vatican Council gave them formal approval. "In 1961, when I turned the altar around and said the Gloria in English, the older Jesuits were horrified—they thought I was working at the family jewels with a sledgehammer," he recently recalled. "But I went right ahead, because I knew that we absolutely had to have something with more bizzazz going for the young people. The kids and I felt that for the first time in a thousand years we were building community around the altar."

The Berrigan approach has often seemed too radical for the hierarchy's comfort. In 1963, Daniel was sent back to France for a sabbatical. There is fierce pride in the Berrigans, and a reluctance to discuss past sorrows. Daniel today dismisses this crisis with a blithe smile, a few aphorisms: "The first generation of Jesuits worked in the streets; the second generation bought a house; the third air-conditioned it. I belong to the first generation, and the men inside don't like my *façon d'agir.*" But it is evident that there were more precise causes: his liturgies, his involvement in the ghetto, his unprofessional familiarity with the students. The rector of the college had a large empty table in his study which young priests referred to as "the think table," and that's where they were called for disciplining. The rector got Daniel over "the think table" and ordered him to spend a year in France.

The nature of the 1963 crisis is made explicit in a letter Thomas Merton, the Trappist monk and poet who died in 1968, wrote to Daniel at the time. The two men had always had an affectionate but complex friendship. As the Church's two star poets and its most distinguished pacifists, they observed each other in the manner of prima donnas whose mutual admiration is mixed with some criticism of how the other handles the art form. Daniel had accused Merton of "leading a whole generation into the cloister." Merton always tried to curb the Berrigans' rash gestures. In this emergency, Merton's tone was more cautionary than usual:

> A violent break with superiors would tend to cast discredit on *all* the initiatives you have so far taken . . . If you allow this to happen (of course it might have to happen in some cases) you must consider that you are turning adrift those who



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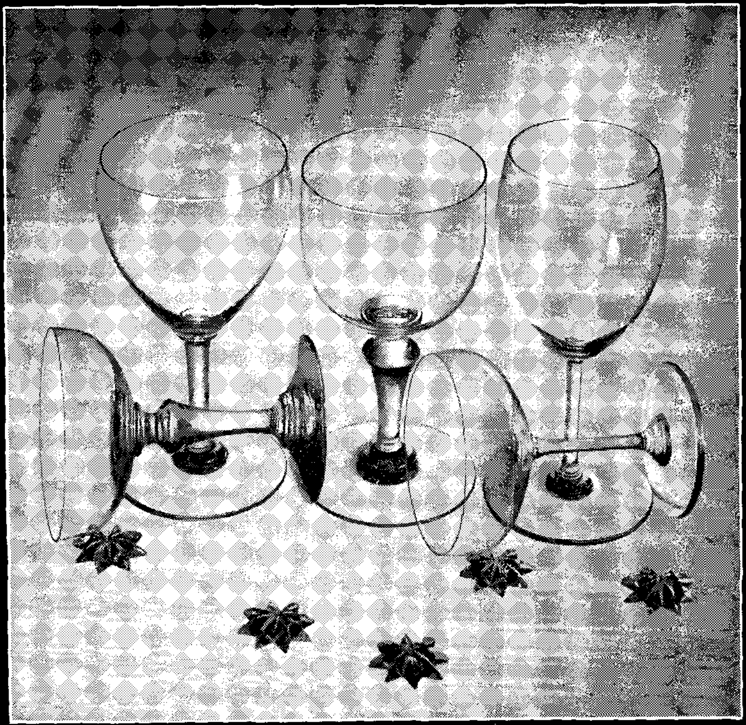

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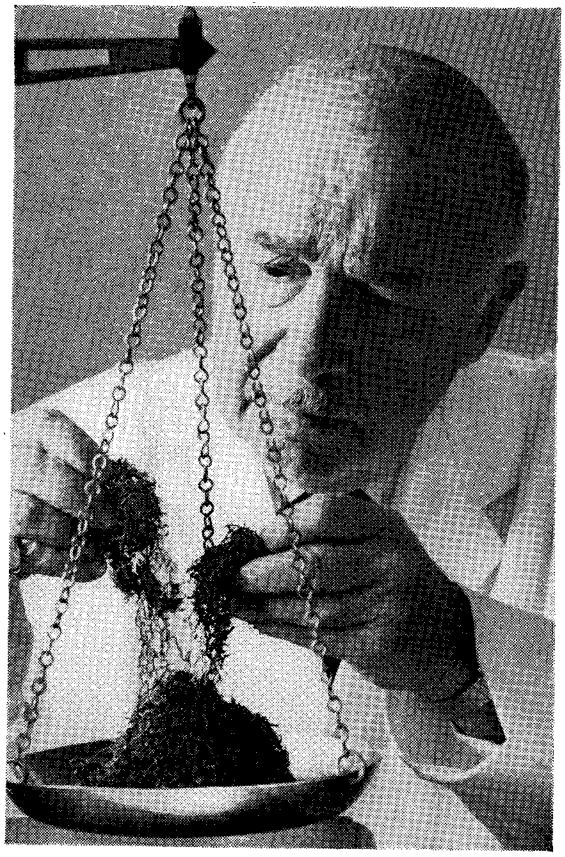

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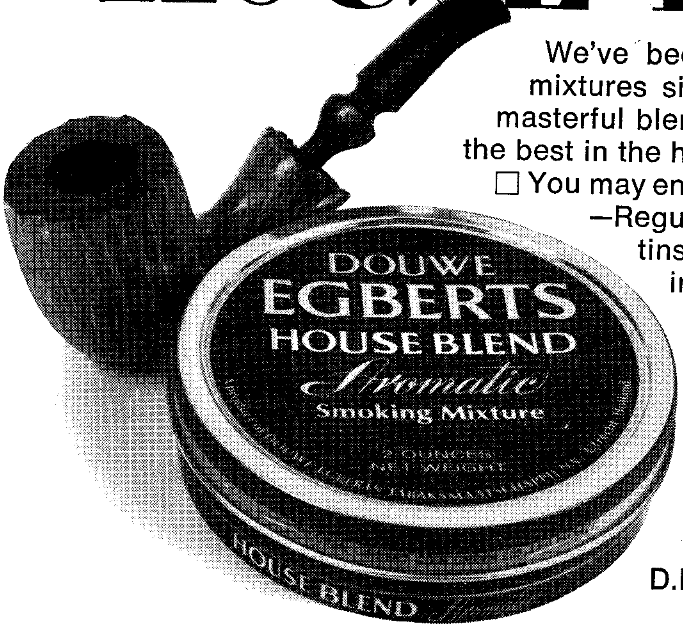

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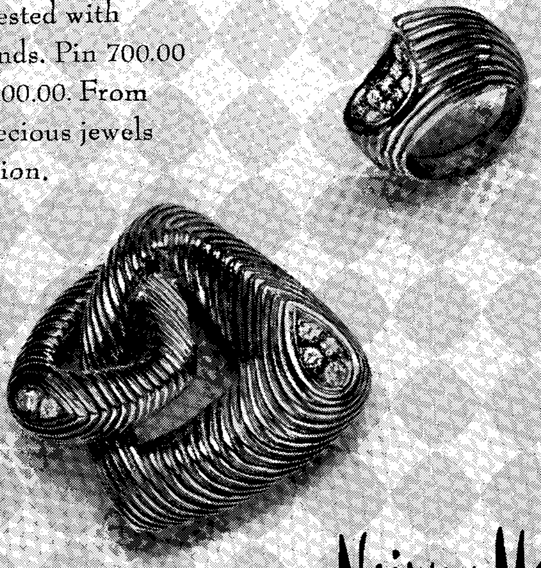

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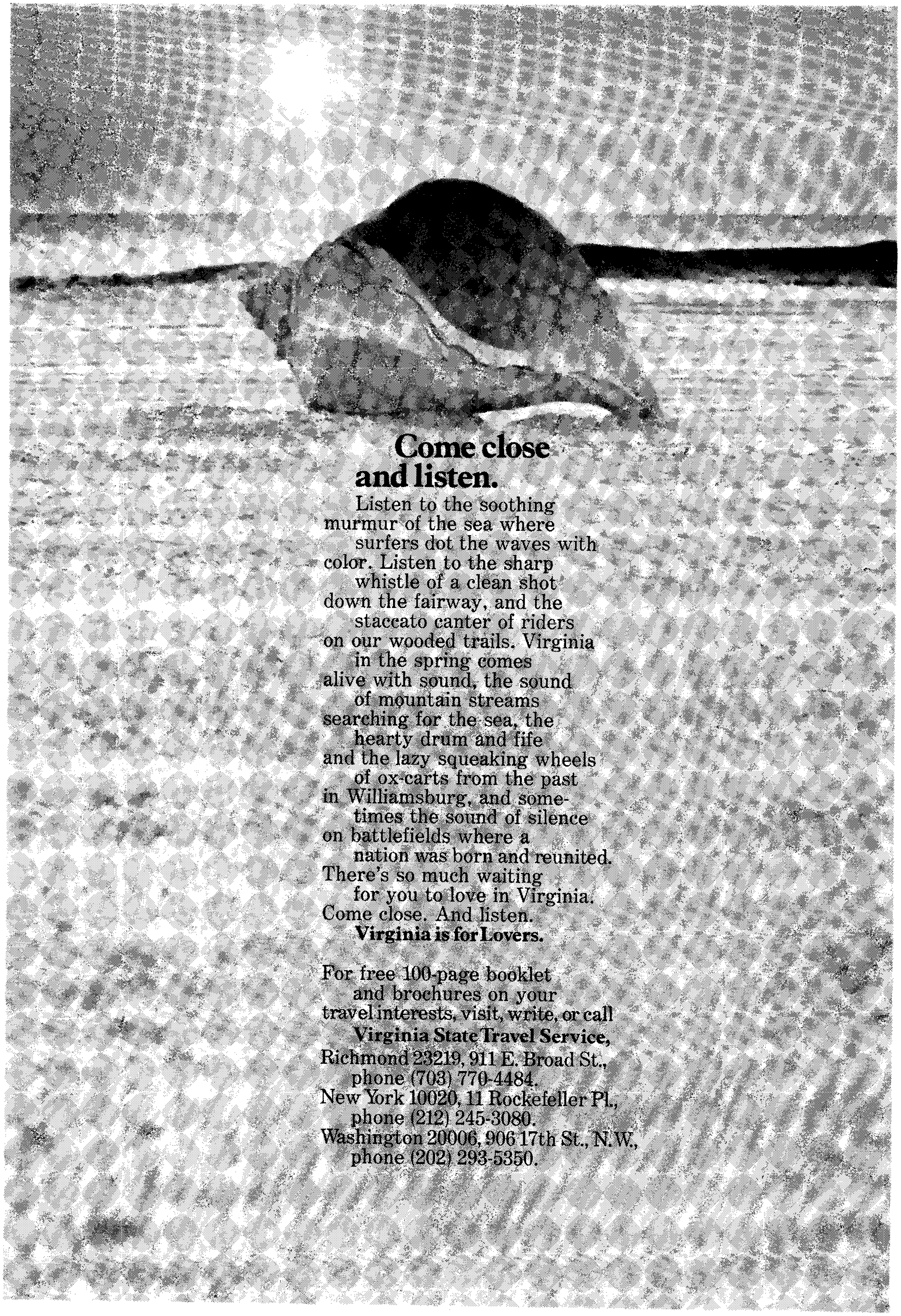
Merton enlarged, with much anger, on the problems all priests faced when they spoke out on peace and civil rights:

> Look, I hate to be vulgar, but a lot of the monastic party line we are getting, even when in some respects it is very good, ends up by being pure, unadulterated crap. . . . I have been told . . . that I am destroying the image of the contemplative vocation when I write about peace. Even after "Pacem in Terris," when I reopened the question, I was told: That is for the bishops, my boy. . . . In a word, it is all right for the monk to put out packages of cheese and make a pile of money for the old monastery, but as to doing anything that is *really* fruitful for the Church, that is another matter altogether.

But Merton advised Daniel to accept his departure for Europe in good spirits:

> Europe is obviously the next step, because over there you may find out what's what. And you need to. When you do, let me know.

Daniel took his friend's advice, and left for Paris in the summer of 1963. This trip to France went to his head just as the first one had—"like cognac before breakfast," as he put it. Another change took place in Daniel during his second stay in Europe. No one has described it better than James Forest, a young Catholic pacifist who was to become one of the Berrigans' closest friends: "The Daniel Berrigan of 1962 was an earnest, chubby, well-fed man who looked just like a priest: all neat and clean, with very shiny shoes and an impeccably clean collar. I had met him one night when I accompanied Dorothy Day to a meeting of the Fellowship of Reconciliation. Dan's talk was full of what he now hates most, what he calls 'omnivorous pontifications.' He talked about encyclicals, his hopes for Vatican II, and so on—so much the earnest liberal. I had been recently converted to Catholicism, and meeting Dan was an unnerving experience for a new convert. It made me understand why so many people could be anti-clerical. Dorothy Day reacted just the same way. As we left that meeting, she turned to me and said, 'Wasn't that Berrigan just like a priest! Talk, talk, talk, and doesn't give anyone a chance to open their mouth.' I didn't meet Dan again until the summer of 1964, when I flew to Paris for a Christian Peace Conference with some mutual friends of Dan's. He'd spent the year in Paris, and he was at the airport to meet us. I almost passed him by. I did not recognize him



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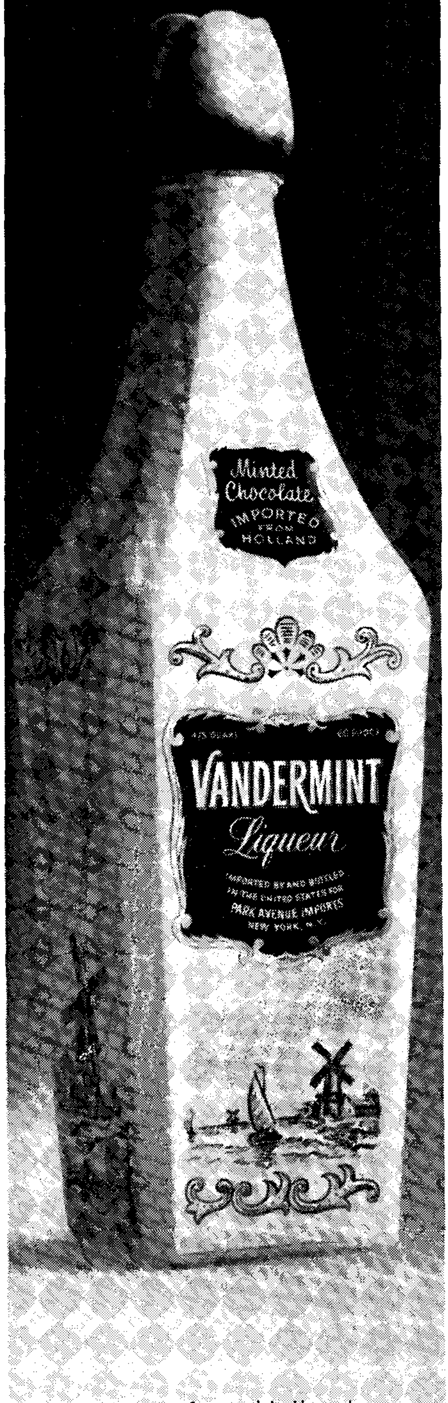
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at first. The man standing at the airport was dressed in a turtleneck and a green ski jacket and had a satchel full of wine bottles strung over his shoulder. That chubby face of his had turned gaunt, yet incredibly serene. He had become ascetic, spiritual, unpriestly! It was a totally new vibration. He had finally become deparochialized."

Daniel had been deparochialized by a year of suffering and loneliness. He is a gregarious person, terrified of solitude, in greater need of friendship, family, warmth, and attention than of food or shelter. He found few such comforts among Parisians of the nineteen-sixties, whom he assessed as "selfish, bourgeois, ambitious, materialistic kids trying to make it in the de Gaulle regime—bad news compared to the idealists I'd met right after the war." Daniel was also transformed that year by some trips he made to Communist countries. He was one of the first American priests to be granted visas to Hungary, Russia, and Czechoslovakia, and his excursions to these places shook him. Behind the Iron Curtain, he met families, Protestant as well as Catholic, whose jobs, schooling, and income were constantly jeopardized by their religious practices, and he was deeply affected by the courage of those Christians. His trips behind the Iron Curtain confirmed him in what is known as the theology of kenosis, which had germinated in the French avant-garde of the forties. The believers in kenosis—the Greek word for "emptying out," which St. Paul used when he asked the Philippians to strip themselves of worldly ambitions, as Christ humbled himself in becoming man—ask the Church to strip itself of all material wealth and power. According to many adherents of this theology of poverty, the truest Christians are the ones who are poor and persecuted, who make no obeisance to secular power, who live in a community of risk; the golden years of Christianity were its first three centuries, when to be a Christian meant to live under the constant threat of martyrdom; and Constantine's conversion was therefore the big sellout, since it made Christians safe, and forced that marriage of convenience between church and state which has sullied the virginal martyrdom of the early Church. This extreme reformist view began to permeate the Catholic Church in the last years of the Vatican Council. One of its most vigorous exponents, a Dutch Augustinian, has coolly requested the Pope to sell the Vatican, give the money to the poor, dress in a black business suit, and live in a small flat in Rome. Kenosis theology sees the Church as an impoverished dissenting minority, a constant critic of the state and a guardian of Christian values—a kind of saving remnant that, like the Ten Just Men, could save the cities of the plain. This reformist view demands a return to early styles of liturgy and to early modes of Christian poverty, protest, and pacifism. As advocated by the Berrigans, it also demands a return to early styles of Christian martyrdom. "Originally, as you recall, one was not brought to the baptismal font in his mother's arms," Daniel had written in the early essay in which he condemned the Catholic sheepfold. "One came to baptism somewhat as Paul did: by a shattering change of heart, by many deliberate renunciations. . . . To be baptized was in a sense to be marked for destruction. . . . And this inner death to all that ordinary men live by was dramatized in the occurrence of martyrdom, which sealed publicly what one had already pledged to become in the sacred waters."

At the end of his year's stay in Europe, he said, "The churches in the Marxist countries are small but purified by persecution. It seems that God is cleaning up the old church-state arrangements. The Christians under Marxism have returned to their pre-Constantinian situation of being poor, pure, and persecuted, and they are leading the life which I believe God had decreed for the Church. What a great feeling, to be in a country where there's no head of state going to church every Sunday and corrupting it!"

Filled with new zeal to reform "the old church-state arrangements," Daniel boarded ship for his return to New York in the autumn of 1964. His brother Philip, after six controversial years at the all-black high school in New Orleans, had recently been assigned to a supposedly quiet job teaching English at the Josephites' seminary in Newburgh. The two brothers would live within an hour's journey of each other for the first time in a decade. "We wait to welcome you, and to drink with you and to marvel at you," Philip wrote Daniel just before his return. "I will never cease to trace whatever maturity or goodness I have to you, and to wait upon the next spur of growth from you. We'll muckle

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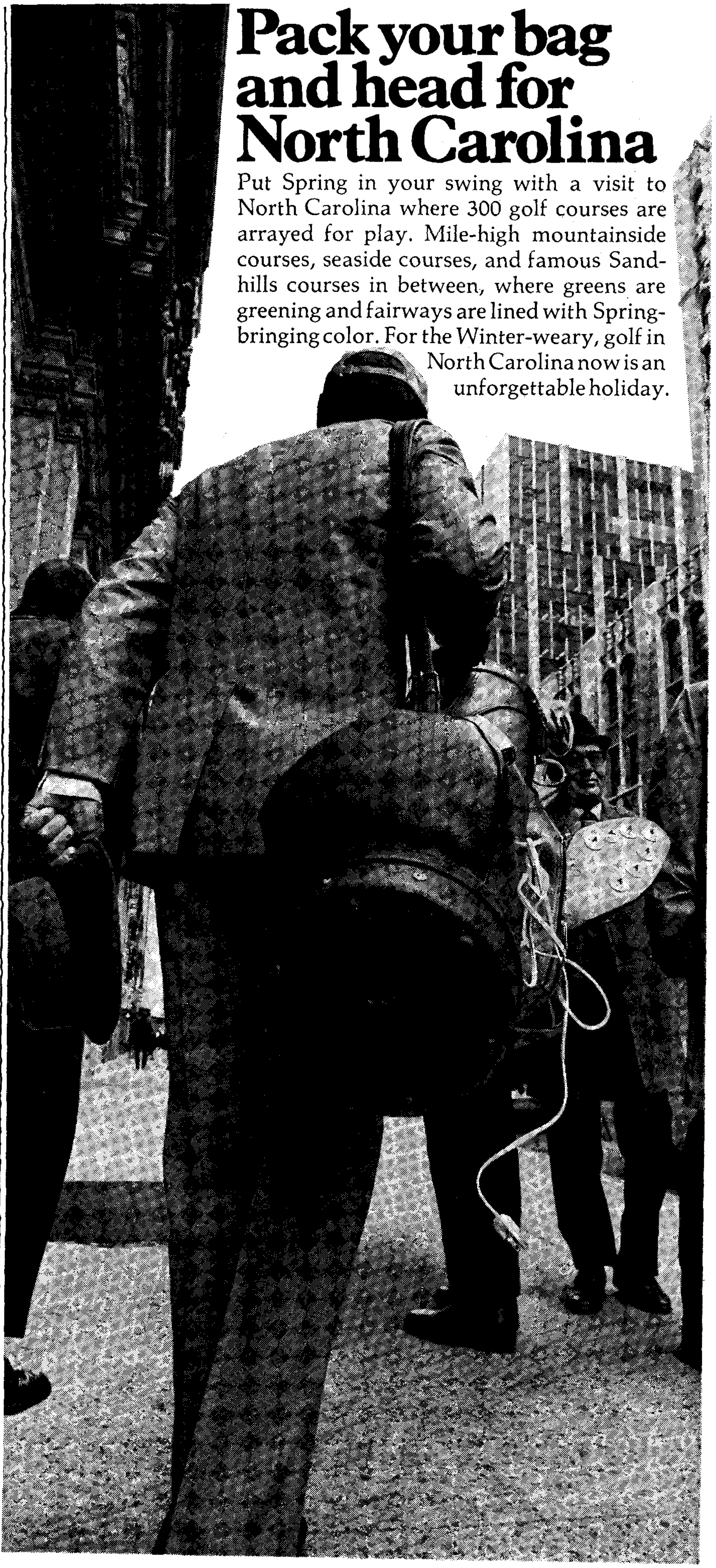
Philip Berrigan, S.S.J., a very tall, massive, handsome man with piercing blue eyes, has been described as "a compulsive leader of men," "a street fighter with a paratrooper's daring," and "a desperado obsessed by the Gospel." He seems devoid of all the fears, the cautions, the proprieties that motivate normal men. His smile, like his older brother's, is radiant and irresistible. The spell he casts over other human beings is as great as Daniel's and more alarming. Daniel might be content to have his disciples rattle and needle at the world. Philip wants them to transform society totally and as soon as possible. His eyes are merry, affectionate, and yet fiercely impatient. One thinks of Camus's statement "The revolutionary loves a man who does not yet exist."

"The Berrigans are very traditional, conservative men," according to the Reverend William Sloane Coffin, Jr., who has also risked a jail sentence for protesting the Vietnam war. "They are conserving the fire of the Holy Spirit, they are conserving the pure message of the Gospel. They are radical Christians, which is a redundancy. Radical means root; it doesn't mean being way out but going deep down." As Coffin suggests, the Berrigans' radicalism did not grow out of philosophical theorizing but out of a disturbingly literal reading of the Gospels. There is a moral fundamentalism in the Berrigans that makes them follow with total fidelity the Book of Acts' description of the first Christians: "They remained faithful to the teaching of the apostles, to the brotherhood, to the breaking of bread and to the prayers. . . . The faithful all lived together and shared out the proceeds among themselves according to what each one needed." It is a torment, for many Christians, to decide how literally to interpret the socialism of the Gospels. The Berrigans, refusing all compromise, are untroubled. They are men sworn to poverty by their religious orders, and a conversion to poverty is perhaps the only conversion they desire to impose on mankind. With a sometimes maddening simplicity, they view the problems of racism, of war, and of most human suffering as created by a system of unequally distributed wealth, by human beings' greed for private property. "The next car is every man's *dolce vita*," Philip says. "Read the Gospel, get poor, get with it," Daniel blithely told a student who



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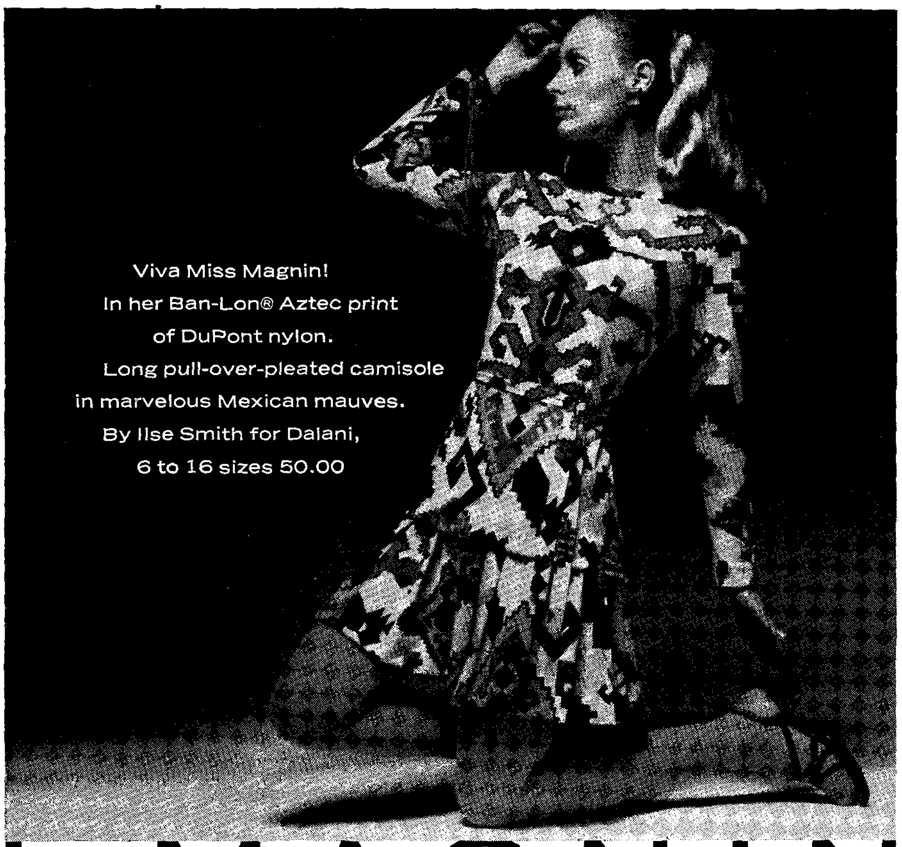

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had asked him how to live the Christian life. "It's just that simple."

Philip concluded with sorrow, after joining the only Catholic order dedicated primarily to the task of improving the lot of the black man, that the Society of St. Joseph was far too timid in its approach. For in his view the blacks are not children to be guided by the whites; they are, rather, the race of superior wisdom, gentleness, and maturity—the prophetic people, purified and matured by suffering, who could bring adulthood to the white man. In his book "No More Strangers," a formidably documented work, published in 1965, on the psychological roots of racism, he wrote, "The Negro stands in perplexity and chagrin at the inconsistency of the white man-child who rules his world. . . . Freedom for the Negro and maturity for us are reciprocal endowments. . . ." (Philip dedicated his study "To my brother, Father Dan, S.J., without whom neither my priesthood nor this book would be possible.") A profound reverence for the black race and a deep contempt for paternalism have made Philip capable of communicating with militant blacks as few white priests can. "He never made a fuss with us because we were black," one of his parishioners has said. "He was just more at ease with us than any white man we'd ever met." Stokely Carmichael reportedly paid him the ultimate compliment, by saying, "Phil Berrigan is the *only* white man who knows where it's at."

Philip had won the confidence of the blacks with acts of conscience that sometimes jeopardized the good standing of his order. In 1963, confidently expecting to be the first Catholic priest to be arrested in a civil-rights demonstration, Philip boarded a plane for Jackson, Mississippi, to join in a mass sit-in protesting the segregation of bus terminals. His plans miscarried. The news of his flight leaked out, and it is said that a few hours after he had left New York the bishop of Jackson called the Josephite Superior and warned him that serious consequences would follow if Father Berrigan arrived at his destination. Philip was paged to the phone when his plane stopped in Atlanta, and ordered by his Superior to return to New York. He obeyed. But, thanks to his talent for public relations, the incident hit the front pages. Philip was happy. For the greatest joy of this modest man's life is to flaunt his rigorous conscience in the face of all institutions.

"Phil had been weaned on the Catholic Worker ideology, but there is a

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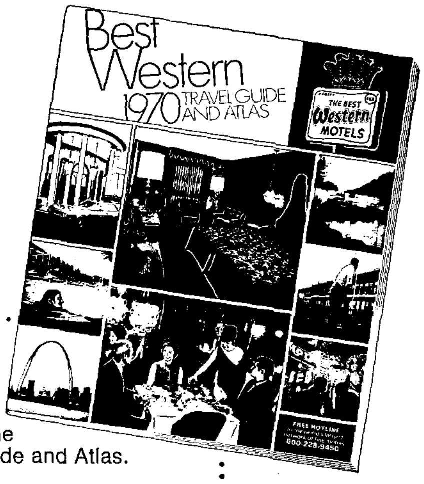

grimness about the Worker that he dislikes," one of his friends has said. "He's a joyful man. Whether he's praying, eating, drinking, protesting, or going to jail, he absolutely insists that everything be done with joy." Gregarious and proverbially generous, Philip had been famous for a radiant good nature wherever he worked, for a Falstaffian ability to down half a bottle of rye without showing it, and for enormous tenderness. His lecture fees have helped to support several families through years of trouble. In every parish he has worked in, he has been known for being the first priest to arrive at the scene of any accident and the first to empty his pockets for men in need. His greetings to friends, men and women alike, are accompanied by backbreaking embraces. "Thank God for womankind he's not married," says the wife of one of his close friends. "He puts my spine out of joint each time he just kisses me." To sit through a movie with him is a harrowing experience. He laughs louder and more often than anyone else in the audience, pokes and shoves his neighbor at each bout of emotion. Everything about Philip Berrigan is a little extreme, and yet totally dominated by his religious vocation. "Christ's love, and this kid's," he signs his letters. "Carry on, ole sport. Yours in Christ—Phil, S.S.J." "Great work, buddy. God's love—Phil, S.S.J." "God's increase to you. Love ya, man—Phil, S.S.J." "Cool it, man, we must all learn to live with Brother Ass. In Christ—Phil, S.S.J." The "S.S.J." has always kept its place, even in his letters to his family. Philip and Daniel long ago made a pact with each other that they would never leave the priesthood. Their attitude toward the Church is one of cynical but dogged loyalty. "The Church is a sinner, but she's my mother," Daniel says. And Philip, with typical fighting spirit, says, "The guys who leave just don't have enough guts. It's our society that's evil, and the Church reflects the society. Staying in the Church gives you a chance to use the institution against itself."

Politics is to Philip what poetry is to his brother—a passionate second vocation. The brothers' reading tastes are indicative. Daniel reads *Partisan Review*, *Hudson Review*, and various obscure journals of theology and poetry. Philip subscribes to the *Nation*, the *New Republic*, *U.S. News & World Report*, *Dissent*, the *Progressive*, the *Guardian*, *Liberation*, the *Civil Liberties Quarterly*, and *Ramparts*. He studies the *Wall Street Journal* and *Business Week* to keep abreast of the

American economy. He admires *I. F. Stone's Weekly*, and sends gift subscriptions to some of the numerous congressmen and friends whom he judges to be in need of enlightenment. ("Read your I. F. Stone," he ended one letter. "Best love, and the Lord's keen peace.")

In the early nineteen-sixties, Philip Berrigan became a popular lecturer on progressive Catholic campuses. The threat of nuclear war had converted him to a pacifist position, and he became as much of an expert on the nuclear-arms race as he was on civil-rights problems. His lectures invariably included weighty barrages of facts and statistics, reflecting a worldly expertise that Catholic diehards find unattractive in a priest. This is a typical passage from one of his 1965 speeches:

> Let us see some of the paradoxes and contradictions of our position, both moral and political. Forty to fifty million of our people are in poverty, with annual incomes ranging from the three-thousand-dollar level depicting poverty to one thousand and below. Our gold stock is just above the legal twelve billion required by law as the foundation of our currency—the main source of depletion being the heavy dollar spending of our military overseas. Over fifty per cent of our budget goes for the support of our military machine. Seventy per cent, and perhaps more, of our overseas aid is military or defense-oriented, giving a faint idea of what we have not done for societies which should be brought to levels of political and economic sufficiency. We have at the present time perhaps four thousand aircraft and missiles capable of delivering our nuclear arsenal. They can deliver warheads with explosive power equivalent to twenty-two billion tons of TNT, and this equals seven tons of TNT for every person on our planet. In addition, we have stockpiles of nuclear warheads twice in number of those for which we have carriers—some thirty-four to fifty billion tons of TNT. If we were to attack the Sino-Soviet bloc, and lose in the process thirty per cent of our carrier vehicles, we could overkill both China and Russia five hundred times. If we attacked the Soviet Union alone, and suffered fifty per cent loss of delivery weapons, we could overkill it twelve hundred and fifty times.

Like all moves aimed at keeping the Berrigans out of public view, Philip's transfer to Newburgh created a greater stir than the poor Josephites could ever have dreamed of. Newburgh, the center of the Orange County Birch Society, a preponderantly Roman Catholic town dominated by small-business people and veterans' groups, was an ideal spot for a Berrigan to get into trouble. Newburgh had made headlines when its city manager, Joseph Mitchell, tried to restrict distribution of welfare funds. The summer Philip arrived, Mitchell

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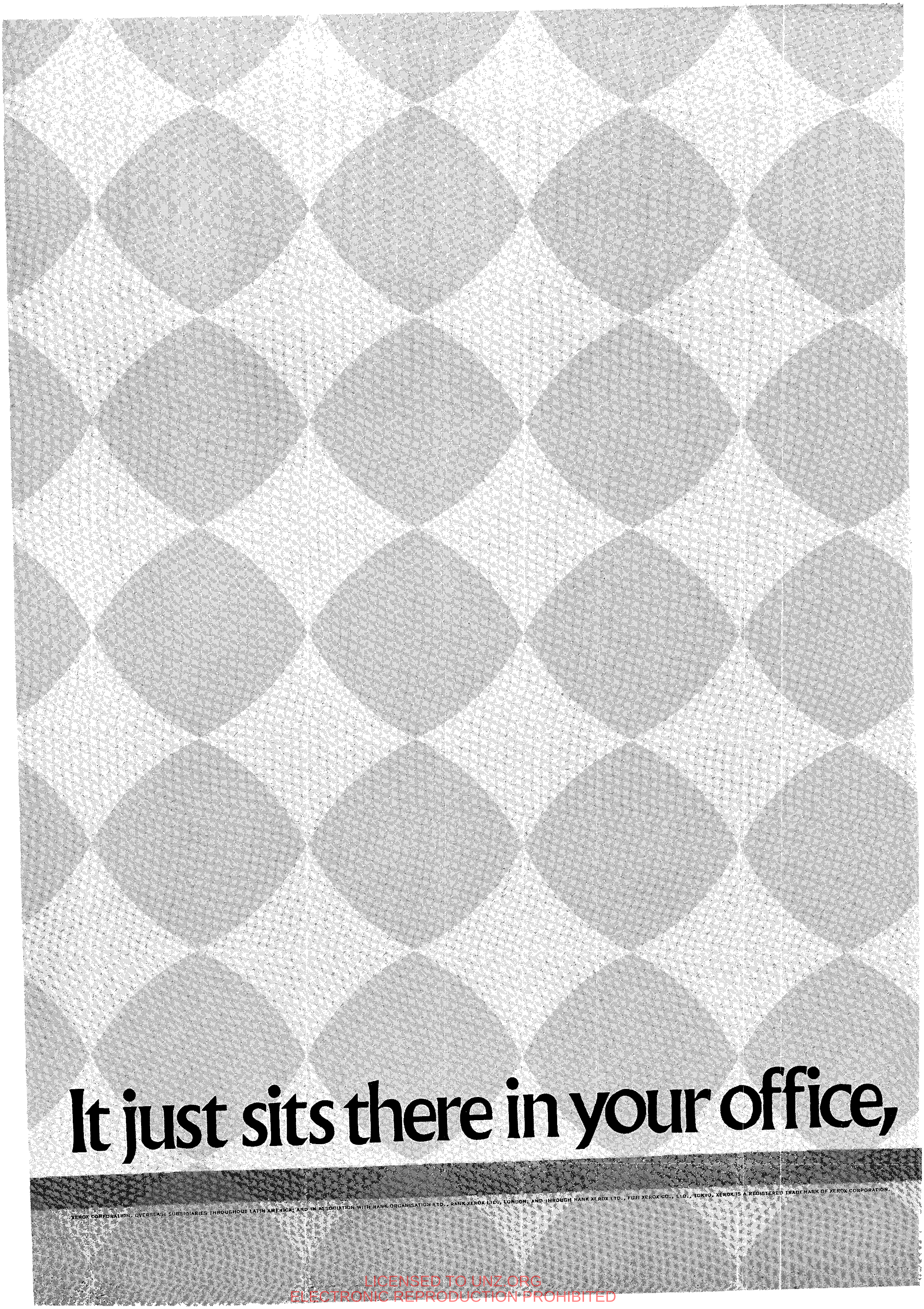
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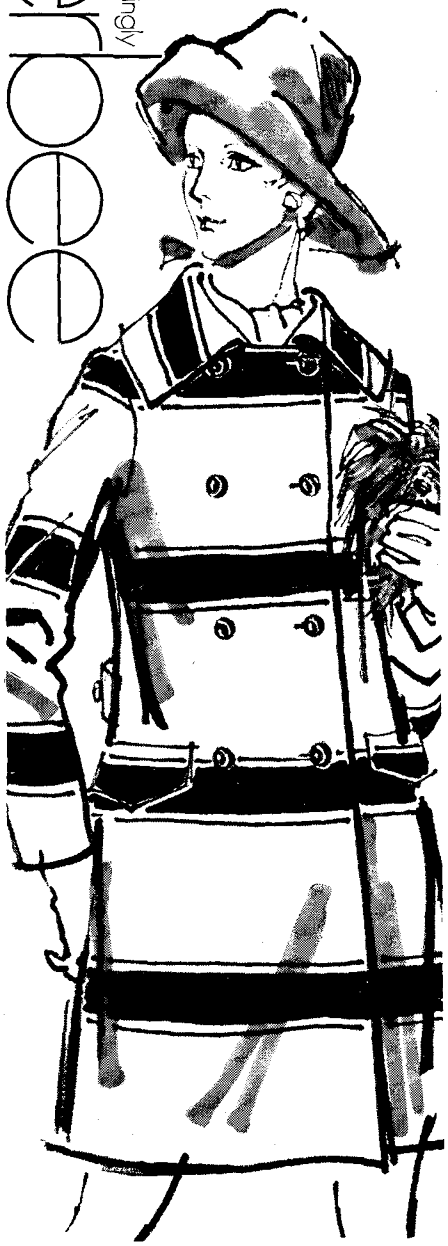

had resigned, with the announced intention of accepting a post with the John Birch Society. But Mitchell's departure had not changed the town much. Philip had always compensated for his timid associates by starting community centers modelled on the Catholic Worker movement wherever he was stationed. The center in Newburgh on South Street that he founded in the first month of his stay offered food and shelter around the clock, used clothes, babysitting services, remedial-reading instruction. He went on to organize the seminarians with a militancy unheard of in the Josephite order, dividing them up and assigning them to work ward by ward. They were ordered to visit every poor family in town to survey building violations. The seminary authorities were unnerved to discover that Father Berrigan was keeping some seminarians out all night surveying the wards. But he was the Josephites' most distinguished writer, and he fulfilled his teaching duties punctiliously. They let him be until later in the winter of 1965, when the problems of the Vietnam war began to divide the United States.

On February 8, 1965, President Johnson ordered "retaliatory strikes" on North Vietnamese targets. A few weeks later, the Berrigans attended the first major public demonstrations against the war. One was a rally at New York's Community Church, where Daniel joined David Dellinger, A. J. Muste, and Kay Boyle on the speakers' rostrum. Daniel's indictment had a papal absoluteness about it: "To wage war in modern times as war is being waged in Vietnam is forbidden. . . . In such war, man stands outside the blessing of God. He stands, in fact, under His curse." Several days after that, Philip Berrigan was protesting the war at a sidewalk vigil in Times Square. An article in *Commonweal* praised the Berrigans for their courage in being the first Catholic priests in the United States to publicly criticize their government's policy in Vietnam, and predicted "plenty of fallout."

Philip, always joyous in a controversy, shuttled between the New York City protests and Newburgh, where he had just established a new peace group called the Emergency Citizens' Group Concerned About Vietnam. "I've formed a great peace clan here, meeting every Sunday night—knowledgeable and gung-ho," he wrote to James Forest in March. And, blithely, two weeks later: "Just got a corker of a letter from the Superior, who threatened to move me if I would not curtail my activities in peace. . . . I wrote him a corker of a letter back to explain my position. God's love and strength—please pray for an overinstitutionalized cleric." And whenever he had a moment off from his teaching duties, he stormed around the New York area lecturing against the war. In 1965, very few priests in the United States knew the chronology of the Vietnam conflict as well as Philip Berrigan, and his diatribes were, as usual, powerfully documented:

> Let this be said about the moral untenability of our position there. The only international agreement which could possibly justify our action in Southeast Asia was the Geneva Conference of 1954. Yet, in opposition to the wishes of Secretary Dulles, the Conference called for a united Vietnam in two years by national plebiscite, and we refused to sign it, but promised to honor its terms. In seven months, we had broken our word, and had begun to organize and train the South Vietnamese Army. By 1956, we had again broken our word by refusing to hold the Geneva-ordered elections. Ho Chi Minh, with a patience that goes largely uncredited, waited until 1958 before calling for guerrilla action in the South, and from that time on our position has grown increasingly disastrous. We have never admitted that the war is a civil war, because admitting this would be tantamount to admitting that we had no right there, that no recognized government had invited us in, that we were opposing international agreement, and that the increasing scale of our aggression was punishing a popular uprising. The fact is that we broke the Geneva agreements of 1954 and have no present intention of returning to them, that we do seek a wider war and prove it amply by our daily actions.

Philip frequently laced his lectures with bold criticism of his Church's silence on the Vietnam war:

> The Christian Church has been one of the staunchest allies of nationalism and the natural armor of weaponry and militarism that nationalism demands; of the imperception and witch-hunting relative to Communism; of the trivia and baubles of American bourgeois living. The American Church, in regard to Vietnam, has already reached the measure of default of the German Church under Hitler, and a position far less defensible, since in speaking of the immorality of Hitler's aggressive wars the German Church had to confront a totalitarian regime, and we do not.

That was, and still is, a bitter pill for most Americans to swallow—not to speak of the average Newburgh Catholic. And the predicted fallout began. On March 29th, at the neighboring Catholic College of Mount St. Mary's, Philip's peace group sponsored a public discussion at which a panel of economists and historians from nearby uni-

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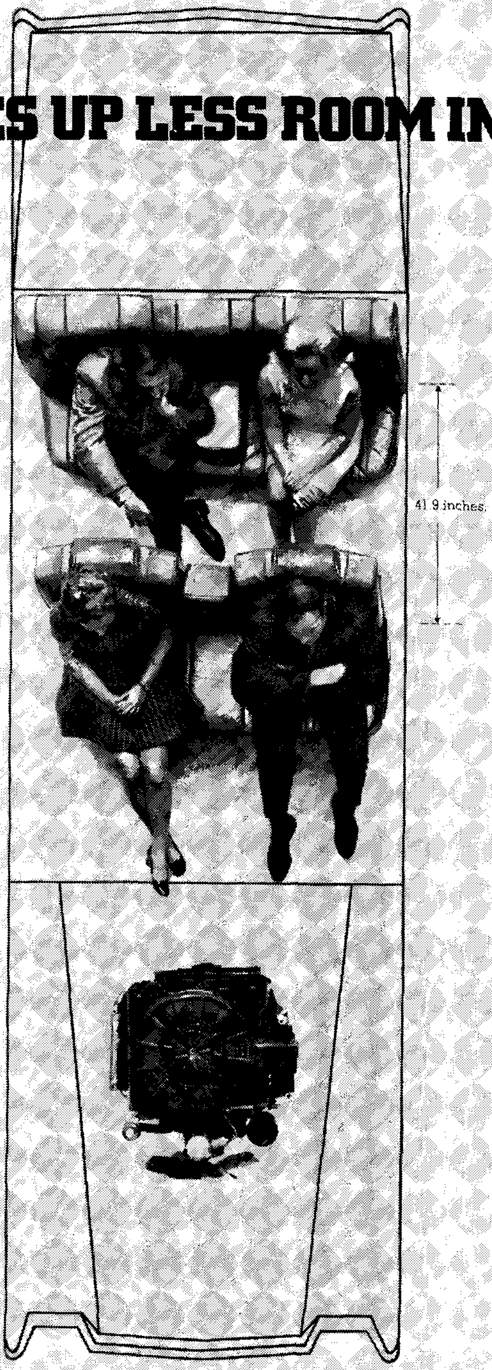

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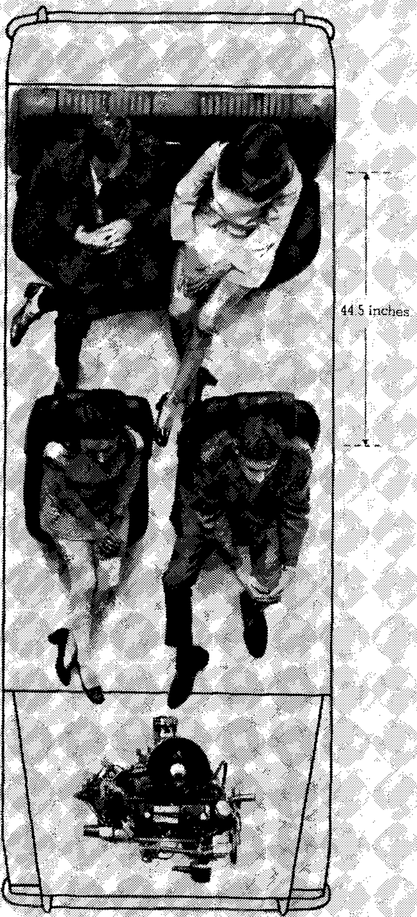

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versities denounced the Vietnam war. The community reaction was violent. The speakers were shouted down, and the meeting became a shambles. The Newburgh *Evening News* connected the forum with "the long application of propaganda as advanced by the Kremlin." Philip sent the clipping to James Forest with these comments: "This editorial from the local rag gives you an idea of the climate we're confronting here. The phone calls and the letters have been appalling. The rector was aroused at 2 A.M. the other morning by a poor sick guy who was wondering if I was the man who raped and killed a widow recently in New York. Our rector here has been magnificent throughout." Not satisfied with complaining to Philip's rector, the citizens of Newburgh also directed complaints to the Superior of the Josephite order, in Baltimore. In the first days of April, Philip was summoned there to see the Superior, and was ordered to resign his chairmanship of the Emergency Citizens' Group and to stop speaking about the Vietnam war. He complied for about four days.

Philip Berrigan is an obsessed and obstinate man. Less than a week after being reprimanded by his Superior, he went to lecture before the Newburgh Community Affairs Council—an engagement he had made several months previously. The Council had asked him to lecture on civil rights, a traditional theme for Josephites, but in the middle of his talk Philip launched once more into a jeremiad against the Vietnam war, analyzing it as an evil inextricably involved with the race problem:

> Do you honestly expect that we could so abuse our own Negro citizens for three hundred and forty years, so resist their moral and democratic rights, so mistreat, exploit, starve, terrorize, rape, and murder them without all this showing itself in foreign policy? Is it possible for us to be vicious, brutal, immoral, and violent at home and be fair, judicious, beneficent, and idealistic abroad?

The association between the Negro problem and the Vietnam war, between violence at home and violence abroad, drew criticism the following year, when Martin Luther King expounded it. A year earlier, in Newburgh, as put forward by Philip Berrigan, it caused a storm of anger. A local paper reacted with an editorial entitled "Civil Rights and the Reds," which deplored tactics that were likely to alienate "those good and loyal Americans who sincerely want to help the Negro, but who are reluctant to put themselves beside individuals actively serving Communist

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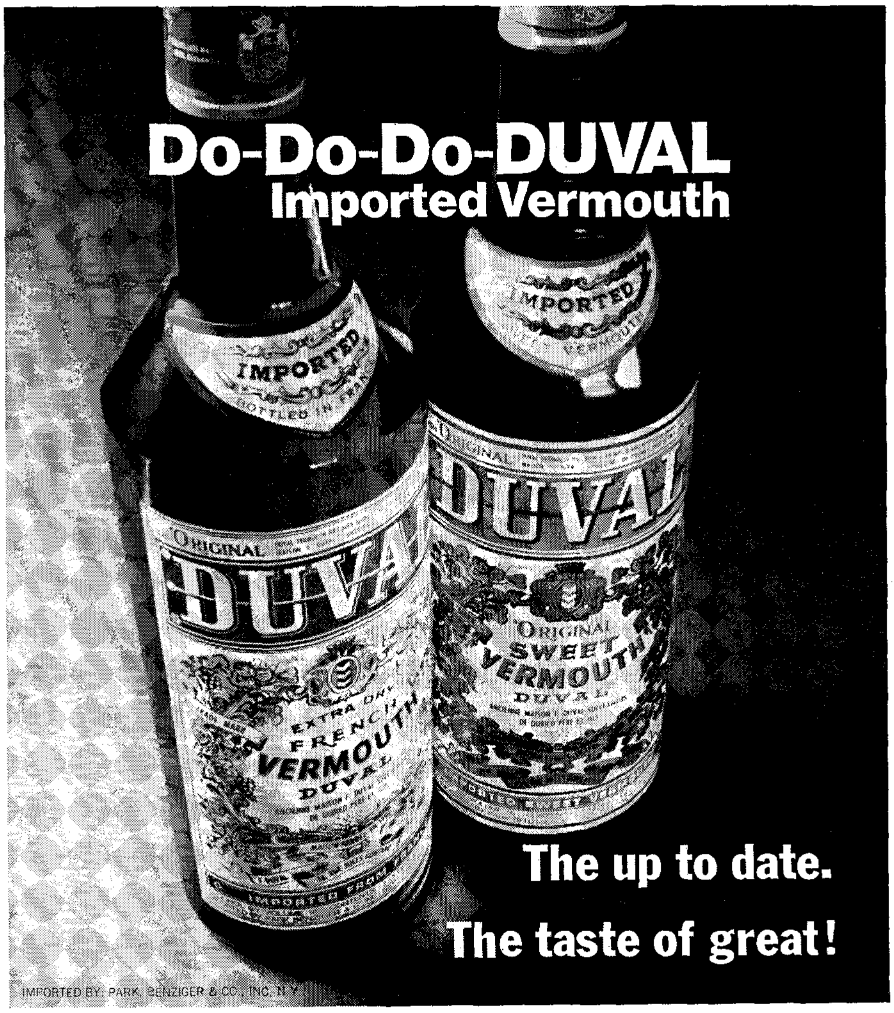

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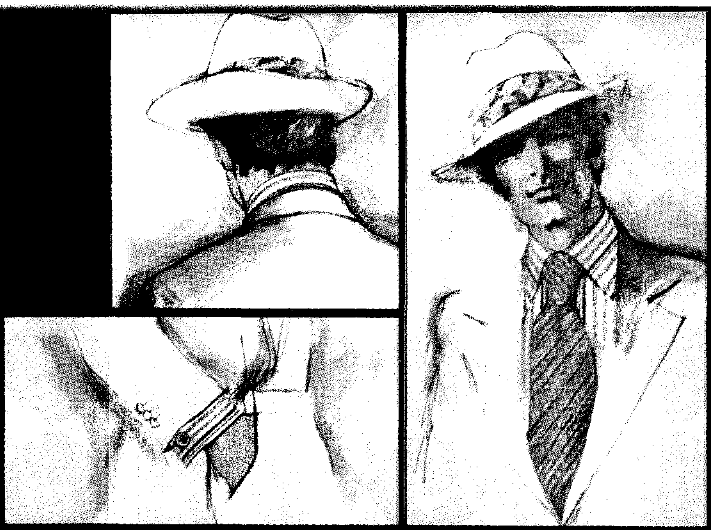
objectives." Over the next three days, the rector was swamped by phone calls. The callers threatened that unless Father Berrigan was immediately removed, the parents of each of his pupils would receive a letter stating that their English instructor was a Communist. The rector concluded that his college could not afford such animosity from the public. Two weeks after *Philip's* talk, it was announced that he was to be transferred to Baltimore.

"FR. PHILIP BERRIGAN OUSTED, SILENCED" was the front-page headline of that week's *National Catholic Reporter*. The ouster enraged every Catholic progressive in the country except Philip. He seemed overjoyed that the issue of the Vietnam war was finally being aired within the Church. "Don't worry about this," he wrote to James Forest the day after his transfer was made public. "We have many things working for us. People have been magnificent and they are rallying to issues with uncommon vim and vigor. I feel that God will be very powerful in the lists. Fraternally in our Lord, may Christ make us a leaven worthy of Him. In His Body—Phil, S.S.J." Upon leaving Newburgh, he seemed more confident and more at peace than he had ever before been in his life.

He was, indeed, anything but alone. Hundreds of letters arrived praising his outspokenness on the Vietnam war. One of them was from Father Richard McSorley, professor at Georgetown University, mentor and confessor of the Kennedy family, one of the most influential Jesuits in the United States. "I respect you, I salute you . . ." Father McSorley wrote. "I thank you for the example you have given me by letting the light of your faith shine brightly before men. The light that comes from your faith encourages me to believe that the Church is not dead."

ALTHOUGH the Berrigans are recognized as leaders of the entire peace movement, the passions involved in their protests and the extreme forms their protests have taken are a uniquely Catholic phenomenon. For their anger is just as much directed at the blind nationalism of their Church as at the Vietnam war. Catholics have often tended to regard the commands of the state as unchallengeable, sometimes even as sacred. When Francis Cardinal Spellman was asked to comment on the American Vietnam policy during a trip to Saigon in 1965, he replied staunchly, "My country, may it always be right. Right or wrong, my country." This



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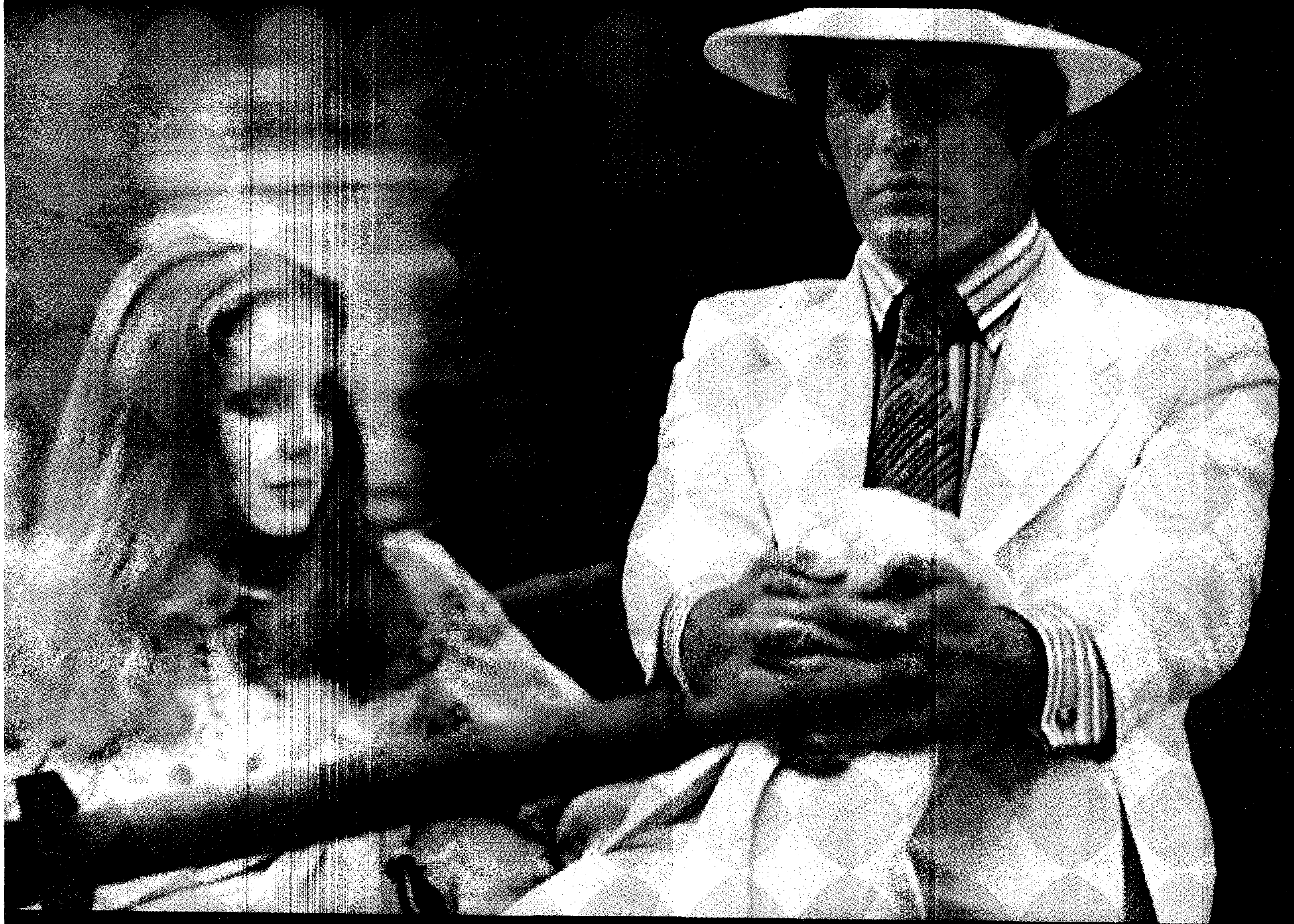

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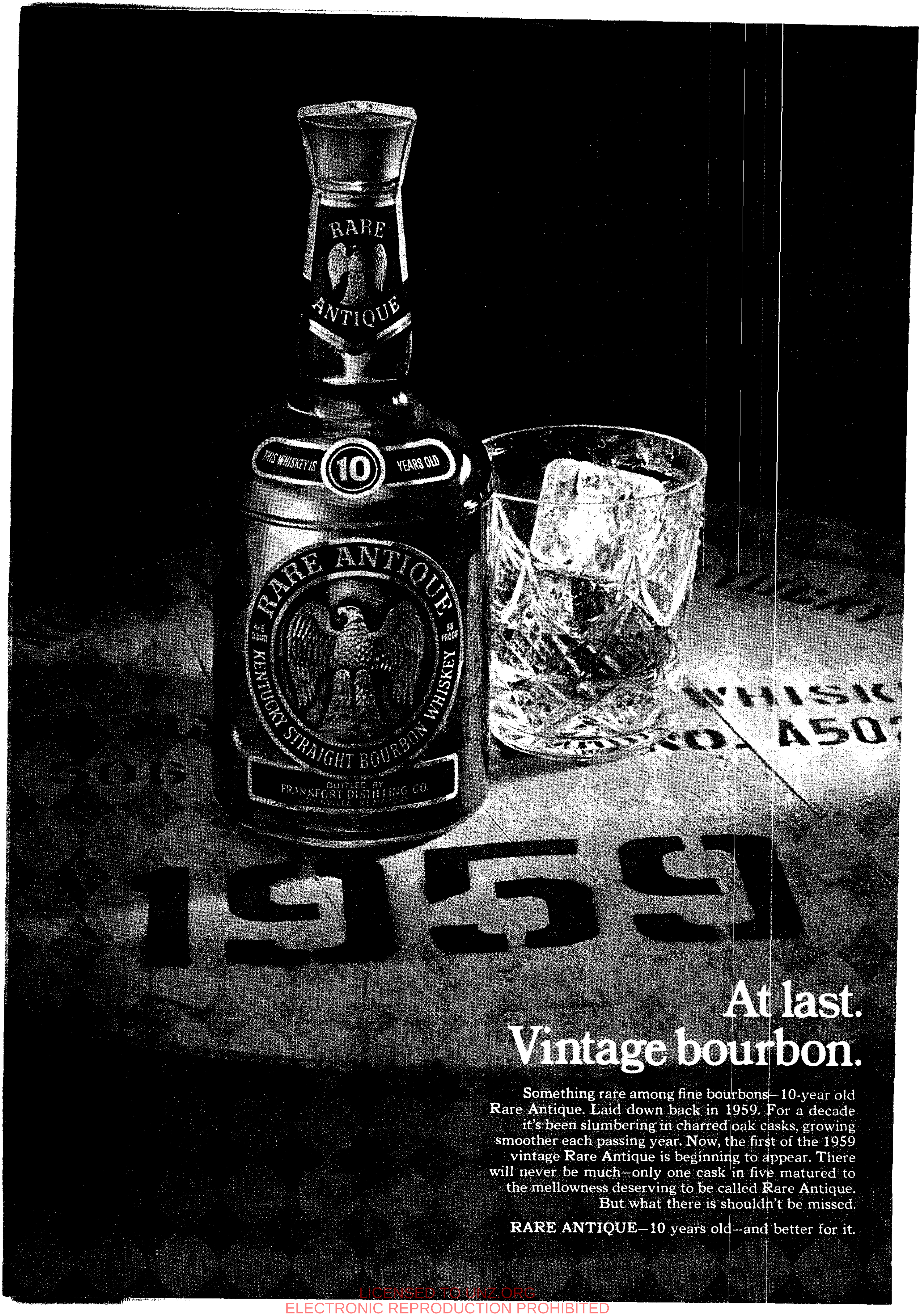
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attitude is related to the medieval Catholic idea that the power of the state is God-given—a notion that the Reformation, in theory, tried to dispel. Furthermore, the moral absolutism of the Catholic Church tends to satanize Communism more readily than other religious traditions do. The Catholic pacifists, therefore, have found themselves infinitely more embattled than the Protestant pacifists, whose churches are steeped in a tradition of dissent against secular power. A Gallup poll taken in September of 1966, shortly after the Berrigans' activities began to attract national attention, showed that Catholic support of Lyndon Johnson's Vietnam policy was much greater than Protestant and Jewish support: fifty-four per cent of the Catholics questioned approved of it, compared to forty-one per cent of the Jews and thirty-nine per cent of the Protestants.

For Catholics opposed to the war, the silence or outright hawkishness of the Catholic Church in America seemed painfully ironic in an institution that venerates its martyrs—men who, by definition, placed the law of conscience above the laws of governments. It seemed all the more ironic in a church that still holds the doctrine of the Just War in high respect. The Just War doctrine, which is essentially a compromise between the pure pacifism of the Gospels and the demands of the secular state, emerged in the fifth century, after Constantine's conversion, when Christianity became the official religion of the war-loving Roman Empire. As refined by St. Augustine and other early Church Fathers, the doctrine specifies that a war can be considered just only if it meets all the following conditions: (1) it must be declared by legitimate authority; (2) it must be a defensive war waged against an unjust aggressor; (3) all peaceful remedies must have been exhausted before resorting to the use of force; (4) the lives of innocents and noncombatants must be protected; (5) it must follow the "principle of proportionality," which is to say that the war's methods should be no more oppressive than the evils it is attempting to remedy. The Berrigans have frequently told Catholics that the Vietnam war does not fulfill even one condition of the Just War doctrine. In his battering fashion, Philip has developed this argument frequently:

> Our support of the Saigon government, which is, in reality, no government; our indiscriminate attacks with bombs and napalm against innocent peasants in the hope of killing a few Vietcong; our bombing of industry and transportation in

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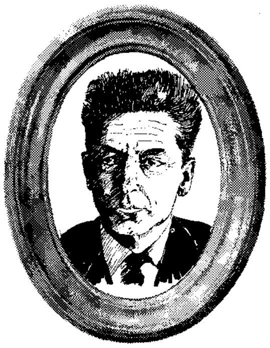
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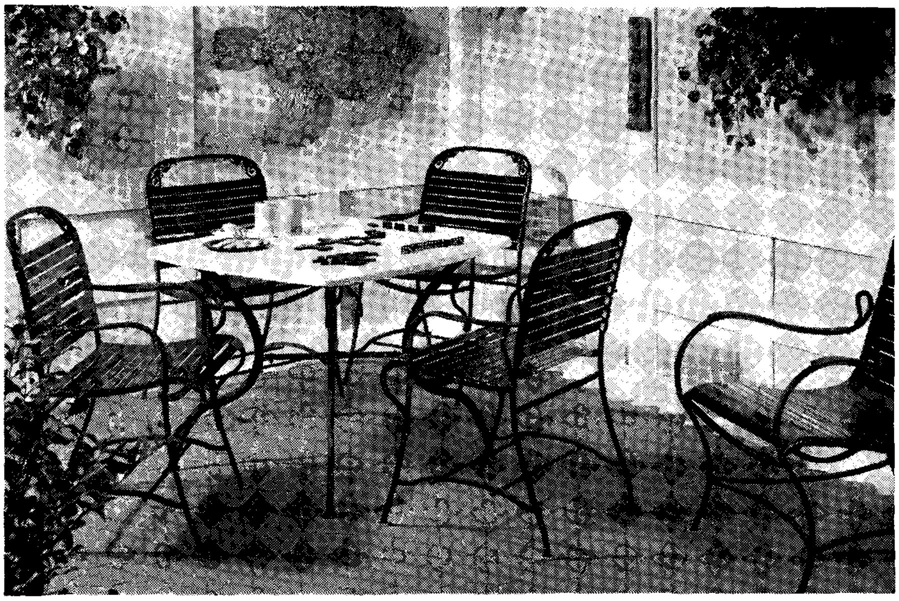
a nation against whom we have no cause for grievance, and against whom we have not declared war; our testing of inhumane weapons and the increasing troop commitment to a combat role; the whole rising tide of savagery and ruin which we have provoked and which we now *sustain—these not only contradict* the Gospel and make fidelity to it a mockery, they also reject, out of hand, the theory of the Just War.

Before the second session of the Vatican Council, Catholic pacifists were a rare species. They have proliferated rapidly since the Council ended in 1965. Pope John's encyclical "Pacem in Terris" issued what many understood to be a clear call for total pacifism in a nuclear age. Another important Council schema, "The Constitution of the Church in the Modern World," called for clearer government recognition of the rights of conscientious objectors. And by 1967 James Forest was counselling what he estimates as some two hundred Catholic conscientious objectors a month at the Catholic Peace Fellowship, an organization he had founded in 1965 with the sponsorship of the Berrigans, Dorothy Day, and Thomas Merton. By then, the American Catholic Church had developed an unprecedented division over the Vietnam war. In support of Pope Paul, who in 1965 had been critical of the United States intervention, leading Catholic theologians, such as Merton, Father John McKenzie, Father Robert Drinan, and the Berrigans, together with the liberal Catholic press—*Commonweal*, *Jubilee*, *Ave Maria*, the *Critic*, the *National Catholic Reporter*—had criticized the Vietnam war as one of the most immoral acts in our history. On the other side were conservative publications (the Brooklyn *Tablet*, for instance), most of the bishops, and, of course, most of their communicants. The lines were drawn, producing what Daniel Berrigan called "some beautiful polarization," or, in Philip's words, "a hell of a Marcusian situation"—eminently ripe, in his opinion, for the politics of confrontation dear to the New Left.

BY 1965, the year after Daniel Berrigan returned to New York from France, he had become one of the most controversial and idolized Jesuits of his generation. The Society's *enfant terrible* was feared by its older members but so much admired by its younger ones that the middle-of-the-roaders were forced to tolerate him for the sake of their order. One of them said at the time, "If we ever got rid of Dan, it would mean bye-bye



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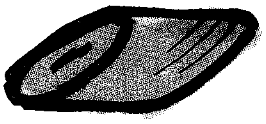
  A Giant called O'Green
(A broth of a tall boy) employs
  A keen green bean machine.



He slices beans obliquely
  (Why, the spunky young spalpeen!),
For a kitty-cornered cut reveals
  More fresh, crisp inner bean.
Such sweet, clean, green bean flavor
  To complement cuisine:
That's why a bias-cut is used
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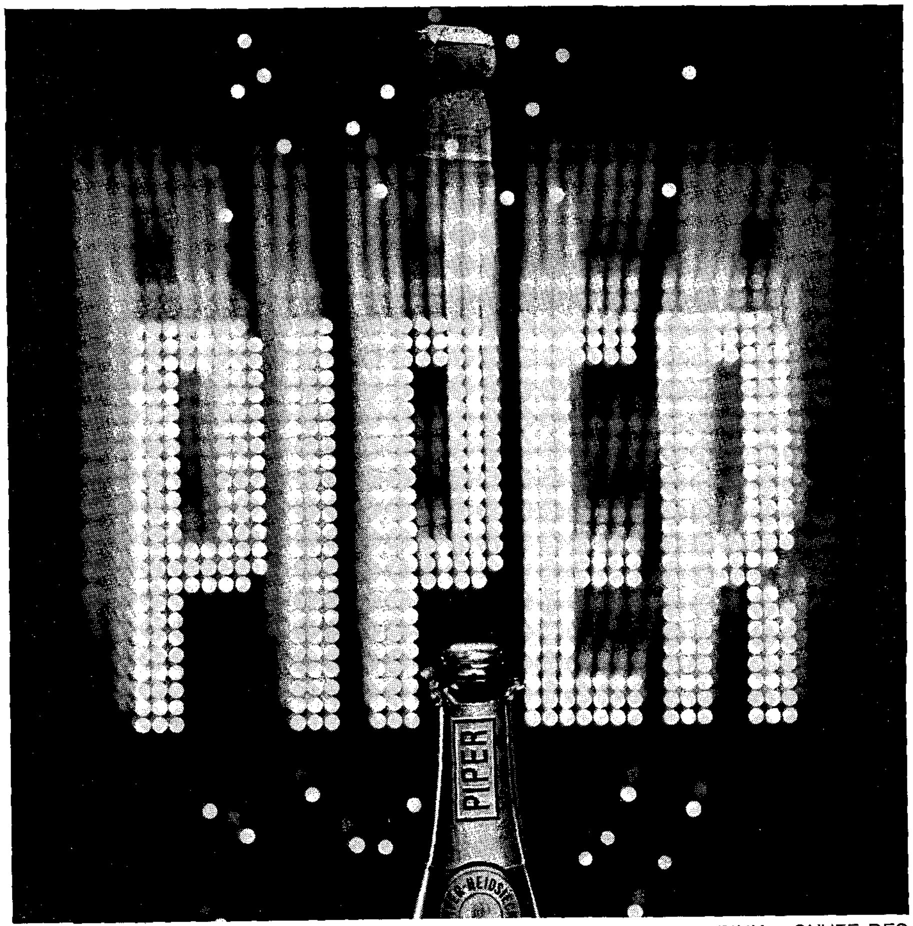

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Jack to a thousand seminarians. We could never afford it."

Daniel had entered upon what was in many ways the most respectable period of his life. He had begun a three-year term as associate editor of *Jesuit Missions*, a politely liberal monthly publication, which provided him with a place to live at its headquarters, in an elegant brownstone on East Seventy-eighth Street that had once belonged to Emily Post. He received innumerable invitations to lecture on theology and on pacifism at universities, convents, and literary clubs. He was writing a great many poems and essays, and had published four books since winning the Lamont Poetry Award in 1957. He participated in a number of civil-rights teach-ins and sit-ins, and his popularity was so great that some of his old friends found it almost unnerving. "You can't ever be alone with Dan anymore," one of them said. "Wherever he goes, there's this crowd of kids surrounding him like a guard." Like other prominent Jesuits, Daniel also mingled with the powerful. He came to know the Kennedys, whom he considered "excellent world servants." He celebrated liturgies in Sargent Shriver's living room, with Senator Edward Kennedy reading the Epistle.

There is nothing that distresses a Berrigan more than the sense that he is becoming fashionable, and Daniel has always remained capable of disconcerting his order. He pasted a poster-size photograph of his friend Sister Mary Corita, laughing heartily, on one wall of his shower, and on her shoulder he pinned a button, bought in an East Village psychedelic shop, that said "Save Water, Shower with a Friend." He also talked about the possibility of adopting a child. This was part of his agitation against compulsory celibacy. He adored children, he said, and had always wanted a son, and why should he be robbed of a joy that priests would have ten years from now? He delighted in expounding on all the embarrassment such an adoption would cause the Church. What would Cardinal Spellman's Chancery say? Were *there any* precedents? Could they look it up in canon law?

Another activity of Daniel's that made the *Missions* headquarters on Seventy-eighth Street uneasy was his experimentation with spontaneous liturgies. He had grown increasingly impatient with traditional parish services during his recent stay in Europe, and when he returned to New York he began sharing a weekly liturgy with

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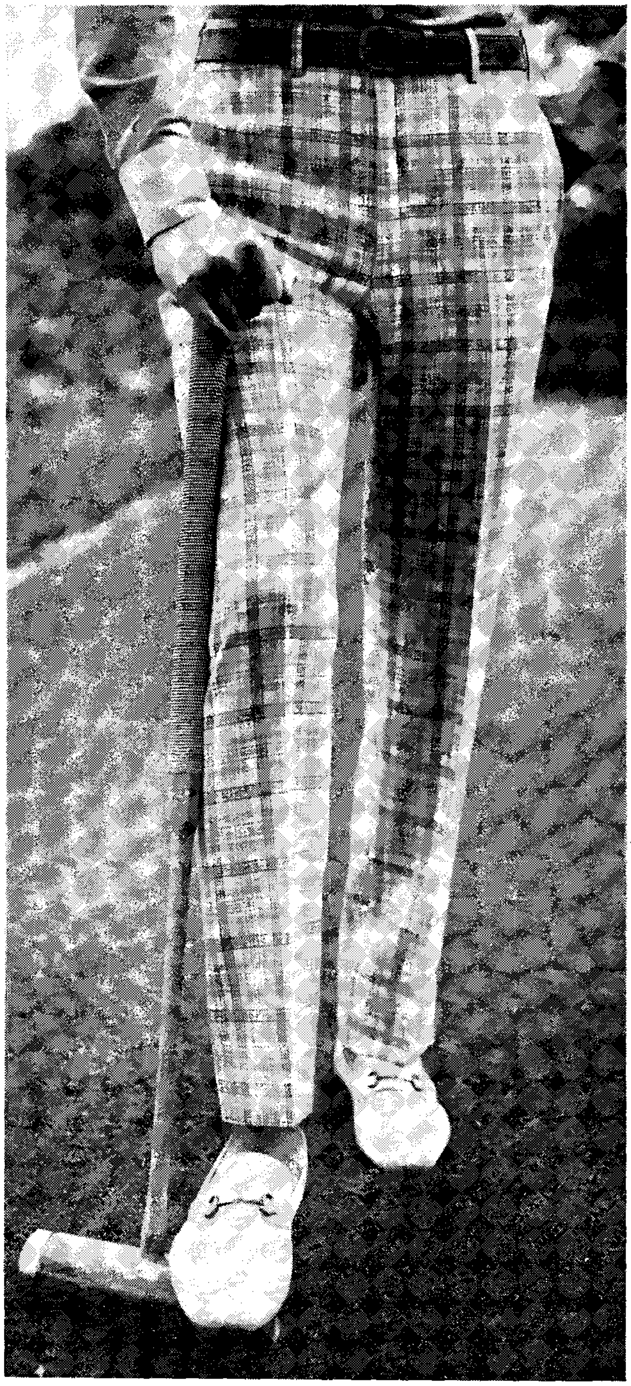

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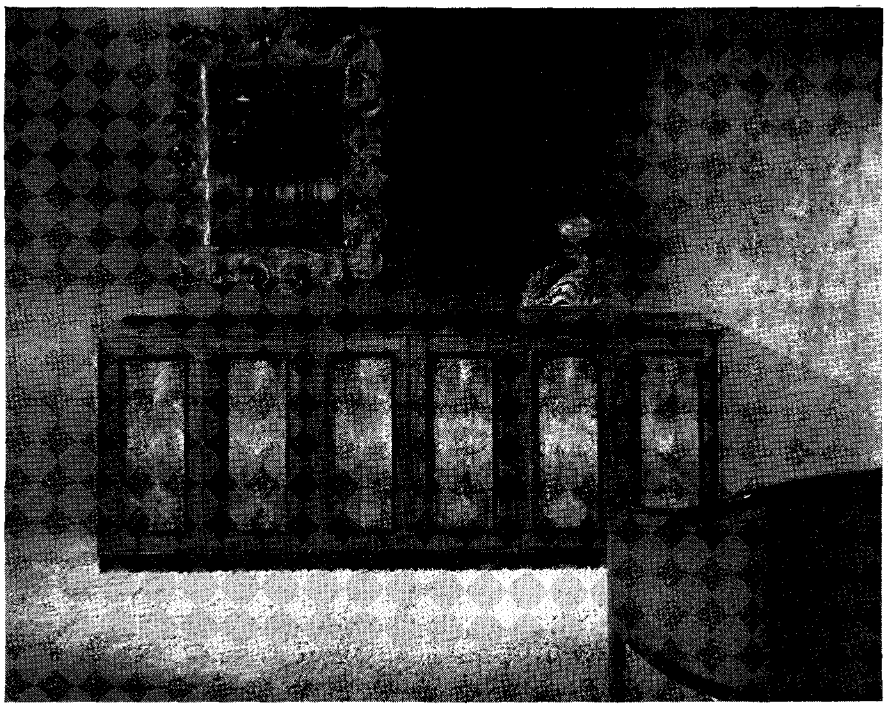

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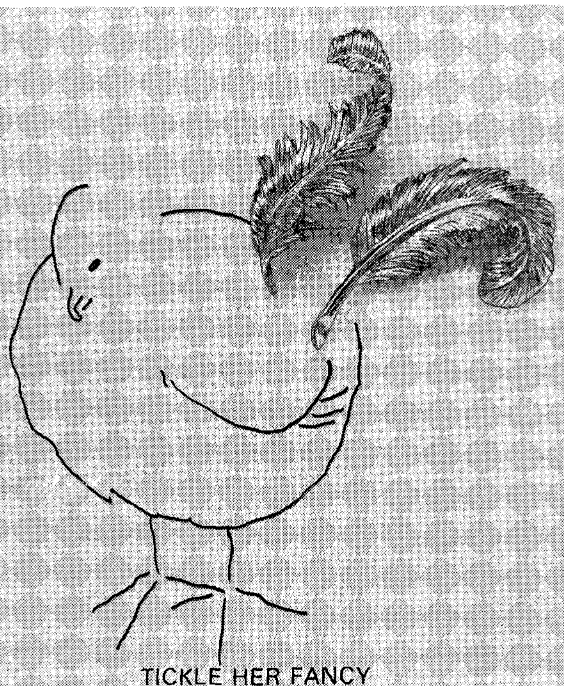

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James Forest when they met, at lunchtime, in Daniel's room to discuss the running of the Catholic Peace Fellowship. After a brief business session, Daniel would reach into a desk drawer where he always kept a loaf of bread and a few bottles of wine, and arrange his drawing board into a little altar. Forest would read the Epistle, Daniel would read the Gospel, and the two men would talk at length about the implications of the day's Scriptures. Then Daniel would improvise a Canon, which usually included long stretches of his favorite writers—Auden, Péguy, Pablo Neruda. And after a poetic Consecration the two men would share Communion. Although neither Daniel nor Forest ever discovered who the informer was, it became clear that the authorities knew about these services and were becoming edgy about them. After a few months, Daniel lowered his window shades in the middle of the day to thwart spies. One noon, Forest walked in to find Daniel very despondent. A superior had scolded him harshly for their liturgies, Daniel said, and, like each of the Society's chastisements of him, it had hurt him deeply. He would change the format of their Eucharist today, he added. Daniel reached into his drawer, as usual, for the bread and wine. Forest read the Epistle, Daniel read the Gospel, and they had their dialogue homily. And then Daniel let Forest know that he wished total silence. Daniel stood in front of his drawing board, holding the plate of bread in his hands in the traditional gesture of consecration, staring into space with his serene, ingenuous gaze, but saying nothing. After twenty minutes of absolute silence, Daniel turned to Forest and said, with his most pixieish smile, "Let the good Lord make of this what He will!" He broke the bread and shared it with his friend.

There continued to be anxious talk about the liturgies, however. Daniel's immediate superior at *Jesuit Missions*, a bearish, kindly man named Patrick Cotter, who had been a loyal friend of his since Le Moyne days, kept urging him to be cautious. "Cool it on the liturgy, cool it on the civil rights, cool it on peace—cool it, man," Father Cotter would moan every week. And Daniel did cool it on the liturgy, because more important issues were arising in the year 1965. "If I am to be removed someday from the New York scene," he wrote to a friend that summer, "it should be on a real issue, something having to do with the man in the ditch, rather than on the issue of liturgy." Men in the ditch were be-

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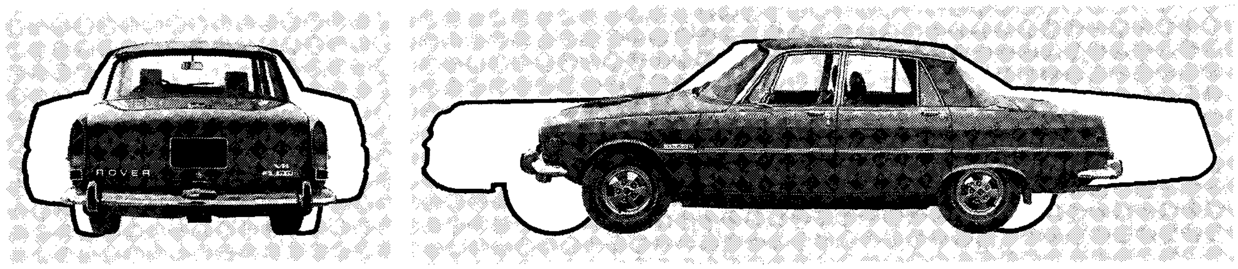

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ing killed at an increasing rate in Vietnam during that year, and Daniel was soon speaking out so loudly against the war that his liturgies were all but forgotten.

On October 15, 1965, David Miller, aged twenty-two, a member of the Catholic Worker movement and also of Daniel's spiritual élite at Le Moyne College, became the first American to violate the new federal law against burning draft cards. Like the numerous Catholic war protests that were to follow, the act was carried out with a meticulous sense of public relations. Miller, a six-foot-two, clean-cut former football star, dressed for the occasion in a Brooks Brothers business suit, put his Zippo to his draft card in front of some five hundred war protesters and newsmen gathered on Whitehall Street. Besides having become a friend of Daniel Berrigan's at Le Moyne, Miller had been closely associated with Philip's civil-rights work in the Deep South, and neither of these connections was lost on the press or on the Church authorities. Although Daniel had warned all his young disciples of the consequences of burning their draft cards, the Berrigans' names were immediately linked with Miller's protest. The following week, Philip added to the controversy in an interview that appeared in the Baltimore *Evening Sun:*

Q.: Do you feel David Miller was disloyal when he burned his draft card?

A.: On the contrary, I think this was the highest expression of loyalty.... His action expressed that at a certain point a Christian has to say "No" to something so foreign to his own beliefs.

Q.: Do you believe that the draft-card burnings, teach-ins . . . are setting an unfavorable pattern of civil disobedience, albeit non-violent?

A.: No. We as a people came from a revolutionary heritage. Dissent is a cherished part of the democratic process, and today as alternatives to that process arise dissent becomes even more important....

Q.: Father, have you participated in peace demonstrations and do you feel your position as a Roman Catholic priest in any way compromises this involvement?

A.: I have participated in demonstrations. It would seem to me that in the present order of things the clerical voice is absolutely essential . . . to give guidance to those whose consciences are searching along these lines.

The clerical voice was raised with ecumenical vigor a few weeks later, at the founding meeting, in New York, of a new anti-war group called Clergy Concerned About Vietnam. The founders and co-chairmen of the organization were the Pastor Richard Neuhaus, a young Lutheran minister from Brooklyn; Rabbi Abraham Heschel, the most prominent American theologian of Orthodox Judaism; and Father Daniel Berrigan. The national committee of Clergy Concerned About Vietnam (which later changed its name to Clergy and Laymen Concerned About Vietnam) included the president of Union Theological Seminary, Dr. John Bennett; the Methodist bishop of Boston, James Matthews; the secretary of the World Council of Churches, Eugene Carson Blake; the president of the Unitarian Congregations of America, Dana McLean Greeley; Reinhold Niebuhr; Martin Luther King, Jr.; Robert McAfee Brown; Harvey Cox; William Sloane Coffin, Jr.; and a number of other prominent clerical leaders who were not only concerned but extremely angry about the Vietnam war. Clergy Concerned began to schedule rallies, vigils, pickets, fasts, demonstrations in the nation's capital. The clerical composition of the group had considerable shock value in a country where, by and large, churchmen had stayed away from politics. What were all those white collars doing in front of the Pentagon? It was especially jolting for Cardinal Spellman's Chancery to find the Jesuits' golden boy as their cheerleader, for, otherwise, Catholic participation in the group was conspicuously small. Following so closely upon Miller's draft-card burning, Daniel's leadership of Clergy Concerned was the second step that seemed certain to bring on a new crisis in the Berrigans' relationship with Church authorities.

There was a third step, a tragic one. On November 9th, a young member of the Catholic Worker movement, Roger LaPorte, whom Daniel had met once in the company of Dorothy Day, doused himself with gasoline and immolated himself before the United Nations headquarters in protest against the Vietnam war. The Catholic Worker community asked Daniel to deliver the sermon at a memorial service. In order, he said later, "to assuage the emotions of very grieved friends," Daniel did not censure the youth's suicide. Instead, he ended his funeral sermon with the sentence "His death was offered so that others may live." Cardinal Spellman and much of his staff were in Rome

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that fall, attending a session of the Second Vatican Council. When Spellman's second-in-command, Bishop John Maguire, flew back to New York in the third week of November, it was said that he had returned for the express purpose of removing Daniel Berrigan from the United States.

Upon Bishop Maguire's arrival in New York, intricate diplomatic negotiations began between Chancery authorities and the superiors of the Jesuit order. The result was that on the night of November 16th Father Cotter, pale and obviously shaken, walked into Daniel's room, and the following conversation, or something very similar to it, took place.

"The fat's in the fire," Father Cotter said.

"I haven't got much fat, and where's the fire?" Daniel said.

"You've got to go on a trip," Father Cotter said.

"I don't feel like travelling this winter," Daniel said.

"You have to go on a trip," Father Cotter repeated.

"What if I don't want to?" Daniel asked.

"Be sensible," Father Cotter pleaded. "I've fought for you. It's infinitely better than what they'd originally planned for you."

"What was that?" Daniel asked.

"I can't tell you," Father Cotter said darkly.

Daniel was given orders to leave for Mexico within the week.

A fortnight later, on November 28th, Clergy Concerned About Vietnam held its first public meeting at New York's Methodist Christ Church. Several hundred clerics present overwhelmingly passed a resolution that "the conflict in Vietnam, according to our religious convictions, is not a just war." There was an empty chair on the platform, between Pastor Neuhaus's chair and Rabbi Heschel's, to mark Daniel Berrigan's absence. Philip Berrigan gave a rousing speech in his brother's place.

What angered Daniel's friends the most throughout this crisis was the refusal on the part of Church authorities to admit that he was in any kind of trouble. His trip, the Jesuits said, was just a routine reporting assignment. Father Berrigan's great literary gifts were being used to report on Latin America for *Jesuit Missions*. On the day he was ordered to leave the country, two other young Jesuits, Fathers Francis Keating and Daniel Kilfoyle, of St. Peter's College, in Jersey City,

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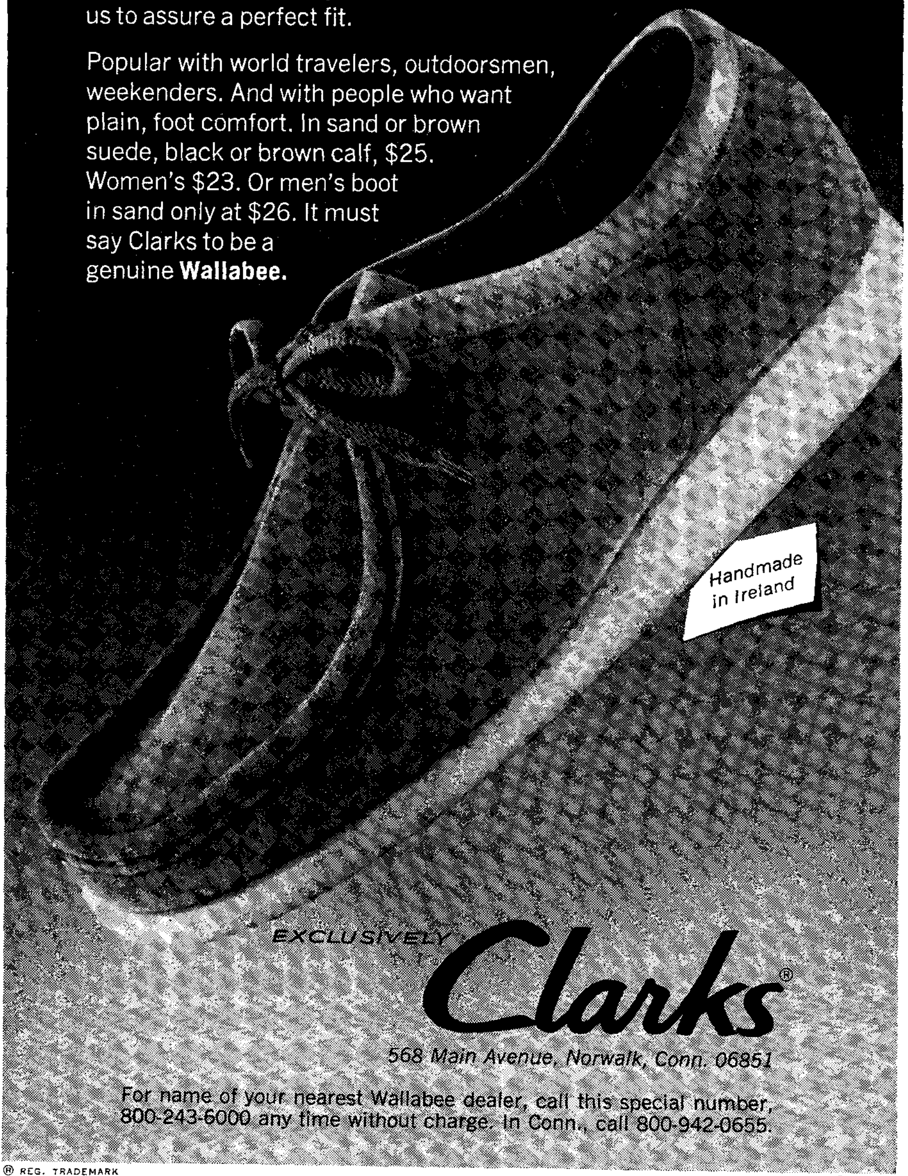

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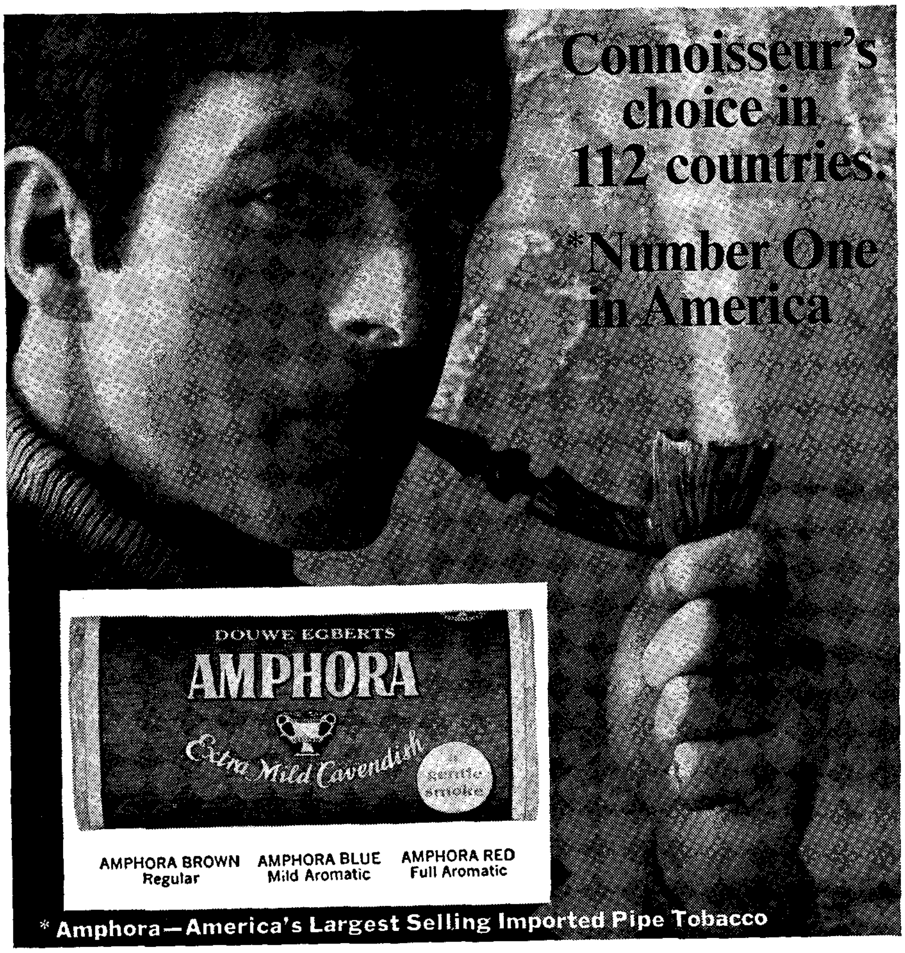
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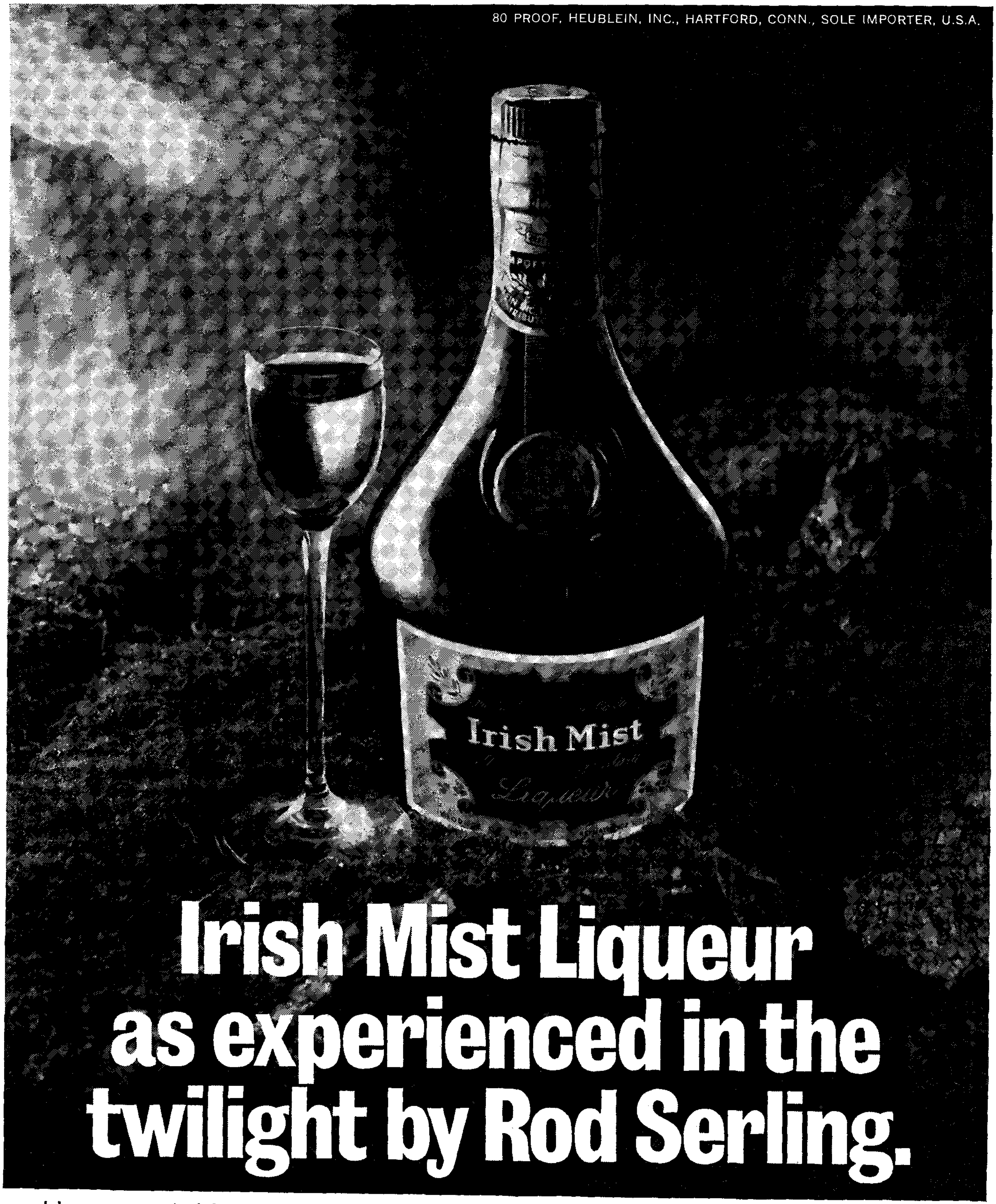
were ordered to take their names off the Clergy Concerned list. Yet Father Cotter staunchly denied that there had been any interference or pressure from the Chancery. Be that as it may, Daniel's supporters soon launched a counterattack. On December 4th, two weeks after Daniel's departure, fifty Fordham students picketed across the street from Cardinal Spellman's residence, demanding that the Chancery either define or deny its censure of the three Jesuits. The signs they carried said "St. Paul Was a Rebel Too," "End Power Politics in the Church," "Exile and Constraint Are the Tools of Totalitarianism," and "Merry Christmas Dan Berrigan Wherever You Are." In mid-December, a newly formed Committee for Daniel Berrigan took a full-page ad in the New York *Times* protesting its hero's exile and demanding his return. It was signed by hundreds of priests, nuns, seminarians, and Catholic laymen. The *National Catholic Reporter* quoted a Jesuit as saying that the Jesuit provincial "would have let Dan go on the peace issue, but Spellman wanted him out of the country." *Commonweal* called the exile "a shame and a scandal, a disgustingly blind totalitarian act."

Meanwhile, Daniel was in Cuernavaca, writing home in that blithe tone with which he often shields his deepest griefs: "I am going along from day to day here, marvelling at the strange ways of Providence. What other moves are on the horizon? How are things levelling with Clergy Concerned? Are people in good spirits? Has anyone been arrested? Has Merton written? Someone wrote from Boston shortly before my demise that a group should start a fast in a church, with prayers and talks for intermission. What do you think? I could fast here, too! Mucho love to all. . . ." He had darker moods. At Christmas, he wrote to his family, "A strange levitated time, deprived of the faces of those I love, of their voices, of evening gatherings, of the Eucharist shared with those I love. The important thing is not that injustice has happened to me but that injustice is still possible, an exile of this kind, the defeat of good works, the silencing of truth." Old Tom Berrigan tried to cheer his son up. "Dear boy," he wrote, "I slept on thoughts of you and the true dimensions of your greatness."

Two weeks after Daniel's arrival in Mexico, another Jesuit priest joined him in Cuernavaca. Father Alden



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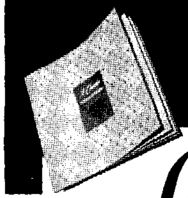

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Stevenson, who had distinguished himself as a photographer and Asian scholar, accompanied Daniel through ten Latin-American countries. They flew around at a frantic pace, Daniel writing bitter essays on South American poverty, Father Stevenson taking bitter photographs. They met with Peace Corps kids, Young Christian Workers, progressive bishops, militant members of South America's new worker-priest movement. It seemed that whatever exile was imposed upon the Berrigans to keep them out of public view—Newburgh, Baltimore, Paris, South America—radicalized them still further. Daniel wrote of "the scandal of this incessant misery of millions perpetuated by American investments which are to the tune of billions, the scandal of our missionary policy which supports a reactionary church standing in the way of human progress." Discussing the death of Camillo Torres, a Colombian priest turned guerrilla who was killed by government forces, the two North Americans found themselves asking if justice could ever come to South America without guerrilla warfare and revolution. While further radicalizing their *enfant terrible*, the Jesuits acquired a new progressive in the person of Father Stevenson.

They also acquired new radicals on their campuses. After Daniel's departure, hardly a week went by without a demonstration on some Jesuit campus. Through December and January, pickets marched at Marquette, Fordham, St. John's, and Le Moyne to demand his return. Several hundred young Jesuits threatened to leave the order if Daniel was not recalled. Although the New York Chancery is said to have asked for his permanent exile, he was given permission to return to the United States in mid-February, barely ten weeks after he had left. He stayed in South America for an extra three weeks, though, "to finish his writing assignments," and flew back to New York on March 8, 1966, his bags bulging, as they always do when he returns from trips, with souvenirs for friends and new manuscripts of poetry and prose.

The day after his return, Daniel Berrigan held a news conference at the Biltmore Hotel, surrounded by a triumphant platoon of priests and seminarians, at which he announced that he planned to resume his peace activities more militantly than ever. Father Cotter was at his side, repeating that Father Berrigan had just returned from a most successful routine reporting assignment, that he had not been silenced

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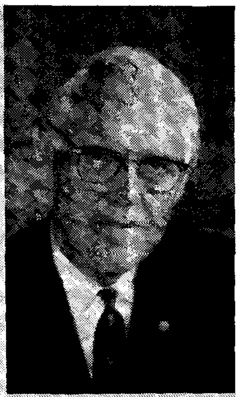

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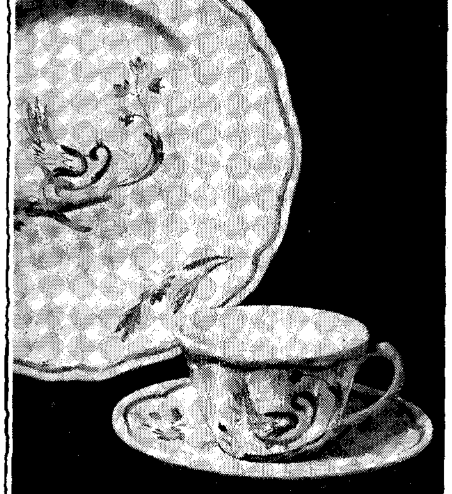
because of his protests against the Vietnam war, and that he was free to resume them immediately.

PHILIP BERRIGAN, upon his transfer to Baltimore in the spring of 1965, had been given strict orders to remain silent on the subject of the Vietnam war. He complied for about three months. Having been assigned to the Church of St. Peter Claver, a Josephite parish serving some five or six thousand black people in the heart of the inner city, he spent his first months in Baltimore starting a community center and organizing the neighborhood into block clubs to petition and picket landlords; he also started a program to draw up weekly reports on delinquency, drug addiction, and alcoholism in the black neighborhoods. Some of these activities created tensions within the Society of St. Joseph. In the era of Black Power, Philip found himself growing increasingly dubious about the extent to which his order, or any whites, could help black people. Blacks must handle their own problems, he argued, and any pacification effort that amounted to "a white-liberal handout" merely obscured the tragic reality of racism and must be stopped. He particularly criticized the Baltimore parish's practice of handing out food to both blacks and the National Guardsmen during riots.

"I suppose you just want us to feed the blacks?" a fellow-Josephite once asked.

"You're wrong," Philip answered. "I particularly don't want you to feed the blacks. You can keep right on feeding the Guardsmen, but I want the blacks to know what's keeping them hungry."

The traditional parish Mass was, as always, at the center of Philip's life, and he hoped to reach the black people through it. Unlike Daniel, Philip has never been interested in experimenting with liturgy. "If liturgical renewal doesn't change people's hearts about war and racism, to hell with it," he once said. It was a source of deep frustration to Philip that during his Baltimore ministry he had very little success in reaching black men on the subject of the Vietnam war. He hammered away, in his sermons, at the theme that it was a rich man's war, that blacks were being sent on more dangerous missions than whites to fight other colored people, that black casualties were disproportionately high. "Phil baby, I know what you mean, but I can't bother," a young black militant said to him after one sermon. "I don't



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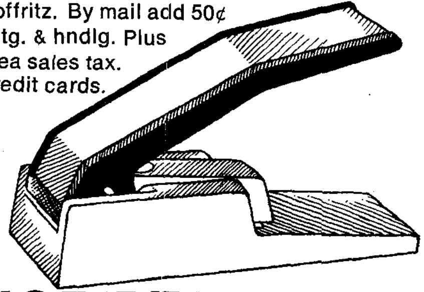

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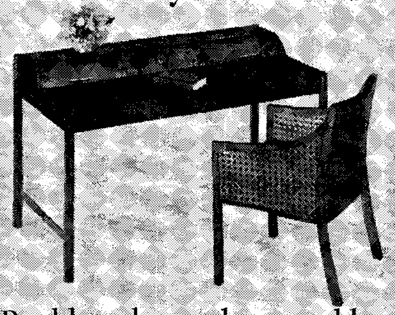

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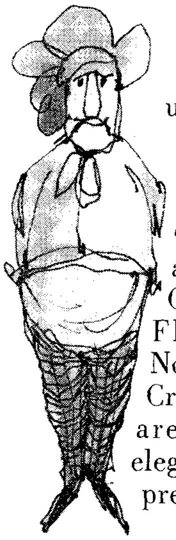

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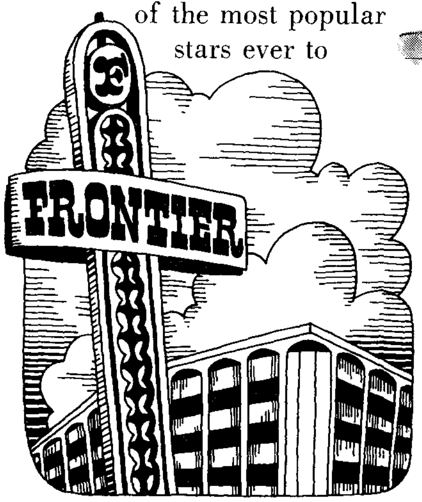

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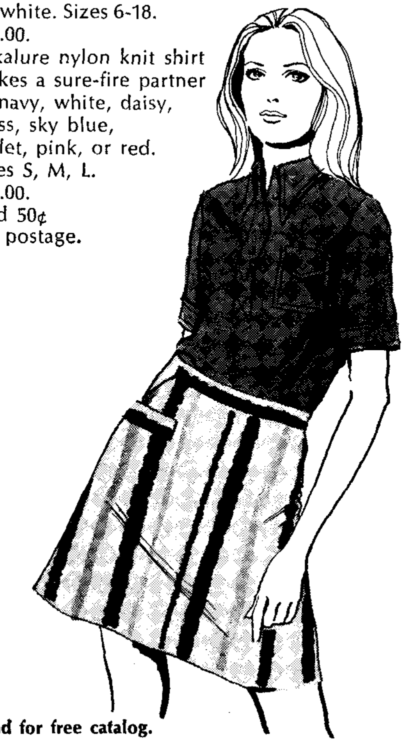

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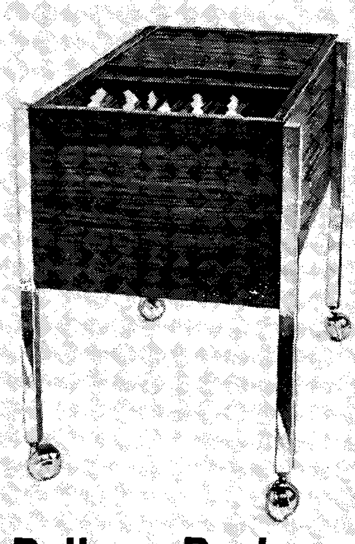

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know where the next meal is coming from." The reluctance of Philip's black friends to join the peace movement may have played a part in his adoption of increasingly dramatic means of protest.

"Given the critical nature of the world, I feel less and less obligated to help the institution continue its navel-gazing," Philip wrote to a friend a few months after he arrived in Baltimore. "I feel in conscience that I cannot remain quiet." And in the fall of 1965 a number of Protestant and Catholic clergymen and laymen who had been active in SANE, CORE, and other pacifist and civil-rights groups began to hold meetings in the basement of his church. This new group, called the Baltimore Inter-faith Peace Mission, spent its first year thrusting its views upon various public officials. Philip met with Senators Brewster and Tydings, of Maryland, in their Washington offices. He debated Maryland Representative Clarence Long at Johns Hopkins University; assisted by Representative John Dow, of Rockland County, New York, he tried to arrange for a group of anti-war clergymen to appear before the Senate Foreign Relations Committee to discuss the morality of the Administration's Vietnam policy. Senator Fulbright, the chairman of the committee, promised a meeting *after* the congressional elections in the fall of 1966, but the meeting never took place.

On December 29, 1966, twenty of the Baltimore war protesters, most of them clergymen, drove to Washington to picket the homes of Secretaries Rusk and McNamara. Carrying placards urging that the bombing of North Vietnam be stopped as a means of making negotiations possible, that the National Liberation Front be included in negotiations, and that the Geneva Conference be reconvened, a group of respectable-looking middle-aged men stood in the snow in front of the Secretary of State's driveway for about an hour; then they moved on to McNamara's house and knelt in silent prayer on his snowy lawn. An account of the protest appeared, with a picture, on the front page of the Baltimore *Sun*, and the next morning Rusk phoned St. Peter Claver's and invited Philip to meet with him the following day to explain his views. Philip brought along two members of his peace group. The interview lasted almost two hours. Philip's friends were jubilant over the fact that they had been given an audience, but Philip was not impressed. He fulminated over one particular phrase

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A few weeks later, the Baltimore Inter-faith Peace Mission undertook a series of increasingly tumultuous demonstrations at Fort Myer, Virginia. But though the demonstrators deliberately and repeatedly defied the provost marshal's orders to disband and leave, there were never any arrests, and it was apparent that the government had decided to avoid a legal showdown with groups of protesting clergymen, at least for the time being. Back in Baltimore after its third invasion of Fort Myer, the peace group held an eight-hour meeting—a "gut session," Philip called it—to decide whether to return to Fort Myer a fourth time or to escalate the war protest in some new way. They finally decided on the symbolic destruction of government property, and during the next two months they met as often as three times a week to plan the precise form their demonstration would take. The idea of destroying an unoccupied part of the Green Berets' training facilities at Fort Howard, Maryland, was discussed, but was rejected in favor of destroying draft files. A lawyer in the group, whose advice was particularly valued because only he could assess the possible jail sentences, spoke against burning any files. "How about *pouring* something on draft records?" he suggested. "Defacing them instead of burning—like pouring molasses, ink, paint, blood?"

The liturgical aspect of pouring blood on draft files especially pleased Philip, and after he had consulted with Daniel this was accepted as the form the next protest would take. Daniel, whose ideas had profoundly influenced Philip's life, was often taken aback by the rash conclusions that his younger brother drew from them. Daniel had been violently opposed to the idea of burning any property, but he approved the blood-pouring ritual. So did Thomas Merton, and, according to Philip, so did Martin Luther King.

Others of Philip's friends tried to talk him out of the notion. "I told Phil that I was not sure to what degree he could be effective in jail," Father McSorley, of Georgetown University, recalled later. "Phil, after all, is one of the four or five most valuable priests in the country. I pleaded with him for five hours at a time to use a more Gandhian tactic—to pick an action that a larger segment of society would appreciate. But then I am a less brave man than he, and if we have a nuclear war, which we may have, he's the one who

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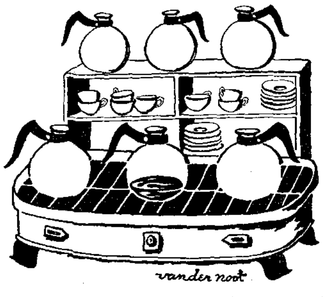
will end up being the prophet of our time.”

Pleas like Father McSorley's had no impact. The Berrigans' theology, colored by the Apocalypse, sees the Day of Judgment as constantly thrusting itself into the present. Like the early Christians, the Berrigans look upon the Second Coming, bringing either man's perfectability or his destruction, as imminent in their own lives. There is no time to atone, to improve, to do penance. Like the Old Testament prophets who wrote in moments of historical crisis, the Berrigans demand that society be made perfect in our lifetime to avoid an apocalyptic destruction. “Redeem the times,” Daniel wrote that year. “The times are inexpressibly evil.”

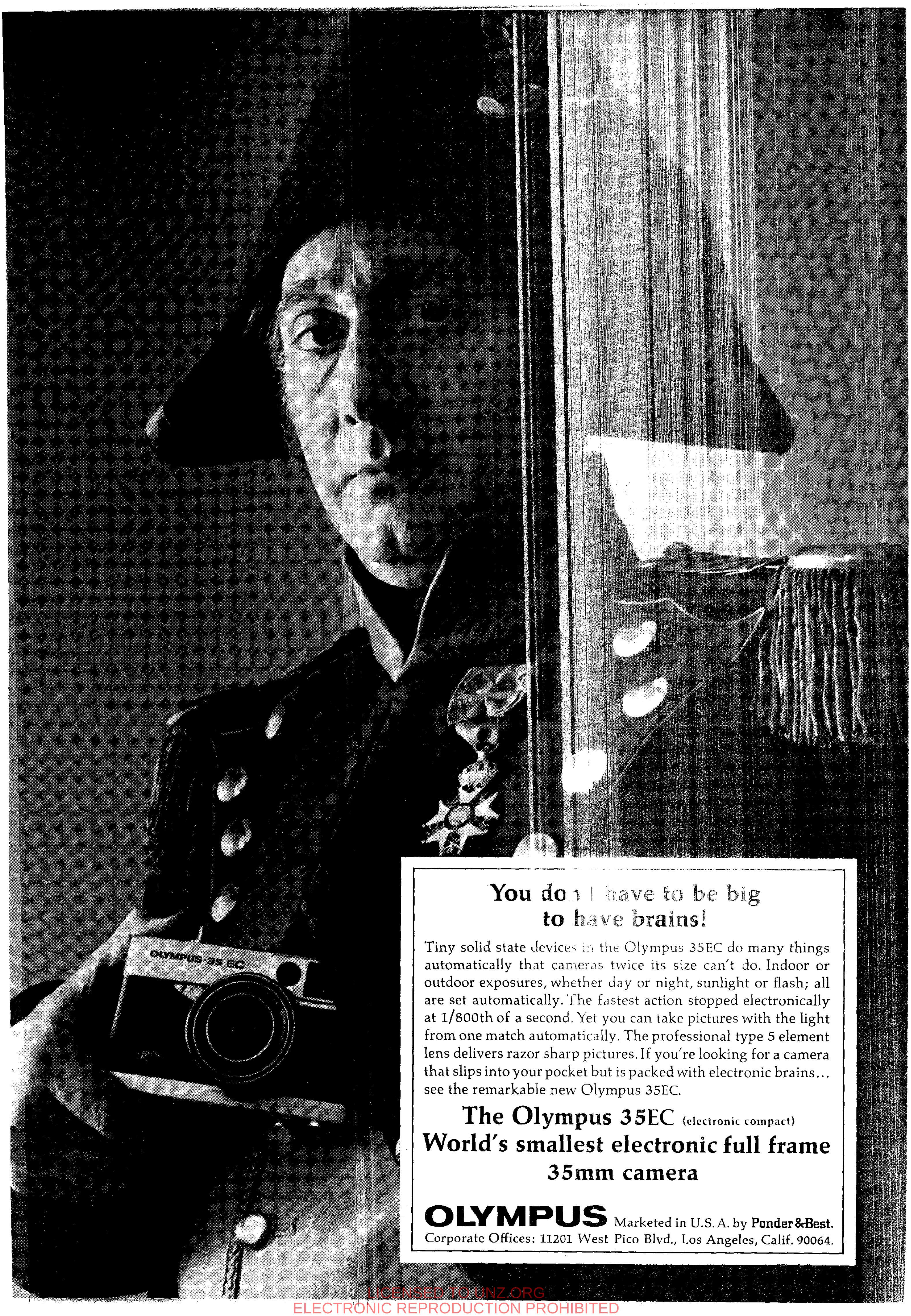
Baltimore's Selective Service office, chosen as the best target by Philip's peace group, is in the United States Customs House, an elephantine turn-of-the-century building two blocks away from Chesapeake Bay. Replete with symbols of federal power, the Customs House also contains offices of the United States Coast Guard, the Federal Communications Commission, the U.S. Treasury Department, and an armed-forces recruiting office. The Selective Service office—right on the ground floor, and quickly reached from the street through a lobby and one glass door—offered a relatively easy target for the raiders. The attack was scheduled for October 27, 1967—six days after a large anti-war demonstration at the Pentagon. Members of the Baltimore Inter-faith Peace Mission attended the Pentagon show halfheartedly, as did both Berrigans. Like Philip, Daniel, who had just started a new job at Cornell University, had come to consider such mass demonstrations as “just another liberal bag.”



Nine men had originally volunteered to pour blood on the Baltimore draft records. Five dropped out of the project, pleading family responsibilities or pending ordinations. The four who remained were Philip Berrigan; Thomas Lewis, a twenty-eight-year-old artist and a devout Roman Catholic; David Eberhardt, a twenty-six-year-old poet who was the son of a Presbyterian minister; and James Mengel, a thirty-eight-year-old minister of the United Church of Christ, who had served as an Army chaplain in Korea. Berrigan and Lewis had no direct family responsibilities, but Eberhardt was engaged to be married and Mengel had a wife and two children. Philip seemed to have a magnetic hold on the three other men. Back in June, during one turbulent demonstration at Fort Meyers, Mengel had turned to a fellow-protester, an atheist, and said, “I don't see how you can do this without religion.” But after reflecting for a moment he added, “Oh, well, of course, you can do it because of Phil. With all the faith I have, I couldn't do any of these things without Phil Berrigan.”

The final details of the action against the Selective Service office were worked out in the days after the Pentagon demonstration. Philip and Mengel drafted a press statement. Lewis arranged for a doctor to draw a pint of blood from each of the participants the day before the raid. Eberhardt, who was to obtain the receptacles from which the blood was to be poured, settled on four empty plastic bottles that had contained Mr. Clean detergent. The drawing of the blood proved to be the most difficult part of the project. The doctor who had volunteered his services changed his mind a few days before the raid. The night before the protest, a member of the Inter-faith Peace Mission who had had some hospital training was asked to draw the blood. The group thought they had all the proper equipment—needles, syringes, gauze, disinfectant, tubing—but when the volunteer started to work, the blood was found to be flowing much too slowly, because the tubing was too narrow and was not providing enough suction power. The volunteer stuck the needle repeatedly into the arms of the four men, getting less than an ounce at each stab. After four or five stabs, Mengel fainted. Eberhardt and Lewis went pale and asked the volunteer to stop. Most of the human blood used in the protest came from Philip, who was vastly amused by his friends' discomfort. “Stick it into me again!” he kept saying. “Stick it in farther!” After a dozen stabs, his friends had to force him to stop.

The total amount of blood drawn amounted to only a pint, and a member of the Inter-faith Peace Mission rushed out to a delicatessen to supplement it with animal blood. A small quantity of duck's blood was added, and a resourceful housewife in the



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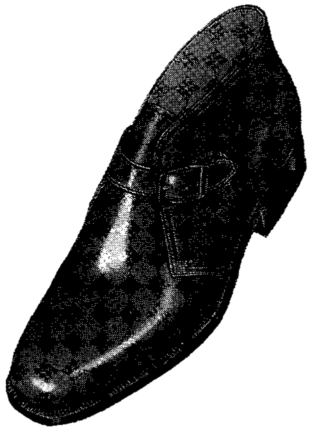

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group squeezed blood from several pounds of calf's liver. The mixture was poured into the Mr. Clean bottles, and before the group disbanded that night Philip Berrigan performed the ceremony of marriage for David Eberhardt and his fiancée, Louise Yolton, neither of whom was a Roman Catholic.

The next morning, eight newsmen who had been called to meet at St. Peter Claver's to witness "an unusual act of protest against the Vietnam war" were handed sealed envelopes containing a statement that read, in part:

> We are entering the Customs House in Baltimore, Maryland, to deface the draft records there with our blood. We shed our blood willingly and gratefully in what we hope is a sacrificial and constructive act. We pour it upon these files to illustrate that with them and with these offices begins the pitiful waste of American and Vietnamese blood ten thousand miles away. We implore our countrymen to judge our action against this nation's Judeo-Christian tradition, against the horror in Vietnam and the impending threat of nuclear destruction. We invite our friends in the peace and freedom movements to continue moving with us from dissent to resistance. . . . We ask God to be merciful and patient with all men.

The newsmen were instructed, for their own protection, not to open the sealed envelopes until the action had begun, and then they were taken to an artist's loft across from the Customs House.

Shortly after noon, Lewis went into the Customs House alone to make sure that there was no guard in the lobby. When Lewis reappeared at the entrance of the Customs House, he bent down to tie his shoelace. That was the go-ahead signal. Eberhardt and Philip Berrigan, carrying the bottles of blood in their pockets, joined him at the entrance. The three men crossed the foyer and entered the Selective Service office. Mengel followed shortly afterward and stood in the doorway, planning to feign a heart attack in case a guard appeared. Each of his teammates went to the chief clerk, separately, and each gave a different reason for his visit. Philip said that he wanted to consult the draft record of one of his parishioners. Lewis said that he had lost his draft card. Eberhardt said that he had recently changed his address. When the chief clerk left the room to act on the various requests, the three men swiftly advanced to the filing cabinets. By this time, other members of the Inter-faith Peace Mission had ushered the newsmen into the Selective Service office. Their cameras focussed on Philip Berrigan as he poured his bottle

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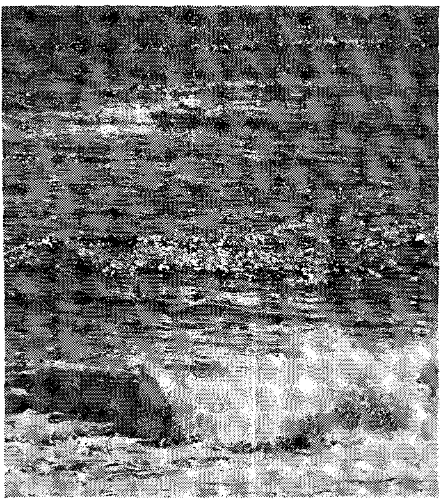

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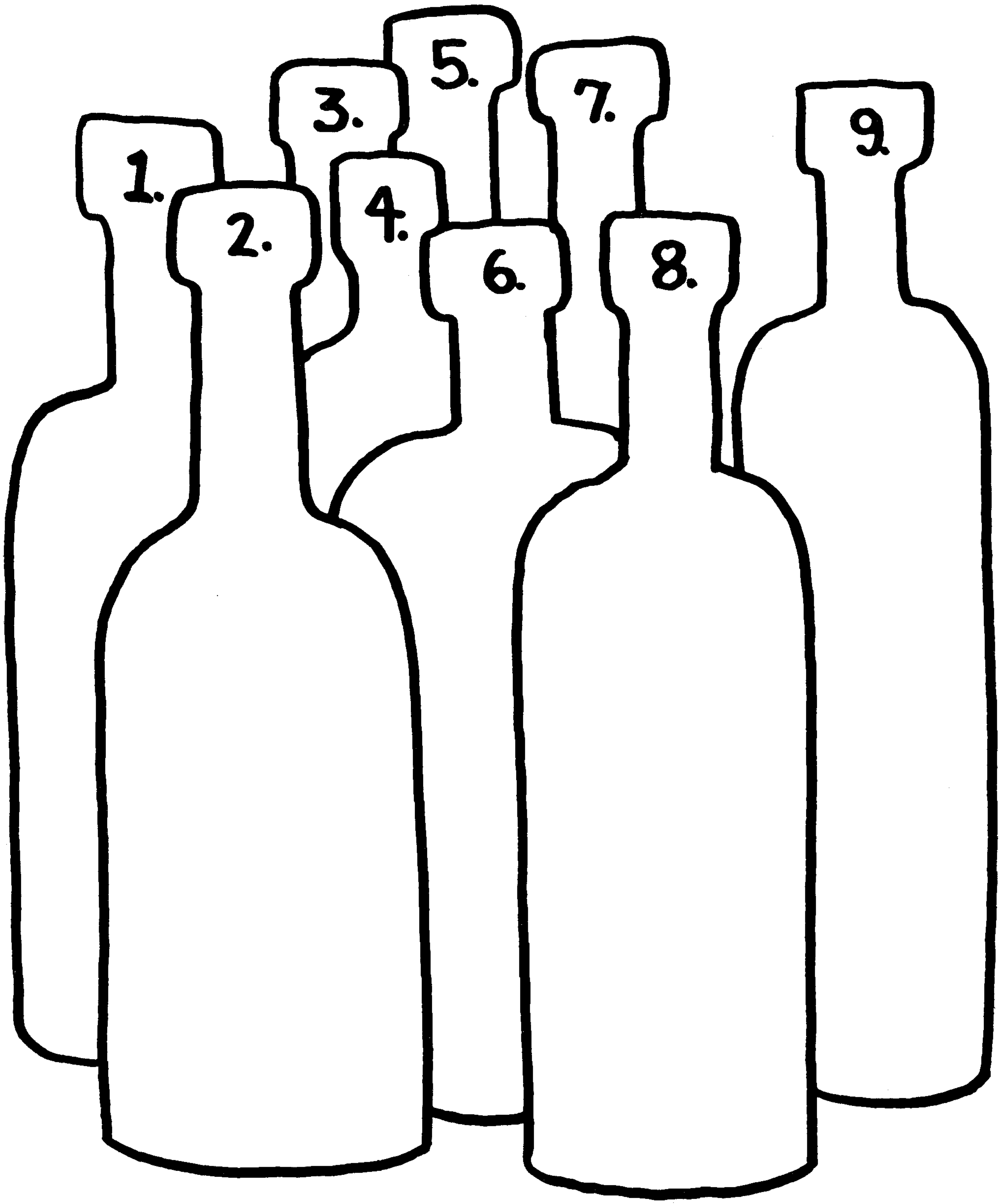

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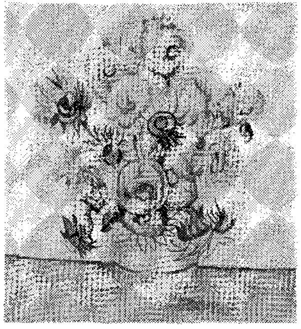

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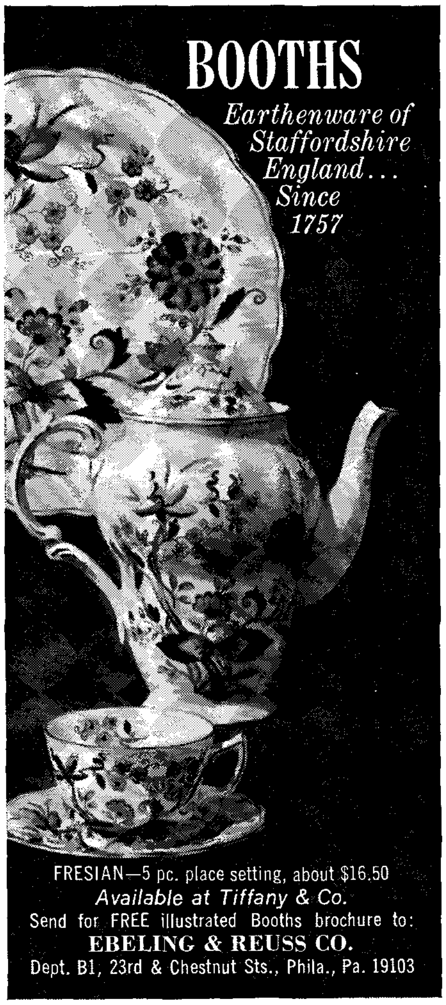

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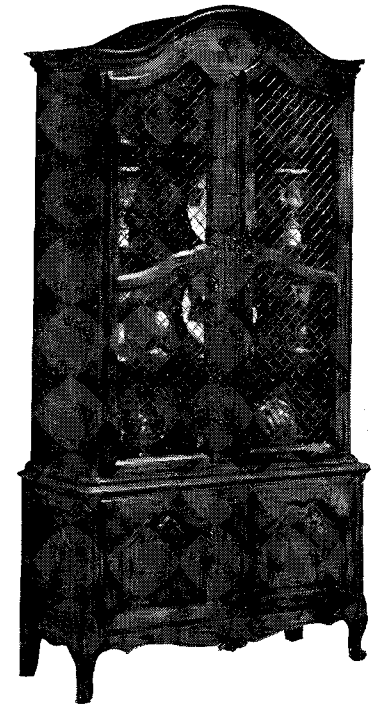
of blood—"quite methodically, back and forth," one of the clerks said later—on four or five drawerfuls of files. The clerks began screaming. Mengel passed out copies of the New Testament to the people who were gathering in the office doorway to find out what was going on. The Mr. Clean bottles were emptied in some thirty seconds. Berrigan, Lewis, and Eberhardt put them on top of the filing cabinets and calmly sat down on benches at one side of the room to await arrest. Mengel offered one of the clerks a New Testament. "He's one of those bastards!" she screamed.

The raiders sat quietly for half an hour, occasionally attempting to hand out anti-war literature, while policemen, who had arrived five minutes after the incident, hovered anxiously above them. The Customs House, of course, is federal property, and only the F.B.I. could make an arrest. F.B.I. agents arrived shortly after the police, and after spending half an hour studying the scene they took the Baltimore Four, as the raiders were called thenceforward, to F.B.I. headquarters, a few blocks away. The demonstrators were arraigned on charges of mutilating government property and interfering with the working of the Selective Service System. They were told that they could be released if they would sign a recognizance bond, promising to show up for all future court actions. Mengel and Eberhardt signed and were freed, but Berrigan and Lewis refused. They announced that it was their intention to fast in prison for a week, and were taken to the Baltimore City Jail.

In Syracuse, Jerry Berrigan, a burly, impassive man approaching fifty, heard about his brother's arrest on the afternoon radio news, sat down on his living-room couch, and wept for hours.

On that Friday, October 27th, both of the younger Berrigan brothers were in jail. The previous weekend, Daniel Berrigan had been arrested at the Pentagon march, with a group of his Cornell students and fellow-chaplains, when their permits to demonstrate expired. Daniel, like his brother, had declined to post bail and had willfully gone to prison. Like his brother, he had begun a week of total fast in protest against the Vietnam war. "For the first time," Daniel Berrigan wrote in his diary at the start of his stay in jail, "I put on the prison blue jeans and denim shirt, a clerical attire I highly recommend for a new church."

"This is the day of Phil's action in Baltimore," Daniel wrote on October 27th. "*Oremus pro fratribus in peri-*



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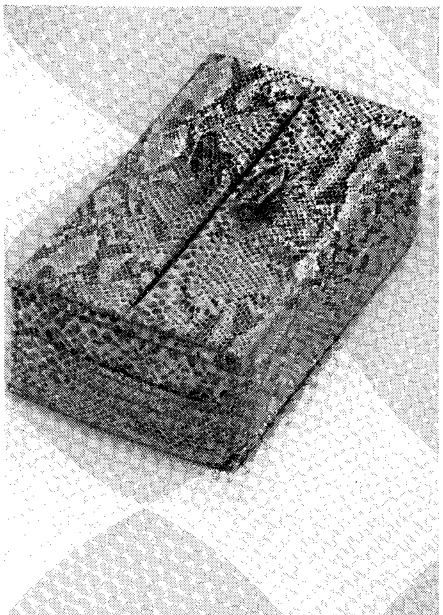

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*culo.* Give honor to the Lord of Hosts, to Him only. Let Him be your only fear, let Him be your only dread."

PHILIP suffered terrible loneliness during the next few months. His blood-pouring ritual was not only beyond the comprehension of the Josephite order and of the Catholic hierarchy; it even struck many radicals in the peace movement as mad. It turned people off, as Father McSorley had predicted it would. Most of the comfort Philip received came from his brothers Daniel and Jerry and from Tom Lewis. With dogged loyalty, Daniel saw the action as a logical continuation of Philip's life—a natural Berriganism. "He was carrying on an old tradition in our family, of making noise, of being congenitally unhappy with phony peace," Daniel said. "The poor had conferred on him that wisdom which sees and sees through the big talk of little minds. He is free, lucid, and fearless—a man."

Daniel suffered even more than Philip. At least Philip's conscience was, as always, rigorously clear. Daniel seemed to suffer from the guilt of not sharing his brother's loneliness, of not having taken any risks equivalent to his beloved Phil's. A great many of Daniel's Cornell friends were taking such risks. Students and young instructors were turning in their draft cards by the dozen. Two of the seventeen clergymen on Daniel's staff at Cornell had been punitively reclassified 1-A, had refused induction, and were facing jail terms. Daniel, at forty-six, was too old to turn in a draft card. His sense of solidarity with the young, which had been at the center of his vocation, was broken.

Under these strains, both Daniel and Philip Berrigan grew arrogant during the winter of 1967-68, according to some of their oldest friends. They criticized any anti-war protest that stopped short of Philip's. "One becomes convinced that equivalent risk is going to be the only source of community worth talking about," Daniel wrote to James Forest after preaching a sermon on the "softness and bureaucracy" of the Catholic Peace Fellowship which created a crisis in their friendship. "And that the expressive acts such as Phil's, once they are thoughtful and proceed from a sacrificing heart, must be multiplied. You sound as though we were keeping house in normal times. Ha. Give us a bit of anguish, or why talk about hope?"

The same week, Philip wrote to Forest to tell him he wished to resign

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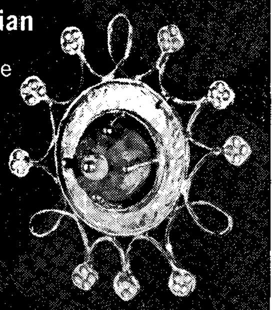

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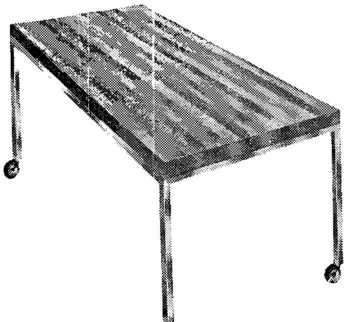

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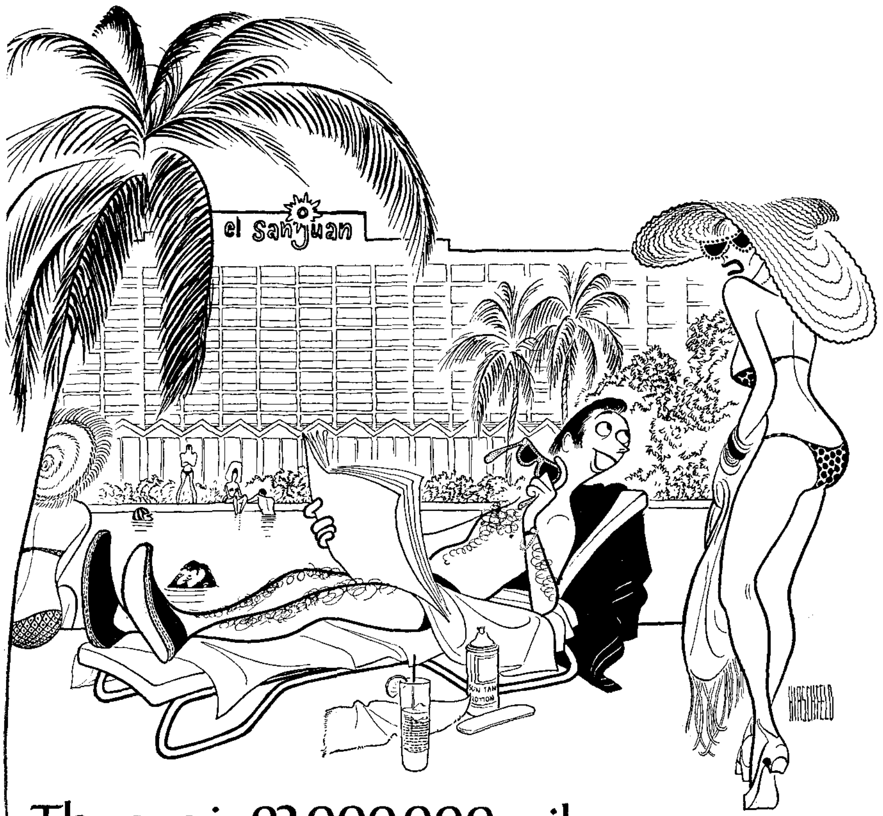
from the co-chairmanship of the Catholic Peace Fellowship:

> I don't support C.P.F. policy, so why say I do on the letterhead? You say that the movement must be orchestrated. Perhaps. But the term reminds me of white liberal jargon, jargon used by people who will still be building their broad base as the Bombs come in. . . . I refuse to indict anyone's conscience, but I don't have to cheer their world, which seems to me safe, unimaginative, and devoid of risk and suffering. Both Dan and I have been dealing with clergymen and laymen, professional and family people who have come to the point of civil disobedience and the prospect of jail. . . . As Johnson continues his war, we will either witness from jail, or we will go ahead with social disruptions, including non-violent attacks against the machinery of this war. In a word, I believe in revolution, and I hope to make a non-violent contribution to it. In my view, we are not going to save this country and mankind without it.

Eight months later, Forest was to participate in the burning of draft files with the group of Catholic protesters known as the Milwaukee Fourteen.

IN February, 1968, three thousand members of Clergy and Laymen Concerned About Vietnam arrived in Washington for an annual rally. Father Robert Drinan, dean of the Boston College Law School, spoke of "a pattern of lawlessness adopted by [the American] government as an essential prerequisite to the attainment of America's stated purposes in the Vietnam struggle." "Fighting Communism, we are the Communists' most formidable allies in that unhappy country," exclaimed Rabbi Maurice Eisendrath, president of the Union of American Hebrew Congregations. "We live in a nation that is the greatest purveyor of violence in the world today," said Martin Luther King, in one of his last speeches. It seemed that every religious leader in the peace movement was there except Philip and Daniel Berrigan. Clergy and Laymen Concerned About Vietnam had become, for the Berrigans, "another liberal bag." As soon as it grew fashionable for progressive clergymen to march, picket, and lecture against the war, the Berrigans bowed out of the movement they had helped to create. "You can't criticize the Berrigans this year," one of their friends said. "They look down on anyone who hasn't risked as much as they have. They'll barely break bread with you if you haven't burned your draft card. Talk about ghettos! That ghetto of martyrs is the most exclusive club of all."

During that winter, Philip differed even with two members of the Balti-



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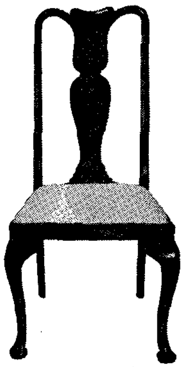

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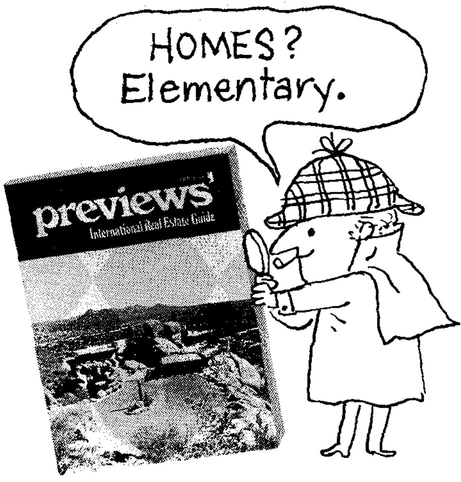

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more Four, James Mengel and David Eberhardt. He was annoyed by what he considered their frequent bouts of self-pity. When they talked about the suffering that their pending jail sentences would bring their families, Philip's reply to them was tough: "You've got another family—mankind." Up to then, Philip, like most progressive priests, had championed a reform of the Church laws on celibacy. The emotional consequences of the Baltimore protest made him change his mind. He suddenly came to believe that celibacy was an essential tool for revolution. If priests were to play their proper role as non-violent revolutionaries, they had better remain celibates. Prophetic acts like his could best be undertaken by men who had nothing to lose—no property and no emotions at stake. Determined to stage a second protest before being jailed for the first, Philip spent the winter in search of such men. He found the nucleus of his new group in two devout Roman Catholics—Tom Lewis, who had emerged from the October event with as much austere dedication as Philip, and George Mische, a thirty-two-year-old professional peace organizer.

Mische, a large, voluble man with a blond mustache and a demonic smile, comes from a background strikingly similar to the Berrigans'. His parents were Minnesota labor organizers dedicated to the cause of the poor and of the blacks. He was brought up in a Catholic Worker atmosphere of strict piety and little respect for property. Mische had known the Berrigans since the early nineteen-sixties. An honor graduate of parochial school and a Catholic college, he had spent several years in Latin America working for the Alliance for Progress and the Association for International Development. Mische is the kind of new isolationist who believes in creating such a state of confusion at home that the United States would become incapable of meddling in the fate of other nations. Asked what kind of political system he believed in, he once replied, smiling, "Democracy, of course. A multi-party Socialist democracy, with a redistribution of wealth according to the Gospel principles. Do you know the Book of Acts? 'They sold their goods and shared out the proceeds among themselves, each according to his need.' " The fact that Mische was a husband and a father did not appear to trouble him in the least. "I don't believe in the nuclear family," he said. "We have plenty of relatives and friends around who can take care of the kids. I don't

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want my sons identifying with me. The lack of homosexuality in Latin families comes from the fact that the kids identify themselves with a variety of males. The child should belong to the community." Mische also said that he would be happy if his wife participated in the next action and shared his jail sentence, which, he boasted, could be as long as fifteen years.

As the winter wore on, Philip and Mische travelled around the country looking for people to join them in the next assault. They wanted to get more clergymen involved, more draft boards hit. Ideally, they would have liked to have two or three draft boards raided on the same day or in the same week, in different parts of the nation. But recruiting was difficult, and time was running out for Philip. His trial had been set for April 1st. A hearing had been held for the Baltimore Four in March on a motion of continuance. Their lawyers had argued that the defendants could not be heard by an impartial jury because of the strong feelings generated by the Vietnam war, and had urged the court to delay the trial until after the war was ended. A distinguished group of scholars had come to Baltimore to support the motion: Seymour Melman, of Columbia University; Howard Zinn, of Boston University; Father McSorley, of Georgetown; and Gordon Zahn, of Loyola. But the motion was dismissed by the judge, and the trial was held on April 1st. The four were convicted, as expected, and were then freed in their own recognizance pending appeals and sentencing, which was scheduled for May 27th. Meanwhile, Philip's recruiting mission was made considerably more difficult by Lyndon Johnson's withdrawal from the Presidential race on March 31st and the prospect of peace talks. Yet during the following eight weeks, apparently feeling no strain from the fact that he could be facing a sentence of as much as eighteen years in jail, Philip went buoyantly about the task of planning a new demonstration against the machinery of war. (The protest he was planning eventually brought him a sentence of three and a half years in federal prison, to be served concurrently with the sentence of six years he received for the October blood-pouring protest; Daniel has been sentenced to three years for his part in the second raid. The Supreme Court having refused, on February 25th of this year, to hear their appeal, they are expecting to be imprisoned this month.)

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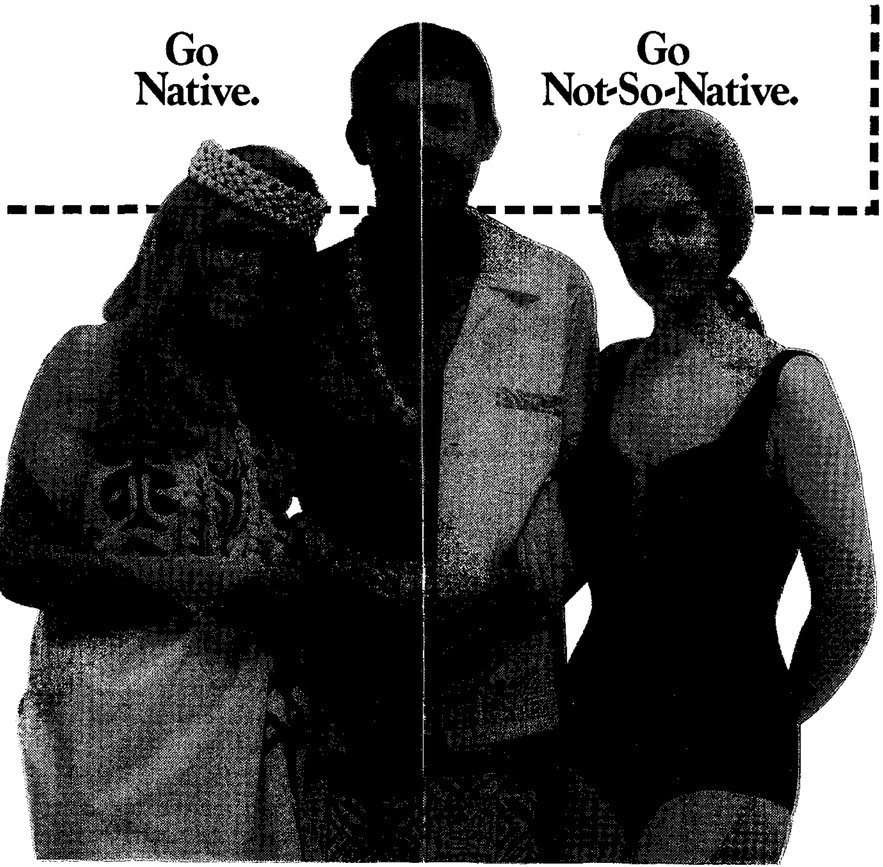
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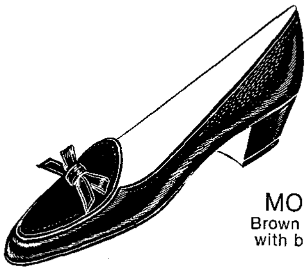

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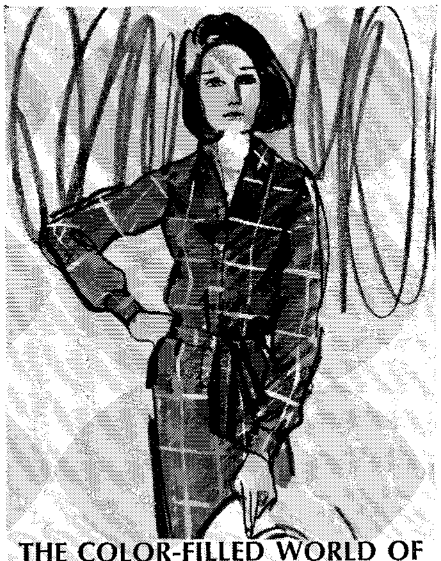

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1968, the recruiting drive picked up dramatically. When Thomas and Marjorie Melville, Maryknoll missionaries who had been ousted from Guatemala for their sympathies with the guerrilla movement there, returned to the United States, Mische wrote to them immediately. The Melvilles, who had been expelled from their order after they married, were angrier about the United States interventions in Central America than they were about Vietnam, but they were, in Mische's words, "naturals for the action." The Melvilles moved in with Mische, who had just rented a house in Washington—"an action-directed house of Christian radicals," he called it. Before long, other volunteers began to appear—John Hogan, another Maryknoller who had been recalled from Guatemala for his guerrilla sympathies; Mary Moylan, a Baltimore nurse who had been a militant civil-rights activist for many years; and David Darst, a Christian Brother who had been teaching school in a slum area of St. Louis. Darst, a *summa-cum-laude* graduate of St. Mary's College who had been offered a full scholarship at the Harvard Divinity School, had written to Philip the previous fall expressing admiration for the blood-pouring protest, and a correspondence had begun. When Darst appeared in Baltimore in April, he seemed so clean-cut that he was at first suspected of being a plant. But he turned out to be as fiercely dedicated as every other member of the party. It was an angry group—much more vitriolic in their condemnations of American society than the Baltimore Four, who had simply condemned the Vietnam war. Philip's new cadre also set out to protest racism, militarism, capitalism, imperialism, colonialism, and the apathy of the Catholic Church on all those issues.

To the surprise and delight of the protesters, all the participants in the forthcoming foray were Roman Catholics (as were most of the protesters in the major draft-board raids that were to follow—the Milwaukee Fourteen, the Chicago Fifteen, the New York Eight). "We were inviting Protestants and Jews all over the place, but it only seemed to attract the Catholics," Mische has said. "A few Episcopal clergymen promised to go along, but at the last minute they copped out because of their big hangups on their families. And this was healthy, because the Catholic community had been the most silent on the war. Jews and Protestants had been the backbone of the peace movement on all levels—both on

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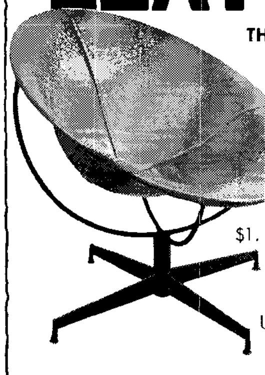

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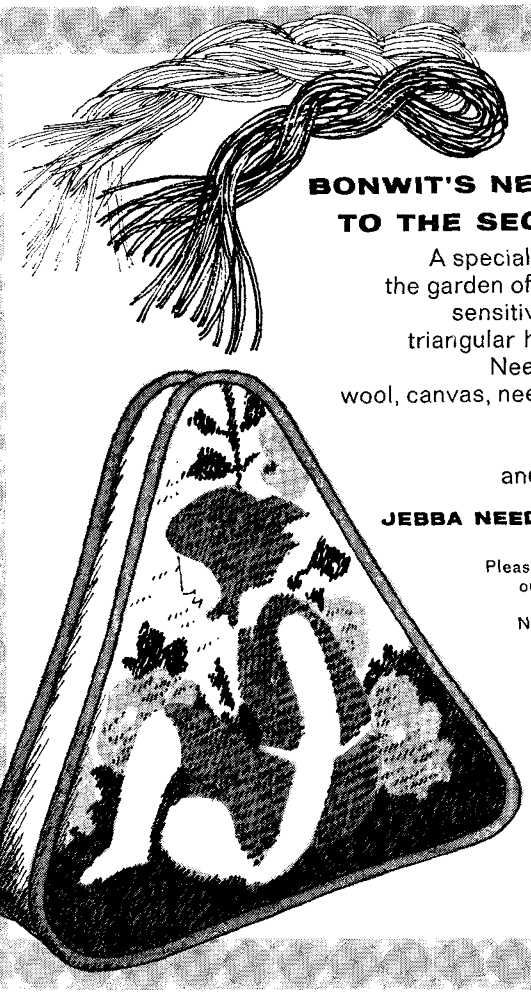
the campuses and in the hierarchy. Since you can't talk to the Catholic bishops, we wanted to force a stand from the Church. We wanted to make it either support or condemn us, but take a stand."

The site of the protest had yet to be decided upon, and the month of May was spent scanning the Baltimore area for the right draft board. Finally, the little town of Catonsville, eight miles north of the center of Baltimore, was chosen. Catonsville was a middle-class, all-white suburban town of brick houses and pleasant, oak-lined streets. "We loved the idea of hitting that kind of conservative, racist community," Mische said later. "We loved to hit them with an action performed not by hippies but by college graduates, three of them clerics, all nicely dressed in white collars or in suits and ties."

Tom Lewis carefully investigated the Knights of Columbus Hall, which housed the draft board, by visiting it several times on the pretext that he was looking for a place to hold a wedding reception. On the basis of these visits, he prepared detailed drawings of the building and its grounds. A decision had to be made next on the medium of protest. Should it be blood again, or ink, paint, fire? The blood symbolism of the October protest had been criticized as too liturgical, too specialized. Its message had not seemed to reach enough people. The raiders were attracted, as the earlier group had been, to the idea of burning draft files. Philip suggested napalm, and that idea was unanimously approved. Napalm burned innocent people in Vietnam. Why not use it to burn some government property? A recipe for napalm was found in an issue of *Ramparts*—at that time a radical Catholic magazine, as the group liked to stress—which quoted an Army handbook on its manufacture. The recipe called for gasoline and pure soap, melted into a solution. Dozens of boxes of Ivory soap flakes were purchased ("Ninety-nine and Forty-four One-hundredths Per Cent Pure" became a motto of the protesters), and a test batch was mixed. It burned very well.

But a most important ingredient of the new action was still lacking, and that was Daniel Berrigan. He had been out of the country on a mission to Hanoi that winter, travelling there in behalf of various pacifist groups to receive three American prisoners of war from the North Vietnamese government. After his return, he was invited repeatedly, by persons other than his



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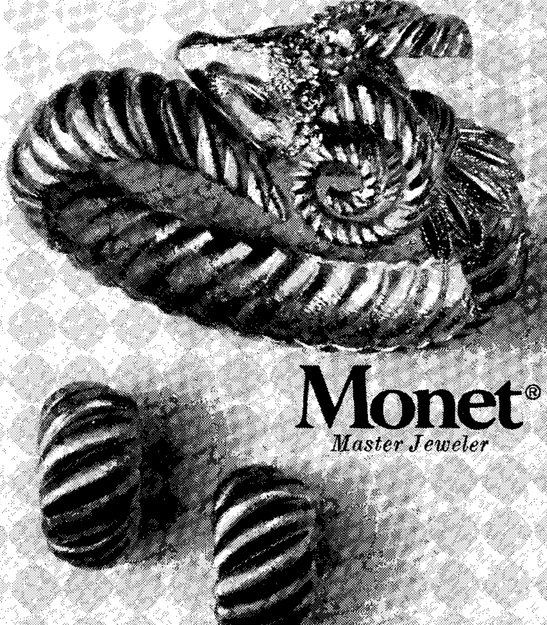

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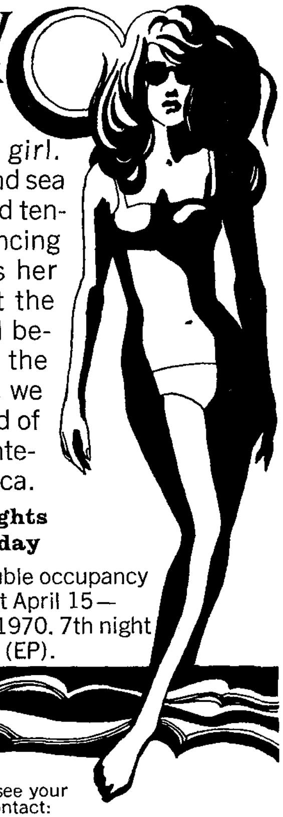

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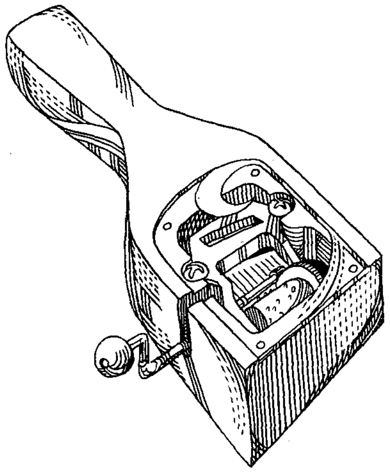

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brother, to participate in the next raid. In response, he seemed mysteriously guarded, desperately unhappy, unsure. A week before the foray, Daniel and Philip Berrigan sat up together over a bottle until four o'clock in the morning. A few hours later, Philip telephoned Mische to say, "Dan's in." And, according to his friends, that very day Daniel came out of the gloom he had been in ever since October. He seemed relieved of an enormous burden. "Suddenly," he wrote, "I saw that my sweet skin was hiding out behind others."

The night before the Catonsville demonstration, after the final batch of napalm had been made and tested, the nine men and women who were to take part met for a last detailed briefing, each holding one of Lewis's drawings of the Knights of Columbus Hall. Daniel, renowned for his poetic vagueness, his inability to read maps or train schedules, studied his drawing silently, with a quizzical smile. At one in the morning, when the group was about to disband, he looked up at his brother and said, "I didn't understand anything. I'll follow you, Philly, O.K.? I'll just follow you."

The demonstrators slept at a friend's house in a Baltimore suburb, and the next morning they waited tensely for the go-ahead signal. It was to be phoned in by an aide who would assemble the press at a nearby motel and, as in the previous raid, distribute sealed envelopes that were not to be opened until the action began. The go-ahead signal was delayed by a Washington reporter, who was half an hour late. Philip was beside himself with impatience. When the phone call finally came, he shouted, "Let's go!," threw himself into the nearest car, and almost drove off alone. The nine went to Catonsville in three cars, each driven by a member of the Inter-faith Peace Mission. On the way to Catonsville, Daniel was in joyous spirits. "This is like going on a picnic," he said. "What a beautiful day for a picnic! What a beautiful day!" He turned to the man at the wheel and said, "After the long yawn of history, I've finally found something good."

The reporters, guided to Catonsville's Selective Service office by members of the Inter-faith Peace Mission, were already waiting across the oak-lined street. It was a very sunny, warm May day. The reporters watched as three cars pulled up and parked in front of the Knights of Columbus Hall. Seven men and two women got out—three of them in clerical attire, two of

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them carrying large wire trash baskets—and walked quietly into the building. The drivers and the other helpers, some of whom would soon be ordained into the Catholic priesthood, quickly left the scene. The reporters, as instructed, tore open the sealed envelopes they had been given, and read:

> Today, May 17th, we enter Local Board No. 33 at Catonsville, Maryland, to seize Selective Service records and burn them with napalm. . . . We destroy these draft records not only because they exploit our young men but because they represent misplaced power concentrated in the ruling class of America. . . . We confront the Catholic Church, other Christian bodies, and the synagogues of America with their silence and cowardice in face of our country's crimes. . . . Now this injustice must be faced, and this we intend to do, with whatever strength of mind, body, and grace that God will give us. May God have mercy on our nation.

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THE THEATRE

## OFF BROADWAY

MOST of the joy—and there is plenty of it—in "Billy Noname" is in Johnny Brandon's songs and in the performance on the stage of the brand-new and extremely handsome Truck and Warehouse Theatre, on East Fourth Street. The singing is spirited and good, and the dances seem to spring, in infinite and glorious variety, out of the action. This all-black musical is so buoyant that its effect lasts—or certainly did for me—several hours after the house lights come up. William Wellington Mackey's book, unfortunately, is only so-so, and is something of a retread, theatrically speaking, telling once more the story of the Black Man's Progress over the past thirty years or so, along with his frustrations and anger and grievances (all true enough but no longer new enough—again, theatrically speaking). Nevertheless, the book is serviceable as a vehicle for the emotion of the show and, oddly, for all the fun. The Black Man is embodied in Billy Noname, who, as played by Donny Burks, is one of the least anonymous men I've ever seen on a stage. Billy is conceived in 1937, on the night Joe Louis became heavyweight champion; he grows up in the Negro slum of a small Southern city, goes on to a Negro college, is threatened with expulsion for taking part in student protests, joins the sit-ins and the marches, and ends up pulled three ways: by the demands of his own life and career (yes, he wants to be a playwright), by his loyalty to the militants, some of whom are his close friends, and by his loyalty to the non-violent integrationists, some of whom are his close friends. "That's where I am right now," he says to the audience, as a sort of challenge. This outline makes the libretto sound much fiercer than it plays. It does, as I say, serve as an adequate springboard for all that wonderful singing and dancing, and for some pretty good acting, too. The strongest performance is that of Alan Weeks, as Billy's dearest friend, a volatile, affectionate firebrand. Mr. Weeks can act and sing and dance, and his "Sit In—Wade In," sarcastic and comical, is one of the best numbers in the show. Hattie Winston, as Billy's first love, is as bright and charming as ever, sitting on a windowsill with her legs dangling to sing, with old-fashioned sweetness and a touch of mockery, an old-fashioned ballad called "Look Through the Window," and joining him in a duet, "Hello World." I also admired the lithe and sinuous Glory Van Scott, a beautiful girl and a beautiful dancer, in a sexy torch number, and another fine dancer, named Charles Moore, sturdy, nimble, and light on his feet, as a returned G.I. leading an exultant parade while still in uniform. Considering the encumbrance of his Everyman role, Donny Burks does extremely well. He has a powerful voice, and he has been given good and powerful songs to sing. Everybody does well, in fact; the whole company is bursting with energy and talent. Talley Beatty is responsible for the imaginative choreography, Lucia Victor for the inventive direction.

I STARTED out detesting "Show Me Where the Good Times Are," at the Edison, but ended up rather liking it. This change in attitude was the result of a few of the songs, three performances—those of Cathryn Damon, Christopher Hewett, and Michael Berkson—and a general feeling that anything this vulgar can't be all bad. The show, a loose adaptation of Molière's "Le Malade Imaginaire," set on the lower East Side (God knows why; well, God and I know why—there are large commercial possibilities here), is an only slightly tongue-in-cheek but in no sense Campy all-white old-time musical. The humor, such as it is, is mostly stale-Yiddish and awful, but I laughed a few times, and the songs are mostly bellowed at top-lung, though occasionally belted out with style, notably by Miss Damon and Mr. Hewett. I must say that the title song and several other rousing, tuneful numbers are exactly the kind of thing that everybody's mother used to whistle on her way out of the theatre. These songs—music by Kenneth Jacobson and lyrics by Rhoda Roberts—are also written with just a touch of parody but are straight enough to pull the customers in. The best that can be said for the coarse, jokebooky script, which sticks close in outline to Molière's original, is that it is good-natured, and this is not, and is not meant to be, much of a compliment. Even so, there are scenes and moments that do come to life, and the show, in spite of everything, ends up with an identity of its own.

The leading role of the whining, tyrannical Jewish hypochondriac is so repulsive (no theatre should be free enough to admit the word "heartburn") that it is impossible—or is for me—to judge Arnold Soboloff's interpretation of it. O.K., I guess, if you can look at him. Miss Damon, though, is truly funny as his flashy wife in a flashy red wig, scheming to get her hands on his money so she can escape the stifling sickroom and take off with her lawyer lover. She brings so much relish and wit to the part that she has all our sympathy. Mr. Hewett hits exactly the right note—somewhere between characterization and caricature—in his portrayal of a popular star of the Yiddish theatre, strutting and preening and striking terror to the hearts of the young or infirm. Mr. Berkson, as the unfortunate young man who is picked by the invalid to marry his daughter, shows quite a gift for eccentric comedy (and oblique appeal) within the limits of his silly little part. The other performances don't amount to much. The small orchestra, under the baton of a blond dynamo named Karen Gustafson, sounded fine, and I also admired Gloria Gresham's colorful period costumes. —EDITH OLIVER

•

The values of *αυ* and *ευ* are correctly identified with those of *aw* and *ew* in English *claw*, *few*, which were then still diphthongal [au] and [eu] respectively. As evidence for the pronunciation of *αυ* Cheke incidentally cites Aristophanes' use of *αὖ αὖ* to represent the barking of a dog, concluding 'ne canes quidem tam crassi sunt ut pro *αυ αυ* "*af af*" sonent;' Smith, on the other hand, though he arrives at the same conclusion, recognizes that, whereas '*au au*' may be the sound made by Molossian hounds, '*af af*' is heard from Maltese terriers (one is reminded of the conventional French '*gnaf gnaf*' as against German '*hau hau*'), and he therefore declines to accept this particular onomatopoeia as evidence. —*From "Vox Graeca," by W. Sidney Allen.*

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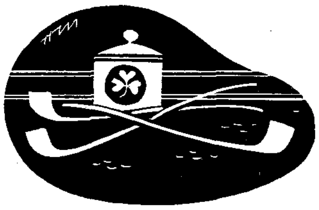
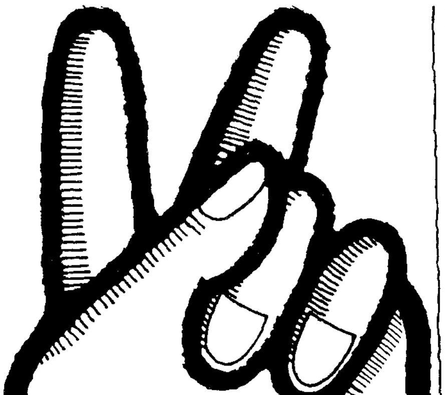
The Editors, *The New Yorker*,
DEAR SIRS:

IN an article that appeared in *The New Yorker* on February 7th, I wrote that Dr. Lee DuBridge, the President's science adviser, issued a statement last October at the White House saying that because a laboratory study had shown a "higher than expected number of deformities" in the fetuses of mice and rats exposed to the herbicide 2,4,5-T, agencies of the United States government would take action to restrict the use of that substance in this country and in Vietnam, where it was being used in extensive military defoliation operations. This action, Dr. DuBridge announced, would include the cancellation, by January 1st of this year, of Department of Agriculture permits for the use of 2,4,5-T on some American food crops unless the Food and Drug Administration had by then been able to determine a safe concentration of the herbicide in foods. Dr. DuBridge further announced that the Department of Defense would thenceforth "restrict the use of 2,4,5-T to areas remote from the population" in Vietnam. His statement added that these actions and others "will assure the safety of the public while further evidence [of the alleged harmful effects of 2,4,5-T] is being sought."

Four months have passed, and 2,4,5-T is still being used as widely as ever. The Department of Agriculture has yet to cancel its permits for the use of the herbicide on food crops in this country, and the Department of Defense is continuing to use it in populated areas of Vietnam. In the meantime, officials of the Dow Chemical Company, which is one of the largest producers of 2,4,5-T, have been maintaining that the samples of 2,4,5-T used in the study cited by Dr. DuBridge, which was done by the Bionetics Research Laboratories, of Bethesda, Maryland, were uncharacteristic of the 2,4,5-T currently being produced, because the material tested by Bionetics—which did not come from Dow—was contaminated to an unusual extent by a toxic substance identified as symmetrical 2,3,6,7-tetrachlorodibenzo-*p*-dioxin. This contaminant, usually called dioxin, was alleged by the Dow people to be present in the Bionetics samples at a concentration of approximately twenty-seven parts per million, and they claim that the 2,4,5-T that Dow is currently producing contains the dioxin contaminant in concentrations of less than one part per million. The Dow people maintain that their currently produced 2,4,5-T does not appear to have the effect of deforming rat fetuses. In January, a Dow official told the Department of Health, Education, and Welfare, "We strongly urge that action concerning the status of 2,4,5-T be held in abeyance until [Dow's] testing program is completed [in] April." The United States government's failure so far to place the promised restrictions on the use of 2,4,5-T in this country may in part be attributed to this plea.



Because of the seriousness of the issues involved, it seems to me that the government's failure to act on the use of 2,4,5-T here and in Vietnam calls for much fuller public discussion. Even though the dioxin contaminant may now be present in 2,4,5-T in what the Dow Chemical Company apparently considers to be no more than tolerable amounts, the substance is of such potency that its release even in small concentrations must prompt deep concern. In the presumably more heavily dioxin-contaminated samples of 2,4,5-T that were used in the Bionetics work, the smallest dosages of 2,4,5-T that the test animals were given caused extensive deformities in fetuses. In more recent studies of the dioxin contaminant, conducted by Dr. Jacqueline Verrett, of the Food and Drug Administration (who earlier was responsible for revealing the carcinogenicity of cyclamates), extensive teratogenic, or fetus-deforming, effects were discovered in chick embryos when the dioxin, or a distillate predominantly consisting of it, was present at concentrations of little more than a trillionth of a gram per gram of the egg. The magnitude of this effect on chick embryos may be gathered from the fact that, according to Dr. Verrett's studies, the dioxin appears to be a million times as potent a fetus-deforming agent as the notorious teratogen thalidomide was found to be in tests on chicks. Of course, chick embryos are far down the biological ladder from human fetuses, and they are also extremely sensitive to many substances.



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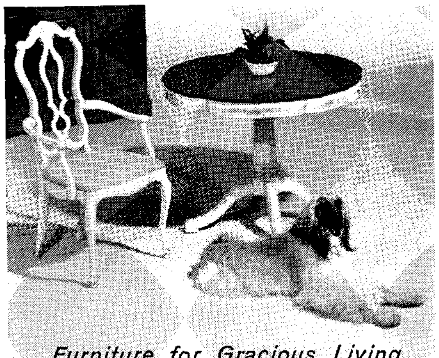

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But even if, for theoretical purposes, we reduced the teratogenic power of the dioxin, as shown in Dr. Verrett's chick-embryo studies, approximately a million times, we would *still* have to consider that we were dealing with a substance as teratogenically potent as thalidomide. That the United States government permits the presence, even in minute amounts, of such a substance in herbicidal mixtures to be sold for spraying on food crops and on suburban lawns—where some of the chemical may enter shallow wells and other drinking-water supplies—is hardly reassuring. And it is particularly disturbing when one reflects that in the quarter of a century in which 2,4,5-T was used prior to Dr. DuBridge's announcement not a single regulatory agency of the United States government, not the Department of Defense—which has been spreading huge quantities of 2,4,5-T on vast areas of Vietnam—and not, as far as is known, the researchers for any one of the half-dozen large American chemical companies producing the material had ever so much as opened up a pregnant mouse to determine whether 2,4,5-T or the dioxin contaminant in it did any systemic or pathogenic harm to the fetus. Several studies of the sort are now under way, but the United States government still seems to take the position that the 2,4,5-T produced by Dow and other large chemical companies should be considered innocent until it is proved to be otherwise. Meanwhile, 2,4,5-T is being sprayed on certain crops and on areas where it may come into contact with human beings, cattle, and wildlife. In Vietnam, it is still being sprayed by the military in concentrations that average thirteen times as great as those that the manufacturers themselves recommend as safe and effective for use in this country.

It is true that the teratogenicity of dioxin—as distinct from dioxin-contaminated 2,4,5-T—has not yet been established in tests conducted on experimental animals of mammalian species. However, the direct toxic, or body-poisoning, effects—as distinct from fetus-deforming effects—of dioxin are known to be very high both in animals and in human beings. In past studies on rats, dosages of forty-five millionths of a gram per kilo of the mother's body weight have been found to kill fifty per cent of the offspring. When dioxin was given orally to pregnant rats in recent tests, it was found, on preliminary investigation, to kill all fetuses with dosages of eight millionths of a gram per kilo of the mother's body

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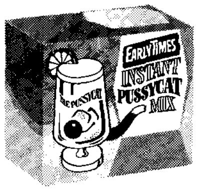

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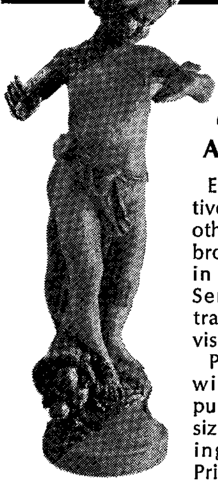
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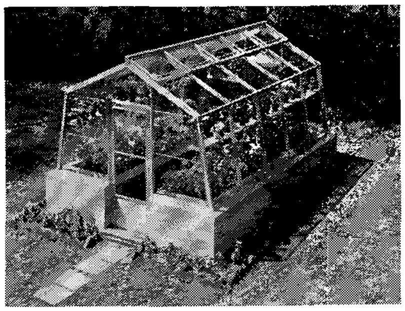
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weight, and to damage fetuses with dosages of a half-millionth of a gram per kilo.

Further, the effects of dioxin on human beings, even in small dosages, are known to be serious. In the past, in plants manufacturing 2,4,5-T an illness called chloracne seems to have been widespread among the workers. In the mid-sixties, Dow was obliged to close down part of a 2,4,5-T plant in Midland, Michigan, for some time because about sixty workers contracted chloracne as a result of contact with dioxin, which seems to be always present in varying degrees during the process of manufacturing 2,4,5-T and in the finished 2,4,5-T itself. The symptoms of this disease include extensive skin eruptions, disorders of the central nervous system, chronic fatigue, lassitude, and depression. Workers at a 2,4,5-T plant in New Jersey run by another company suffered similar symptoms in the mid-sixties, and six years later some of them were reported to be still suffering from the effects of the disease. In Germany, since the mid-fifties, workers in factory after factory producing 2,4,5-T and polychlorophenolic compounds have been afflicted with chloracne after absorbing apparently only minute amounts of the dioxin contaminant; their symptoms have been described in several medical papers as including liver damage, nervous and mental disorders, depression, loss of appetite and weight, and markedly reduced sexual drive.

A FEW weeks ago, when a reporter approached an official in Dr. DuBridge's office for information on 2,4,5-T he was told that he would be given White House coöperation "only to a certain extent," because the official didn't want "wild speculation" stirred up. He cited as an example of "wild speculation" the recent controversy over the birth-control pill, which, he said, had "caused millions of women to get hysterical with worry." The reporter replied that he didn't think the analogy between 2,4,5-T and the Pill was a particularly good one, for the reason that a woman using the Pill could employ alternative methods of contraception, whereas a Vietnamese woman exposed to herbicidal spray put down by the American military had no choice in the matter.

But perhaps the comparison between 2,4,5-T (and its dioxin contaminant) and commonly used pills is worth pursuing. Suppose that such a dangerous substance as dioxin were found to be contained in a pill offered for human

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consumption in this country, and suppose that the contaminant were present in such minute amounts that an adult following the prescribed dosages might ingest a hundredth of a millionth of a gram of the contaminant per day. There is no doubt whatever that, according to existing Food and Drug Administration standards, the F.D.A. would immediately ban production and sale of the pill on the ground that it was highly dangerous to public health; in fact, the amount of such a potent contaminant that the F.D.A. would permit in a pill under the agency's present policy on toxicity would almost certainly be zero.

While 2,4,5-T, with or without the dioxin contaminant, doesn't come in pill form, it may be worthwhile to try to calculate, on the basis of a hypothetical pill, how much 2,4,5-T (and dioxin) a Vietnamese woman living in an area sprayed by the American military might ingest in a day. It has already been calculated by reputable biologists that, if one takes into account the average amount of 2,4,5-T sprayed per acre in Vietnam, and also takes into account a one-inch rainfall—such as is common there—after a spraying, a forty-kilo (about eighty-eight-pound) Vietnamese woman drinking two litres (about two quarts) of 2,4,5-T-contaminated water per day could be ingesting about a hundred and twenty milligrams (about a two-hundred-and-fiftieth of an ounce) of 2,4,5-T a day. If the 2,4,5-T contained the dioxin contaminant at a level of one part per million—which is what the Dow people say is the maximum amount present in the 2,4,5-T they are currently producing—the Vietnamese woman would be absorbing a little over a tenth of a microgram of dioxin per day, or ten times the amount of dioxin entering the system of an adult from the hypothetical pill that the F.D.A. would certainly find dangerous to human health. Further, if this Vietnamese woman were to conceive a child two weeks, say, after the spraying, the weight of the dioxin that by these same calculations would have then accumulated in her system (the evidence thus far is that dioxin accumulates in mammalian tissue in the same manner as the chlorinated hydrocarbons, such as DDT) would be more than the weight of the just-fertilized ovum. Considering the existing evidence of the frightening degree of teratogenicity of the dioxin in chick embryos and its highly toxic effects on mammalian fetuses, the presence of this much dioxin in a mother's body at the very beginning of

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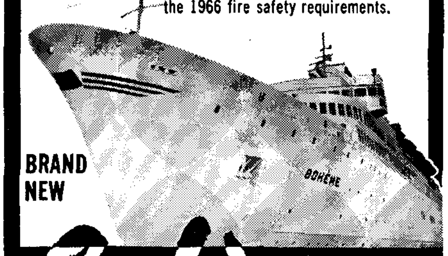

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a human life surely has ominous implications.

Now, what about the safety of 2,4,5-T itself? Admittedly, the dioxin contaminant seems to be a residue from one stage of its manufacture. But if by some future chemical miracle the very last trace of dioxin could be removed from the finished 2,4,5-T, would the resultant "pure" 2,4,5-T be harmless? The fact seems to be that even then 2,4,5-T, as produced in this country, would have to be viewed with suspicion, for the breakdown products of 2,4,5-T, when subjected to heat and other conditions, are themselves capable, according to a number of responsible biologists, of producing dioxin. Given this potential, the ultimate folly in our defoliation operations in Vietnam was possibly achieved during 1965 and 1966, when the military made large-scale efforts in two defoliated areas to create fire storms—that is, fires so huge that all the oxygen in those areas would be exhausted. The apparent intention was to render the soil barren. (A fire storm would also, of course, have the result of burning or suffocating any living beings remaining in the area.) Operation Sherwood Forest, conducted in 1965, was an attempt to burn a defoliated section of the Boi Loi Woods. In October, 1966, the military began Operation Pink Rose, a similar project. Neither of the projects, in which tons of napalm were thrown down on top of the residue of tons of sprayed 2,4,5-T, succeeded in creating the desired effect; whether they released into the atmosphere dioxin produced by the breakdown products of the 2,4,5-T will probably never be known.

There are also less spectacular ways in which conditions suitable for the release of dioxin in Vietnam may have been created. For example, after areas accessible by road have been defoliated, woodcutters move in to chop up the dead timber, which is then carted off to nearby towns and sold as firewood. Large quantities of it are said to have been entering Saigon for years. Since the fires are customarily tended by Vietnamese women, and since many of them are certainly pregnant, the hazards to health and to the lives of unborn children surely cannot be ignored.

In the United States, the potential hazards from the present use of 2,4,5-T are considerably less than they are in Vietnam. In the first place, the recommended concentrations of 2,4,5-T for spraying here are, as I have pointed out, about a thirteenth of what the

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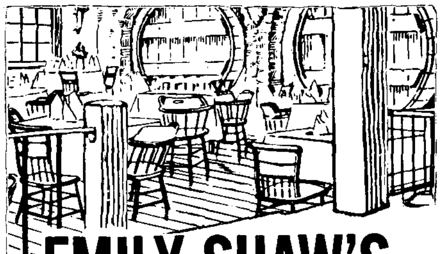

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Vietnamese population is sometimes subjected to. And, in the second place, a great deal, if not most, of the 2,4,5-T that would otherwise have been sprayed on American crops and grazing areas has for several years been sent to Vietnam. However, the shortage of 2,4,5-T in this country does not necessarily mean that the potential hazards are at a minimum. The substances known as the trichlorophenols and compounds of pentachlorophenol, which officials of the F.D.A. believe may be chemical precursors of dioxin under certain thermal and other conditions, are used widely in the manufacture of a large variety of consumer products, ranging from paper to laundry starch and hair shampoo. Dow Chemical puts out a whole line of polychlorophenolic chemicals known as Dowicide Products. Monsanto Chemical also puts out a line of pentachlorophenol substances, known as Penta Compounds. Since a very great many consumer products wind up being burned sooner or later, and since the polychlorophenolic compounds are suspected of being capable, under particular thermal and other conditions, of releasing dioxin, the alarming question arises whether, and to what extent, dioxin is being released into the environment through the atmosphere. Pentachlorophenol, used in certain herbicides, is readily decomposed in sunlight, and in its breakdown process a number of products, including chemical precursors of chlorodibenzo-*p*-dioxin compounds, are produced. Because of these factors, a whole range of pesticides, as well as of herbicides, now must come under suspicion of producing dioxin compounds.

Although the chemical companies that manufacture 2,4,5-T have long taken pride in pointing out that 2,4,5-T itself is quite readily decomposable in soil, the crucial matters of how stable the dioxin contaminant is and to what extent it is cumulative in animal tissue have apparently been neglected. Consequently, the fact that traces of compounds virtually indistinguishable from dioxin have already been detected in this country in the human food chain—in the livers of chickens and in edible oils—clearly indicates that dioxin should be considered a hazard to man. Why, under all these inauspicious circumstances, the production and the use here and in Vietnam of 2,4,5-T has not summarily been stopped by the United States government is hard to understand.

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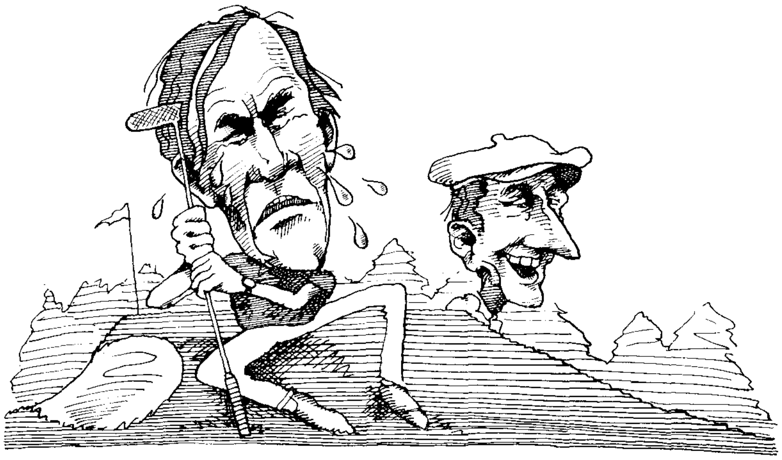

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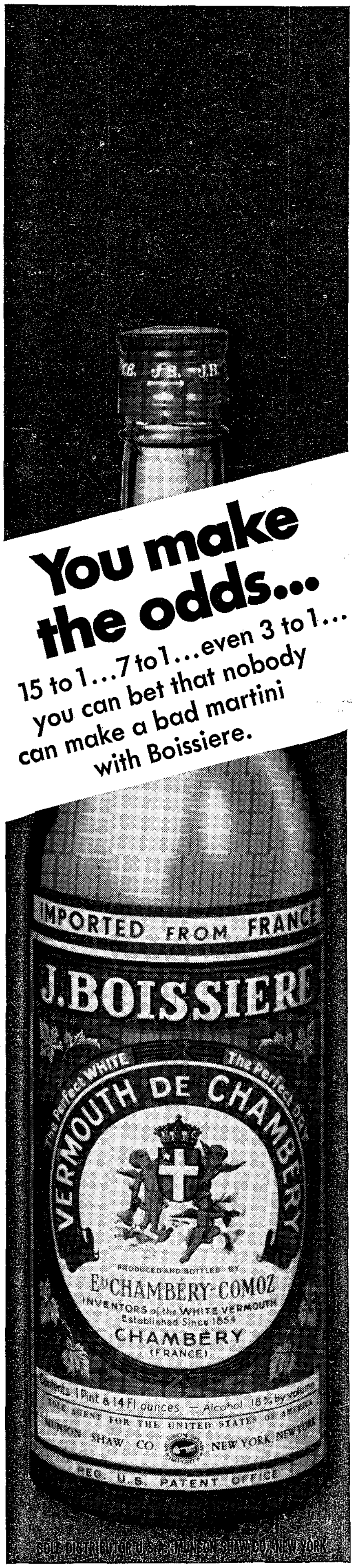
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# THE RACE TRACK

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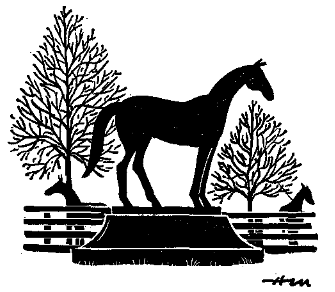
QUICKEN TREE's victory in the Santa Anita Handicap last Saturday could be called a triumph of persistence, for it was his fourth try in the race. He got away badly at the start, and was last, a long way behind the leaders, at the far turn, but then he moved up with a tremendous surge of speed and, storming out of the pack in the stretch, won going away by nearly a length from Fiddle Isle. Field Master was third. Nodouble, the favorite, was eighth. Your correspondent has seen a number of runnings of the big 'Cap, including the first (and never mind looking up the date of that one), but he doesn't remember a more thrilling finish or more delightful weather for the occasion. The sun shone warmly on the dozen runners, giving their coats the sheen of summer as they paraded in the walking ring, and to me Nodouble looked especially fit. So did the Argentine colt Snow Sporting, who recently won the Strub Stakes at Santa Anita. Quicken Tree, a tough, squarely built chestnut, appeared trim and ready.



Right Cross, a sprinter, came out of the gate at the break like a greyhound out of the starting box, followed by Field Master, and they zipped off the first quarter in 0:22⅖, the half mile in 0:45⅕, and six furlongs in 1:09⅖. Field Master kept on to pass the mile mark in 1:34⅕, which is really flying. Thanks to this early pace, the mile and a quarter was run in 1:59⅗, which tied the track record for the distance. Right Cross finished last. Field Master, however, hung on well, but got into close quarters in the final furlong, for which his rider, Valenzuela, blamed Alvarez, on Quicken Tree. The stewards didn't agree with the jockey, and dismissed the claim of foul. Nodouble, who didn't appear to be in a running mood, was never in the picture. And Dewan didn't run anything like the way he ran a few weeks ago in the San Antonio, which he won. No doubt the fast early pace helped Quicken Tree by burning out the other contenders. At any rate, he picked up the first money of $100,000 for Louis Rowan, who bred him, and who races him in partnership with Wheelock Whitney. The winner, who is no stranger to Belmont Park and Aqueduct, will have his next outing in the San Juan Capistrano at Santa Anita on April 4th, and further plans for him include a trip East to Belmont Park.

Altogether, I'd say that Santa Anita had its biggest day of the season, with a crowd of more than fifty-two thousand in the stands and in the infield. The infield, by the way, reminded me of the one at Churchill Downs on Derby Day—because it was so different. In my book, it's fun going racing at Santa Anita.

AS the old saying has it, the bigger they come the harder they fall. It certainly held true in the Flamingo Stakes at Hialeah last week. Silent Screen, who was voted the best two-year-old of 1969, who was top weight in the Experimental Free Handicap, and who was odds-on in Florida's prized event for three-year-olds, finished eighth, ten lengths or so behind My Dad George, who won by a nose from Corn Off the Cob. Burd Alane was third. From all accounts (your correspondent was on his way West when it happened), Silent Screen had bad racing luck. He was caught in a jam on the first turn when Iron Warrior crossed in front of him. Iron Warrior, quickest to find a way out of the traffic, led for about three-quarters of a mile (the race was at a mile and an eighth), after which My Dad George moved up in high gear, passing the pack and then running down Corn Off the Cob in the last few strides.

My Dad George, a Florida-bred bay colt by Dark Star out of Mabekky, was bought by Ray Curtis, a newcomer to racing, for $13,500 at the Florida sales two years ago. His form on the Eastern tracks was only so-so, but since he returned to his home ground it has improved, and he won two stakes at Tropical Park and finished a bang-up third in the Everglades. Needless to say, he'll run for the Florida Derby at Gulfstream Park later this month. Perhaps the Silent Screen bubble has burst. The day after the Flamingo, Bowes Bond, who trains him, said the colt came out of the race with several cuts on his legs, was running a temperature, and would be declared out of the Florida Derby.

Looking over the nominations to the

One in a Series

# The sportsman's guide to the French Riviera.

## le bon voyage

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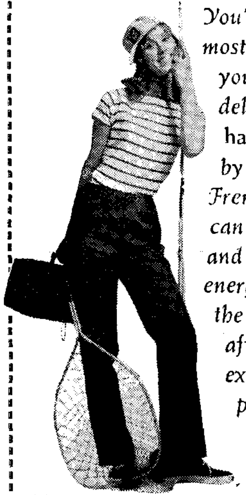

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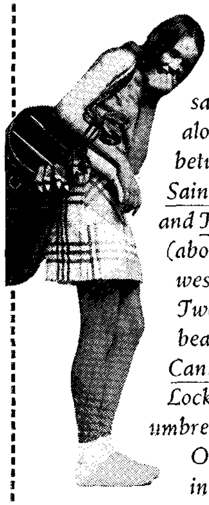
If you're a member of the wet set you'll be glad to know that the Riviera is one of the greatest water sport regions in the world. Swimming? You'll find the clearest water and the finest white sand beaches along the coast between Saint-Raphaël and Hyères (about 88 miles) west of Nice).

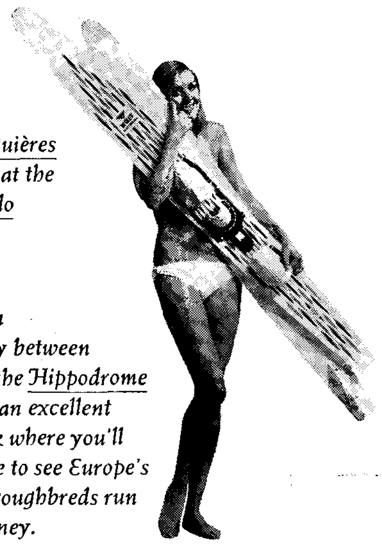


Two of the most beautiful beaches on the Riviera are at Cannes and Juan-les-Pins. Lockers, beach chairs and umbrellas can be rented.

Or perhaps you feel more in the swim of things in a pool. Do a few laps across the Olympic-size Stade Nautique Rainier III in Monte Carlo. Sailing, motorboating and water-skiing are sponsored by the Yacht Club Marseilles.

## Land sports

If you're the kind of sportsman who likes to keep his head above water and his score below par, you'll be interested in all the drier diversions the Côte d'Azur has to offer. Golf? Play the 18-holes at the Mt. Agel Golf Club (15 minutes out of Monte Carlo). Other 18-hole golf courses are located near Cannes, Antibes and Valescure.



Tennis anyone? Excellent public courts at Saint-Raphaël, Val d'Esquières and Cassis. And don't miss a game at the magnificent court of the Monte Carlo Country Club.

## Sport of kings

Take in a day at the races. In Cagnes-sur-Mer (halfway between Antibes and Nice) is the Hippodrome de la Côte d'Azur, an excellent parimutuel track where you'll have a chance to see Europe's fastest thoroughbreds run for the money. Marseilles also has a top-notch track.

## A sporting chance

Gambling's one sport where it doesn't matter how you play the game but whether you win or lose. There's a plethora of glamorous casinos on the French Riviera. Be sure to bring your passport; you'll need it to get in. And a little extra pocket money; you'll need that to play. In Cannes, the two big casinos are: the Municipal Casino and the Palm Beach Casino. Nice has three casinos: the Municipal Casino, the Palais de la Méditerranée and the Nouveau Casino. The big sports gamble at the world-famous Monte Carlo Casino in Monte Carlo.

## Telephone numbers

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spring classics, I don't envy anyone who is trying to pick a winner: the two-year-olds of 1969 were hardly a vintage lot, and the strain and stress of winter racing have already taken quite a toll.

SEVERAL days before the Santa Anita Handicap, I paid a return visit to Hastings Harcourt's Flag Is Up Farms, a three-thousand-acre spread in the Santa Ynez Valley, and something of a showplace, even though it doesn't try to be. When I was there a year ago, I thought it was the most efficiently operated and best-equipped thoroughbred-breeding farm I had ever seen. It had everything needed to produce top horses and send them to the races fit and ready to run. Well, since then, Marvin Roberts, who runs the place, has added a few innovations. One is a pool—not just for cooling out horses after a gallop, as trainers do in the Argentine, but for therapeutic treatments. This is an addition to the hospital setup, which includes an operating room and a room equipped for X-ray therapy, both staffed by the best personnel available. Another of Roberts' innovations I liked is the paddock on the top of the highest hill on the farm. He believes that yearlings running and romping in it get legged up better than they would if they spent their days on level ground. Certainly those I saw were a healthy, lively, and sound-looking lot. Altogether, there are about three hundred thoroughbreds on the place: horses in training or resting up (and I can think of nowhere better for it), broodmares, foals (with daily additions), yearlings, and half a dozen stallions. The king of the lot is Successor, who has grown and developed into the handsomest individual you'd care to see. The visit was enjoyable as well as instructive. I'm glad I made it.

—AUDAX MINOR

•

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The men fled when Joseph G. Rakower, 54 years old, slammed the closet door in their faces and ran from the room shouting: "Holdup? Holdup?" the police said.—*The Times.*

Rakower has *always* been riddled with doubts.

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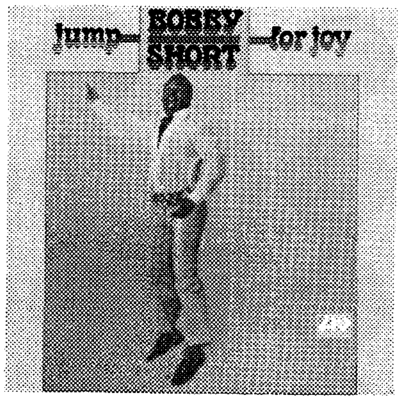

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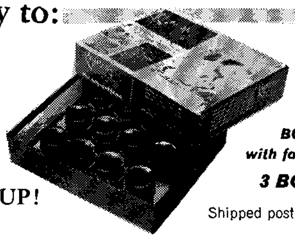

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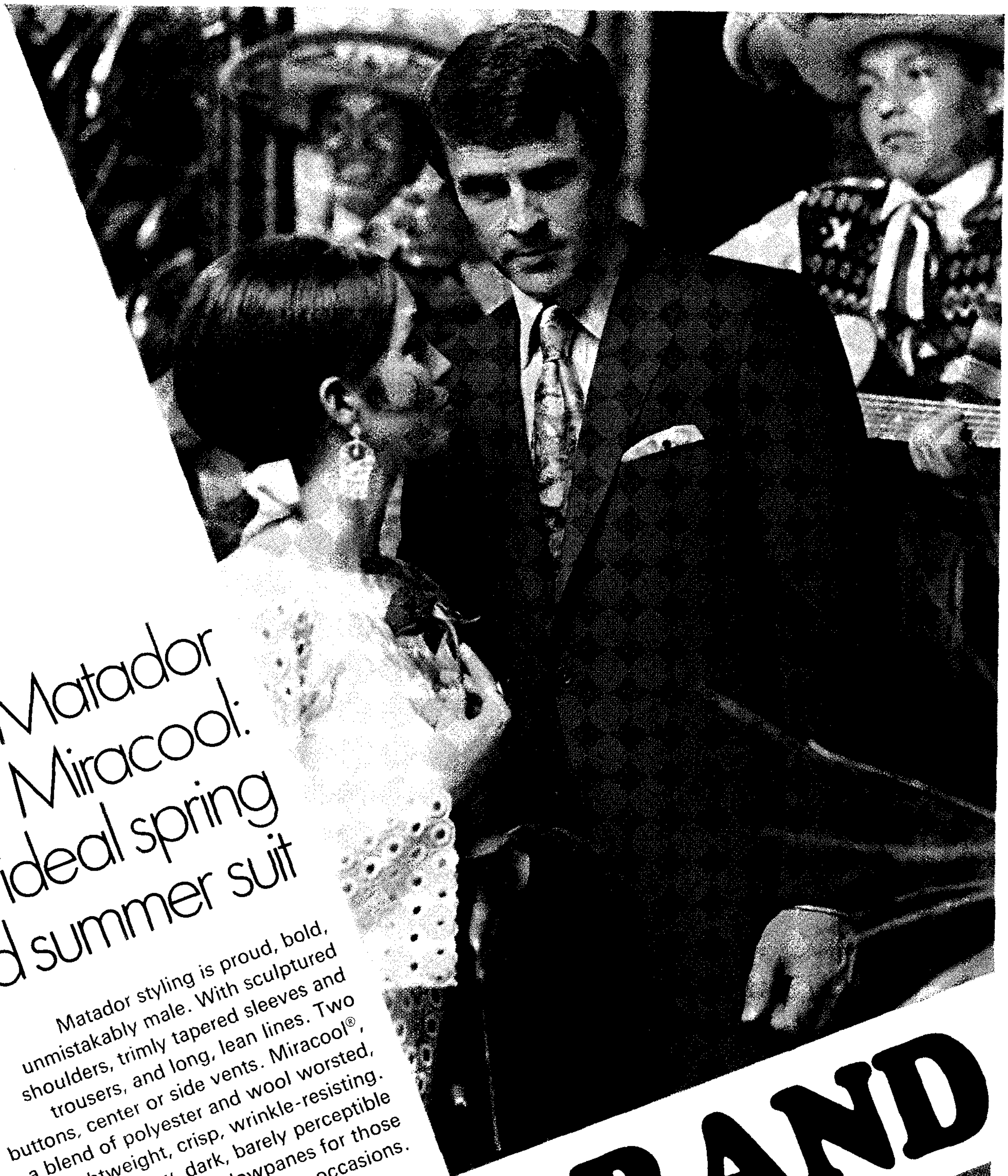
# THE CURRENT CINEMA

## *Fellini's Mondo Trasho*

"Fellini Satyricon" uses the pre-Christian Roman world of debauchery during the time of Nero as an analogue of the modern post-Christian period. Like Cecil B. De Mille, who was also fond of pagan infernos, Fellini equates sexual "vice" with apocalypse; in "La Dolce Vita" he used the orgies of modern Rome as a parallel to ancient Rome, and now he reverses the analogy to make the same point. The idea that sticks out in every direction from "Fellini Satyricon" is that man without a belief in God is a lecherous beast. I think it's a really bad movie—a terrible movie—but Fellini has such intuitive rapport with the superstitious child in the adult viewer that I imagine it will be a considerable success. If it were put to members of the foreign-film audience rationally, probably few of them would identify the problems in the world today with fornication and licentiousness, or with the loss of faith in a divine authority. But when people at the movies are shown an orgiastic world of human beasts and monsters it's easy for them to fall back upon the persistent cliché that godlessness is lawlessness. De Mille, whose specialty was also the photogenic demonstration that modern immorality resembles the hedonism of declining Rome, used to satisfy the voyeuristic needs of the God-abiding by showing them what they were missing by being good and then soothe them by showing them the terrible punishments they escaped by being good. Fellini is not a sanctimonious manipulator of that kind; he makes fantasy extravaganzas out of tabloid sensationalism, but he appears to do it from emotional conviction, or, perhaps more exactly, from a master entertainer's feeling for the daydreams of the audience. He seems to draw upon something in himself that many people respond to as being profound, possibly because it has been long buried in them. When he brings it out, they think he is a great artist.

Fellini's pagans are freaks—bloated or deformed, or just simulated freaks with painted faces and protruding tongues. This is not the first time Fellini has used freaks in a movie; he has been using them, though in smaller numbers, to represent mystery and depravity all along, and especially since "La Dolce Vita." Often they were people made up freakishly, as if in his oddly sophisticated-naïve eyes decadence were a wig and a heavy makeup job. His homosexual boys with gold dust in their hair were the "painted women" of naughty novels. It's the most simple-minded and widespread of all attitudes toward sin—identical with De Mille's. And so it wasn't surprising that some enthusiasts of "La Dolce Vita" took it as "a lesson to us"—a lesson that Rome fell because of high living and promiscuity, and we would, too. The labors of Gibbon and other historians never really permeated people's minds the way banalities about retribution for sin did. The freak show of "Fellini Satyricon" is a grotesque interpretation of paganism, yet I think many people in the audience will accept it without question. When we were children, we may have feared people with physical defects, assuming that they were frightening to look at because they were *bad*. In our fairy tales, it was the ugly witches who did wicked deeds, and didn't we pick up the idea that if we were good we would be beautiful but if we did forbidden things it would show in our faces? Some of us probably thought that depravity caused deformity; at the most superstitious level, ugliness was God's punishment for disobedience. Many of us have painfully learned to overcome these superstitions, and yet the buried feelings can be easily touched. Fellini's popular strength probably comes from primitive elements such as these in a modern style that enables audiences to respond as if the content were highly sophisticated. Perhaps the style enables some viewers to think that the primitive fantasies are Jungian, or whatever, and so are somehow raised to the status of art. But there is no evidence that Fellini is using them consciously, or using them *against* their original impact; they're not even fully brought to light. In Fellini's films, buried material isn't jabbed at and released in obscene jokes, as in Buñuel's films. Our primitive fears are tapped and used just as they are by a punishing parent or an opportunistic schoolteacher who's unaware of what he's doing—except that Fellini does it more playfully.

Like a naughty Christian child, Fellini thinks it's a ball to be a pagan, but a naughty ball, a *bad* one, which can't really be enjoyed. In "La Dolce Vita," Fellini's hero was a society reporter who got caught up in the life of the jaded rich international party set; in "8½," the hero was a movie director who lived out the public fantasy of what a big movie director's life is like—a big, swirling party; in "Juliet of the Spirits," the hero was some sort of official greeter and partygiver whose wife dreamed of fruity, balletistic par-



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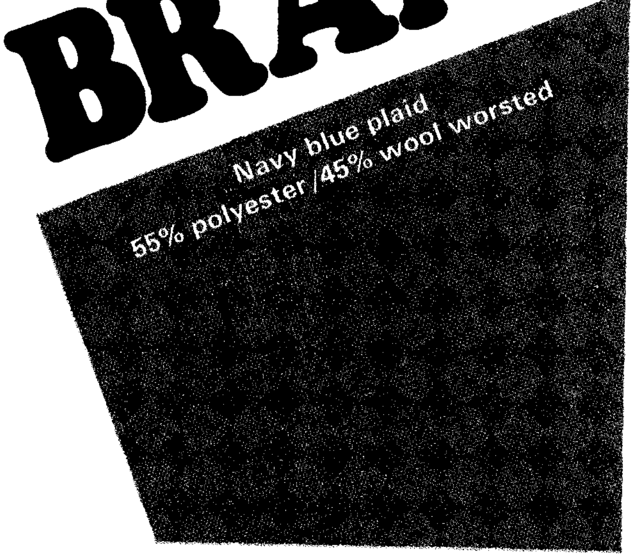

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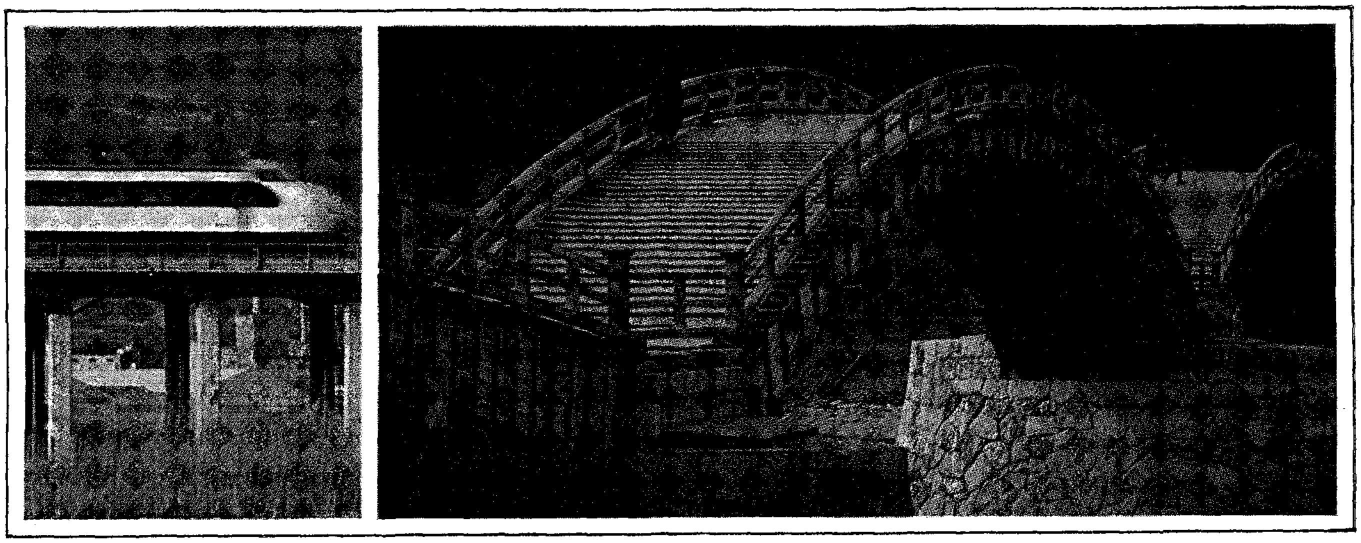

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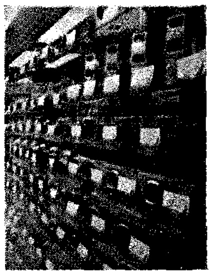
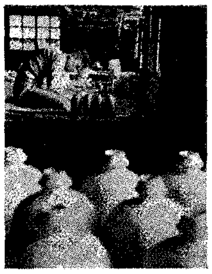
You discover the Inland Sea with its piney picture-islands and misty vistas—from a speeding hydrofoil. You stroll Tokyo's Ginza, past window after window of excellent watches, cameras, mini-TV's. Then, abruptly here's a folk art shop, with pottery fired in ancient kilns, and traditional toys carved by hereditary craftsmen.





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# All in a Japanese day

ties. In "Fellini Satyricon" the party scenes are no longer orgiastic climaxes. Fellini uses Petronius and other classic sources as the basis for a movie that is one long orgy of eating, drinking, cruelty, and copulation, and he goes all the way with his infatuation with transvestism, nymphomania, homosexuality, monsters.

"Fellini Satyricon" is *all* phantasmagoria, and though from time to time one may register a face or a set or an episode, for most of the film one has the feeling of a camera following people walking along walls. The fresco effect becomes monotonous and rather oppressive. It's almost as if the movie were a theatrically staged panorama, set on a treadmill. At first, while we're waiting for Fellini to get into the material and involve us, there's a sequence on an ancient stage which seems to promise that the movie will be a theatrical spectacle in the modern theatre-of-cruelty sense. But Fellini never does involve us: we seem to be at a stoned circus, where the performers go on and on whether we care or not. And though there's a story, we anticipate the end a dozen times—a clear sign that his episodic structuring has failed. Afterward, one recalls astonishingly little; there are many episodes and anecdotes, but, for a work that is visual if it is anything, it leaves disappointingly few visual impressions. Giton, the adolescent boy whom the two heroes battle over, *is* memorable, because Max Born makes him a soft, smiling coquette full of sly promise; he's the complete whore, who takes pleasure in being used. The one charming episode is a sweetly amoral Garden of Eden sexual romp of the two heroes with a beautiful slave girl in a deserted house. Except for Giton's scenes and the slave girl's, and perhaps a shipboard-rape-and-marriage sequence, the picture isn't particularly sensual—though one assumes that carnality is part of its subject matter, and though Fellini has previously shown a special gift for carnal fantasies, as in the harem sequence of "8½." Some of the set designs (by Danilo Donati) have a hypnotic quality—a ship like a sea serpent, a building with many stories and no front wall, so that we look into it as if it were a many-layered stage set—but the photography isn't very distinguished. It's a tired movie; during much of it, we seem to be moving past clumsily arranged groups and looking at people exhibiting their grossness or their abnormalities and sticking their tongues out at us. If you have ever been at a high-school play in which the children trying to look evil stuck their

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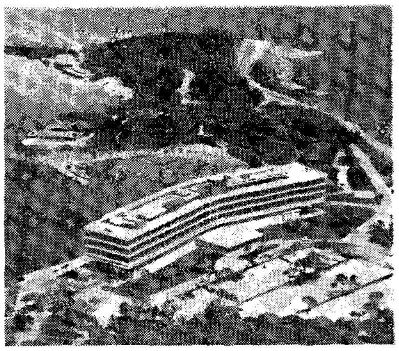

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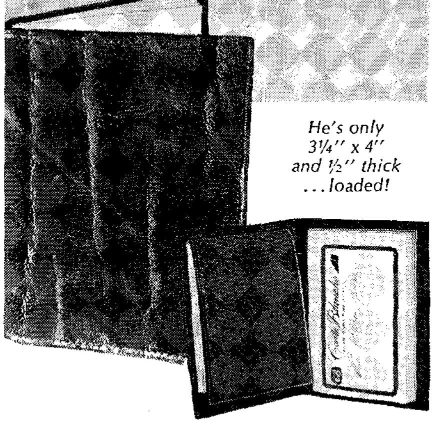
tongues out, you'll know exactly why there's so little magic in Fellini's apocalyptic extravaganza. It's full of people making faces, the way people do in home movies, and full of people staring at the camera and laughing and prancing around, the way they often do in sixteen-millimetre parodies of sex epics, like "Mondo Trasho." Fellini's early films had a forlorn atmosphere, and there were bits of melancholy still drifting through "La Dolce Vita" and "8½;" if the people were lost, at least their sorrow gave them poetic suggestions of depth. There was little depth in "Juliet of the Spirits," and there is none in this "Satyricon." Perhaps Fellini thinks Christ had to come before people could have souls, but, lacking emotional depth, the movie is so transient that elaborate episodes like Trimalchio's banquet barely leave a trace in the memory.

Somewhere along the line—I think it happened in "La Dolce Vita"—Fellini gave in to the luxurious basking in sin that has always had such extraordinary public appeal. He became the new De Mille—a purveyor of the glamour of wickedness. And, though he doesn't appear in them, he became the star of his movies, which are presented as emanations of his imagination, his genius; he functioned as if the creative process had no relation to experience, to thought, or to other art. As this process has developed, the actors, and the characters, in his movies have become less and less important, so at "Fellini Satyricon" one hardly notices the familiar people in it—it's all a masquerade anyway, and they are made up to be hideous, and they come and go so fast—and one hardly knows or cares who the leads are, or which actor is Encolpius, which Ascyltus. (Encolpius, the blond Botticelli-angel face, is an English stage and TV actor named Martin Potter; Ascyltus, the goatish brunet, is Hiram Keller, an American who was in "Hair." Encolpius and Ascyltus look as if they might be found among the boys cruising the Spanish Steps, and that is certainly right for the ancient-modern parallel Fellini makes, but Potter appears uncomfortable in his role.) I feel that what has come over Fellini is a movie director's megalomania, which has not gone so far with anyone else, and that part of the basis for his reputation is that his narcissistic conception of his role is exactly what celebrity worshippers have always thought a movie director to be. His idea of a movie seems to be to gather and exhibit all the weird people he can find, and



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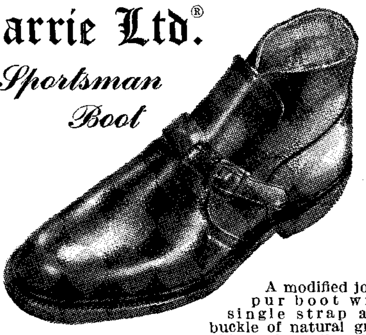

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one gets the feeling that more excitement and energy go into casting than into what he does with his cast, because, after the first sight of them, the faces don't yield up anything further to the camera. People coming out of "La Dolce Vita" and "8½" could be heard asking, "Where do you suppose he found them?"—as if he were a magician of a zookeeper who had turned up fabulous specimens. This increasingly strange human zoo into which he thrusts us is what people refer to when they say that there is a Fellini world. The partygoers of "La Dolce Vita," with their masklike faces of dissatisfaction and perversity, have given way to this parade of leering, grinning cripples. And these primitive caricatures of what depravity supposedly does to us are used as cautionary images. In interviews, Fellini frequently talks of the need to believe in miracles, and of how "we have not the strength" to do without religion or myth. My guess would be that Fellini, as a Catholic, and a notably emotional one, has small knowledge of or interest in any forms of control outside the Church. As an artist, he draws upon the imagination of a Catholic schoolboy and presents us with a juvenile version of the Grand Inquisitor's argument.

Fellini's work has an eerie, spellbinding quality for some people which must be not unlike the powerful effect the first movies were said to have. Perhaps the opulence and the dreamlike movement of his films and the grotesques who populate them are what some people want from the movies—a return to frightening fairy tales. I don't think "Fellini Satyricon" is effective even on this level, because I don't find the Pop decadence beautiful. Following the Kubrick line in selling pictures, Fellini, in an interview, says, "Even the young ones not smoking, not with drugs—they grasp the picture, they feel the picture, eat the picture, breathe it, without asking, 'What does it mean?' This film—I don't want to sound presumptuous, but it is a very good test just to choose friends with, a test if people are free or not. The young kids, they pass the test." I should say that emotionally his "Satyricon" is just about the opposite of "free;" emotionally, it's a hip version of "The Sign of the Cross." There's a certain amount of confusion in it about what's going on and where, so some people may take it "psychedelically" and swallow it whole, though the audience at "Fellini Satyricon" is already on to part of the con: there was a big laugh when Encolpius identifies himself as a student. But this

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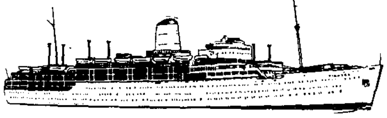

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new selling technique of congratulating youth for not thinking—which is also a scare selling technique to reviewers who are afraid of being left behind "free" youth—puts the audience at the mercy of shrewd promotion. "The young, they just love and feel," says Fellini, "and if there is a new cinema, pictures such as '2001'—and, yes, 'Satyricon'—it is for them." Sure it's for them, because they constitute about fifty per cent of the paid admissions, and so poor old "Fantasia" has now been reissued as a trip movie, and the ads for "Zabriskie Point" say "It blows your mind," and so on. When Susan Kohner, sobbing, clutched the flowers on her black mother's casket in "Imitation of Life," you might have felt the anguish in your chest even as you laughed at yourself for reacting. Maybe if Fellini personally didn't impress people so much as a virtuoso they'd become as conscious of the emotional and intellectual shoddiness they're responding to in *his* films. The usual refrain is "With Fellini, I'm so captivated by the images I don't ask what it means." But suppose it's not the "beauty" of the images they're reacting to so much as that step-by-step intuitive linkage between Fellini's emotions and their own almost forgotten ones? I'm sure there are people who will say that it doesn't matter if Fellini's movies are based on shallow thinking, or even ignorance, because he uses popular superstitions for a poetic vision, and makes art out of them. The large question in all this is: *Can* movie art be made out of shallow thinking and superstitions? The answer may, I think, be no. But even if it's yes, I don't think Fellini transformed anything in "Fellini Satyricon."

—PAULINE KAEL

•

> The future of financially troubled Randolph Manufacturing Co. may be decided this week, Sidney Covich, chairman of Randy Industries Inc., told The Globe.
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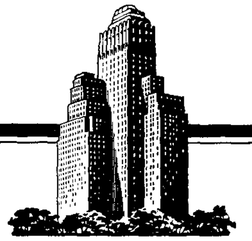

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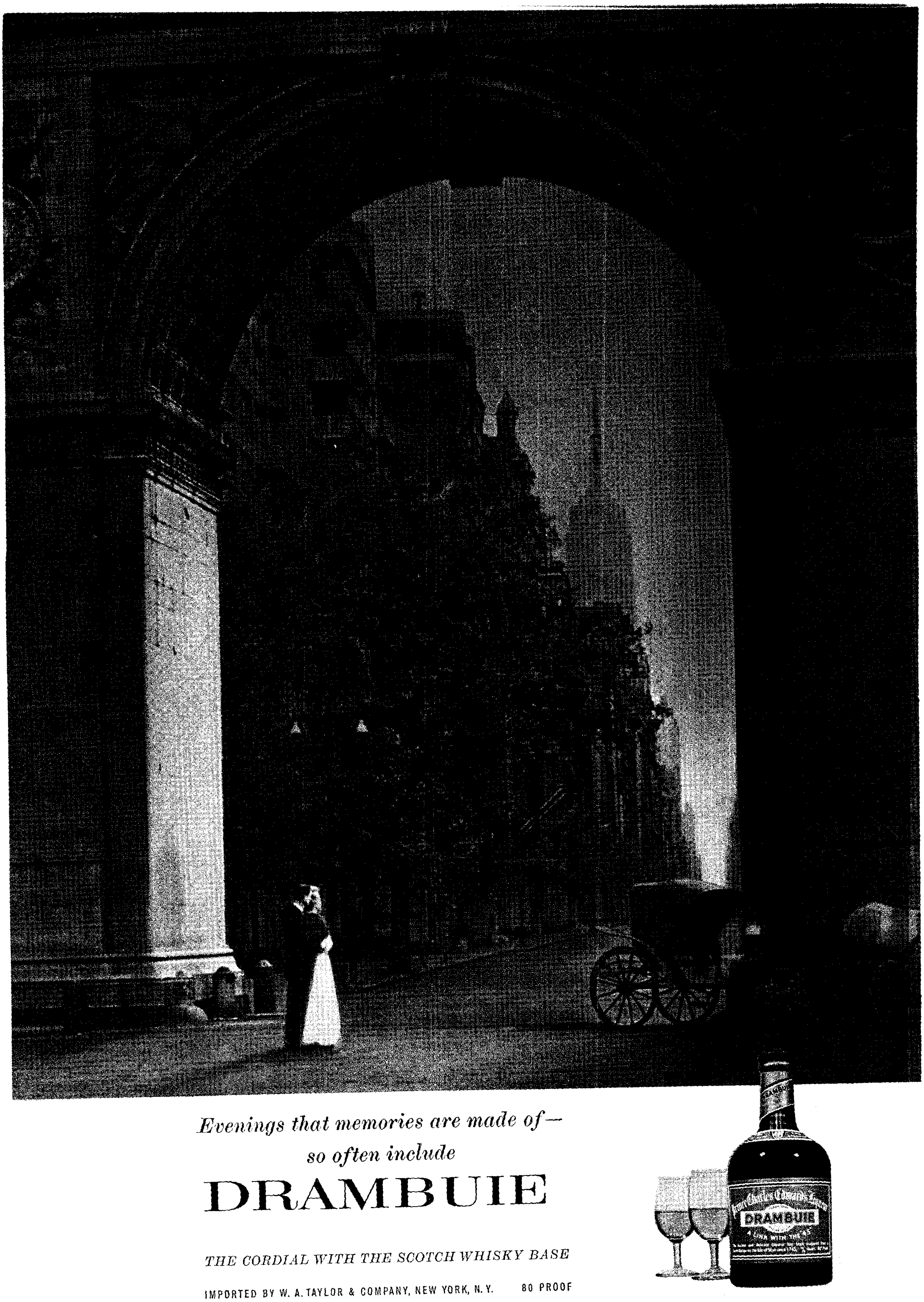
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# MUSICAL EVENTS

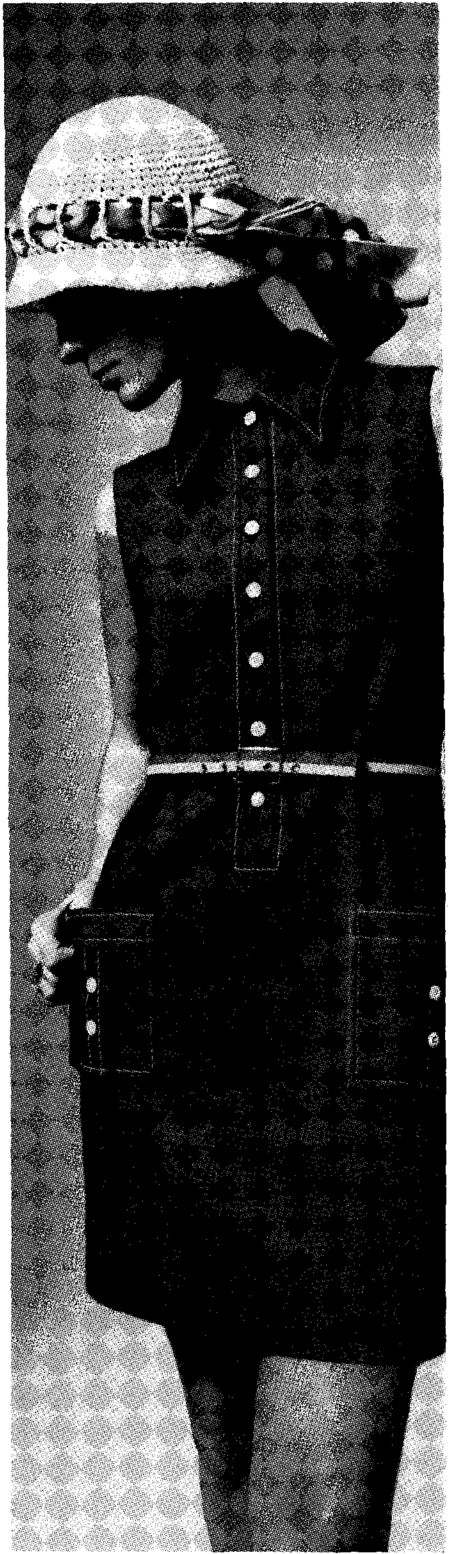
## *Norma Reconquered*

OLYMPIC GAMES, I am told, occur every four years. At larger intervals, averaging fifteen years or so since the time of Lilli Lehmann, the Metropolitan Opera enters that olympic game of opera, Bellini's "Norma," with its champion coloratura soprano in the title role. There is no doubt in any opera buff's mind but that on November 16, 1927, with Rosa Ponselle, the Met won one of the handsomest victories in its history. In 1937, with Gina Cigna, it suffered a total defeat. Zinka Milanov, in 1943, didn't win, either. In 1956, Maria Callas entered the arena. Miss Callas may be marked up as a near winner. Her musical style was impeccable, her agility tremendous, her breath control in long vocal lines admirable, and her treatment of ornamentations immaculate. The only thing she failed at was vocal quality. Her voice was already on the decline and had assumed a reedy, nasal sound. Except for this, she was magnificent, and there was the unforgettable Callas stage presence, which did a great deal to enhance the credibility of Bellini's musical drama. Last Tuesday night, Joan Sutherland joined this succession of gladiators, in a new production of the opera. Miss Sutherland, as everybody knows, has already been acclaimed a champion at lesser events, and there was much curiosity about what she would do with this role, as well as a fairly settled conviction that she would at least conquer its technical aspects. She is a dramatic coloratura soprano (unlike Beverly Sills, who is a lyric coloratura), and that is the kind of soprano that "Norma" requires—a heavyweight, capable not only of singing all the *fioritura* but also of heaving great quantities of sound across the footlights.

Miss Sutherland's performance was, as might be expected, a triumph of coloratura singing. Her control of the long lines of "Casta diva" was impressive, and her agility elsewhere was very nearly flawless. There were other elements in her singing that were less pleasing, although quite familiar. Hers is a cold coloratura voice, without much emotional coloring, and she has a way of bunching her ornamentations together and hurling them out rapidly. In these matters, Miss Callas was her superior. Then there is Miss Sutherland's peculiar language, which certainly is not Italian, though it resembles it here and there as it emerges through her faulty diction. Nevertheless, the vocalization of the role was thrilling. She hit the bull's-eye neatly with all her high notes, and her scale and arpeggio passages were, except for a couple of descending chromatic scales, brilliantly executed. Altogether, this was a first-class Norma, and the Met had won again. The feat that this involved is considerable. There are very few sopranos who can even manage to sing the role of Norma in tune and with a decent amount of vocal ornamentation. Miss Sutherland not only managed this; she even added some ornamentation of her own.

The Adalgisa of the evening was Marilyn Horne, who was making her Metropolitan début. It was high time this début occurred, for anybody who has been around singers knows that Miss Horne is, and has been for some years, one of the world's most spectacular mezzo-sopranos. From time to time, with her younger and more expressive voice, she even stole the show from Miss Sutherland, and their duets, which they had sung together many times before in other opera houses, were beautifully coördinated—particularly the finest of them, "Mira, O Norma." The Pollione was Carlo Bergonzi, that most cultivated of all contemporary Italian tenors, and he sang with a deep understanding of bel-canto style and much beauty of tone. Cesare Siepi's Oroveso was equally refined and satisfying. Even the minor roles, Carlotta Ordassy's Clotilda and Rod MacWherter's Flavio, were well done. It was an all-star night. I cannot place the conductor, Richard Bonynge, among the stars, however. His projection of the score was flabby, unsteady, and a mere slavish accompaniment to the singers.

There were those who didn't like the new staging. I had no serious objections to it. The action, supervised by Paul-Émile Deiber (one of the men in charge of putting the Paris Opéra back on the map), was routine and full of statuesque poses and gestures (in extenuation of Mr. Deiber's faults, it must be admitted that "Norma" is a rather statuesque opera and that it is difficult for a director to do much with it). The



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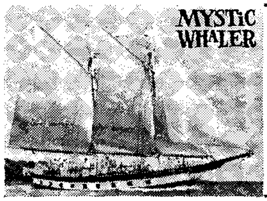

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costumes, of the appropriate nightgown type, were by the British designer Desmond Heeley, as was the basic set—a sort of metallic-colored mini-Stonehenge, which turned one face or the other toward the audience in succeeding acts. One of the great events of the evening was the use of the turntable, for the first time, in the last act, in which, before the audience's eyes, it revolved to disclose the chorus of Druids and the scene of the funeral pyre. The Met hasn't had a workable turntable since the original one broke down during rehearsals for the opening of the opera house in Lincoln Center. The new one received a small round of applause the other night. At last, Mr. Bing could say, in the immortal words of Galileo, "*E pur si muove.*"

LAST Thursday night, I went to the New York City Opera's new production of Benjamin Britten's "The Turn of the Screw," the spooky opera based on the Henry James story. This production was very different from the last one offered by the company. Much of the narrative had been moved from an exterior locale to an interior one, and its center was a pleasing Victorian drawing room, Jac Venza's setting, where the major part of the drama took place. The director was Theodore Mann, of the legitimate theatre, who gave the action considerable impetus. "The Turn of the Screw" is basically a theatre piece, and a highly effective one, with music that enhances every moment. In its way, it is a masterpiece, and a great one by contemporary standards. Britten has put into it some of his most moving ideas, and the workmanship of the score is superb. It is not, however, a singers' opera; its vocal line is designed for maximum drama rather than vocal display. Maralin Niska was ideal as the Governess, into whose charge the ill-fated children are put, and when she had a chance to she sang exceedingly well. John Lankston was the declaimer of the prologue, and he did his job with superb enunciation. William DuPree also enunciated extraordinarily well, and sang well, too, as the ghost of the villainous Quint and as the Guardian, who appears at the beginning of the opera. Lois Crane made an excellent ghost of Miss Jessel, and Ellen Faull was acceptable as Mrs. Grose, the housekeeper. The two children, Miles and Flora, were done by Robert Puleo and June Angela, a couple of quite gifted child singers. Charles Wilson conducted, and again showed outstanding abilities. This was *not* an

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all-star performance; it was not meant to be. The production is a vital re-creation of one of the most stirring operatic dramas of our time, and I recommend it to you highly

LAST Wednesday evening, in spite of wet weather, a large audience gathered in Alice Tully Hall for the season's final subscription concert of the Bach Aria Group. This audience is a dedicated one that knows what it likes, and it likes pure music. And because the group is occupied with the music of Johann Sebastian Bach, who, as far as I know, never wrote a mediocre note, these concerts constitute a sort of Mecca for a certain kind of highly knowledgeable concertgoer. It is almost pointless to list the items on the program, since the vast stream of Bach's work is uniformly great, and so large that few people but specialists are apt to remember the titles of all the arias, chorales, and recitatives. There was a chorus of eighteen people, led by Brian Priestman, and an orchestra of the same size, both of the highest quality. There was an admirable solo flutist, Samuel Baron, and an equally admirable solo oboist, Robert Bloom. There was a solo violinist, Oscar Shumsky, who plays with immaculate intonation and a very sensitive baroque style, and a solo cellist, Bernard Greenhouse, who is also a very sensitive player. Yehudi Wyner presided expertly at the small organ. Then there were the vocal soloists: Lois Marshall, soprano; Maureen Forrester, alto; Richard Lewis, tenor; and Norman Farrow, bass-baritone—all artists of the most scrupulous type. Mr. Lewis, who is a fine British tenor, had some trouble in the opening number, the Cantata 99, "Was Gott tut, das is wohlgetan," but recovered later. The others were superb right from the beginning. This was a concert for those who enjoy profound music, and its program was presented in accordance with the highest standards.

—WINTHROP SARGEANT

•

## MOST FASCINATING NEWS STORY OF THE WEEK

[*The following item, reprinted in its entirety, is from the Denver Post*]

### WHO KNOWS, THEY MAY BE THERE STILL

LOUISVILLE—(AP)—The last call sounded and passengers were loaded aboard a sleek airliner at Standiford Field.

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# BOOKS

## *Fun and Games*

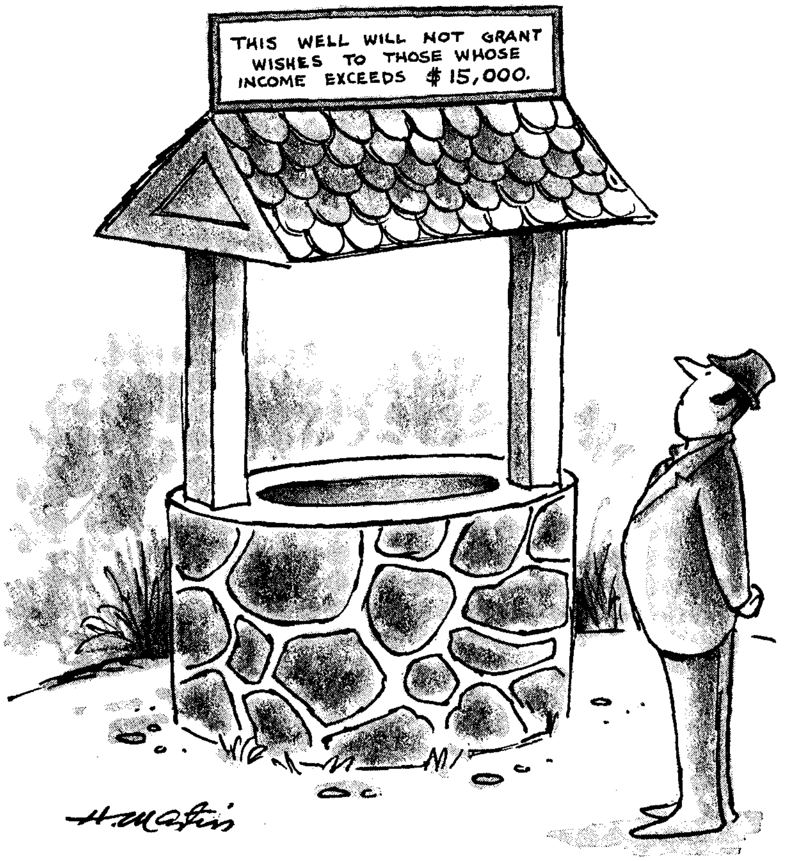
ON the thirteenth of November, 1937, it was reported in this magazine that someone—a professor later identified only as a Dr. Howard—had picked up this sidewalk rhyme:

> Buck, buck, you lousy muck,
> How many fists have I got up,
> One, two, or none?

The game is well known. There is a glorious vignette of it, all reds and autumn greens, in Pieter Bruegel's "Children's Games," dated 1560. One or several children duck forward, hands against a wall. The player vaults on a child's back, holds up a certain number of fingers, and challenges "How many?" The carrier makes a guess. If he is right, he unhorses his rider and reverses roles; if he is wrong, he stays mounted and the player again holds up a number of fingers. Husky-bum, Finger, or Thumb? is played the world over. They call it Kozyol (Goat) in the Vnukovo quarter of Moscow; in Istanbul it is known as Catti Patti Kac Atti; in Lombardy the rider shouts "*Quanti corni!*" It is popular throughout England, under many names—Kitty-back, Stick an' Rogger—and on the wind-frozen Isle of Barra, in the Outer Hebrides, players call it by its Gaelic name, Imricean Beag. But it is the monosyllables "buck, buck" in Dr. Howard's report that sound the uncanny echo of time. That Lombard children speak of horns, that boys in Germany, Sweden, and South Africa chant a formula in which a *bock*, or *bok*—that is, goat—seems to be present may in fact be a false trail; there was no goat in sight at Trimalchio's feast as Petronius dreamed or described it in his "Satyricon," in about A.D. 65. Yet when Trimalchio's favorite serving boy leaped on his master's back he called out "*Bucca, bucca, quot sunt hic?*" (in Latin, of course, *bucca* usually means "cheek"), and the sound of the word, even misread, but a part of the same game, echoes down from the first century A.D. to the sidewalks of New York in the twentieth. Nor was it the invention of Trimalchio's boy. There is a rock-cut tomb at Beni Hassan, in Middle Egypt, dating from the XIIth Dynasty, or circa 2000 B.C. A player conceals the number of fingers he is holding up behind his other hand, which is pressed against the guesser's brow. The hieroglyphs read, "Putting the *Atep* on the forehead." Four thousand years later, we cannot be certain of the meaning. Perhaps there *was* a horned beast or spirit at the dim roots of the thing. And the confusion between "goat" and "cheek" may have been that of the Romans. No matter. The wretched Charles Bucke can have been in no doubt of the fate of his play at Drury Lane when, as Keats reports in a letter of February-May 1819, the audience shouted "Buck, buck, how many horns do I hold up?" What Dr. Howard heard and passed on to this magazine was remembrance of things past—more tenacious, more deep-grounded in the common roots of dreams, than anything else we know. The remembrance that is loud in children.

Iona and Peter Opie have made it their life business to hear it clearly. "The Oxford Dictionary of Nursery Rhymes" appeared in 1951; "The Lore and Language of Schoolchildren" followed after eight years of field work. Now we have "Children's Games in Street and Playground" (Oxford). Together, these books are a piece of sheer exuberant magic, a voyage into the interior, where it is most guarded and live with secret laughter. More than ten thousand children have helped, by chanting incantations, whispering potent rhymes, or just tearing past in whiplash rows and letting the Opies watch the intricate hopscotch of their scuffed shoes. Children from Crickhowell Junior School and Dunoon Grammar, from Spennymoor Technical and Widecombe-in-the-Moor Primary. Shiny ones and freckled ones, urchins under the smoke pall of London's Battersea power station and girls who hunt their lone shadows across the Shetland furze. Age limits, six to twelve. But Merlins all and old as night.

It is the ancientness of games that weaves a spell. Being so near the springs of life, children are conservative. They draw straws to determine who will be fall guy or "it," just as did Chaucer's Canterbury pilgrims when they were challenged to tell the first tale. Already, a seventeenth-century boy or girl knew that the blindfold chaser must be spun precisely three times before pursuit could start. By the time Shakespeare's Prince Hal played Leapfrog, the game was age-old. Hi Jimmy Knacker, one of the toughest of all street and schoolyard jousts, in which a boy will leap over and straddle a row of backs, hoping to make the weak link crumble, was played in Naples in the sixteenth century and recorded in Rabelais centuries before the boys of Petersfield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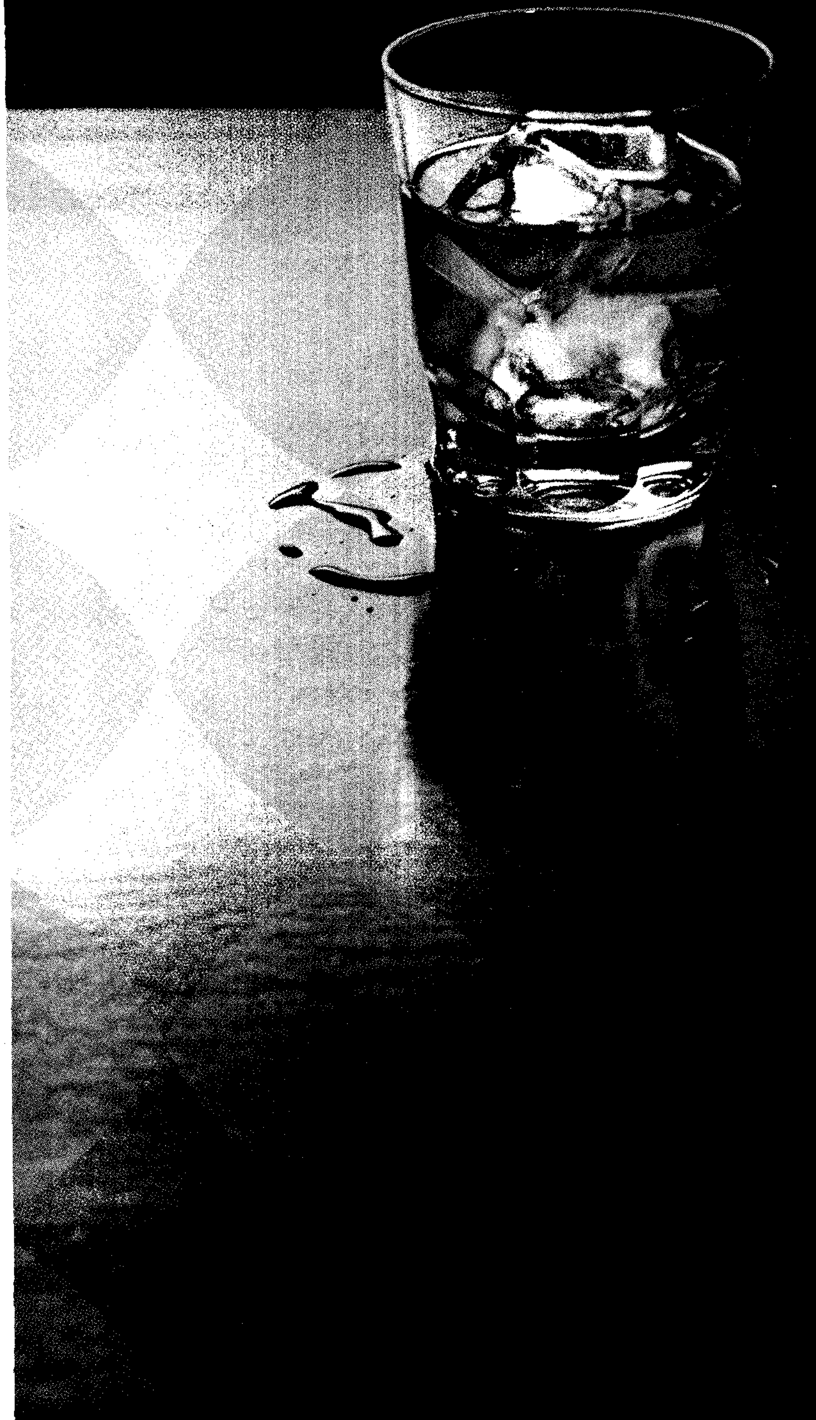

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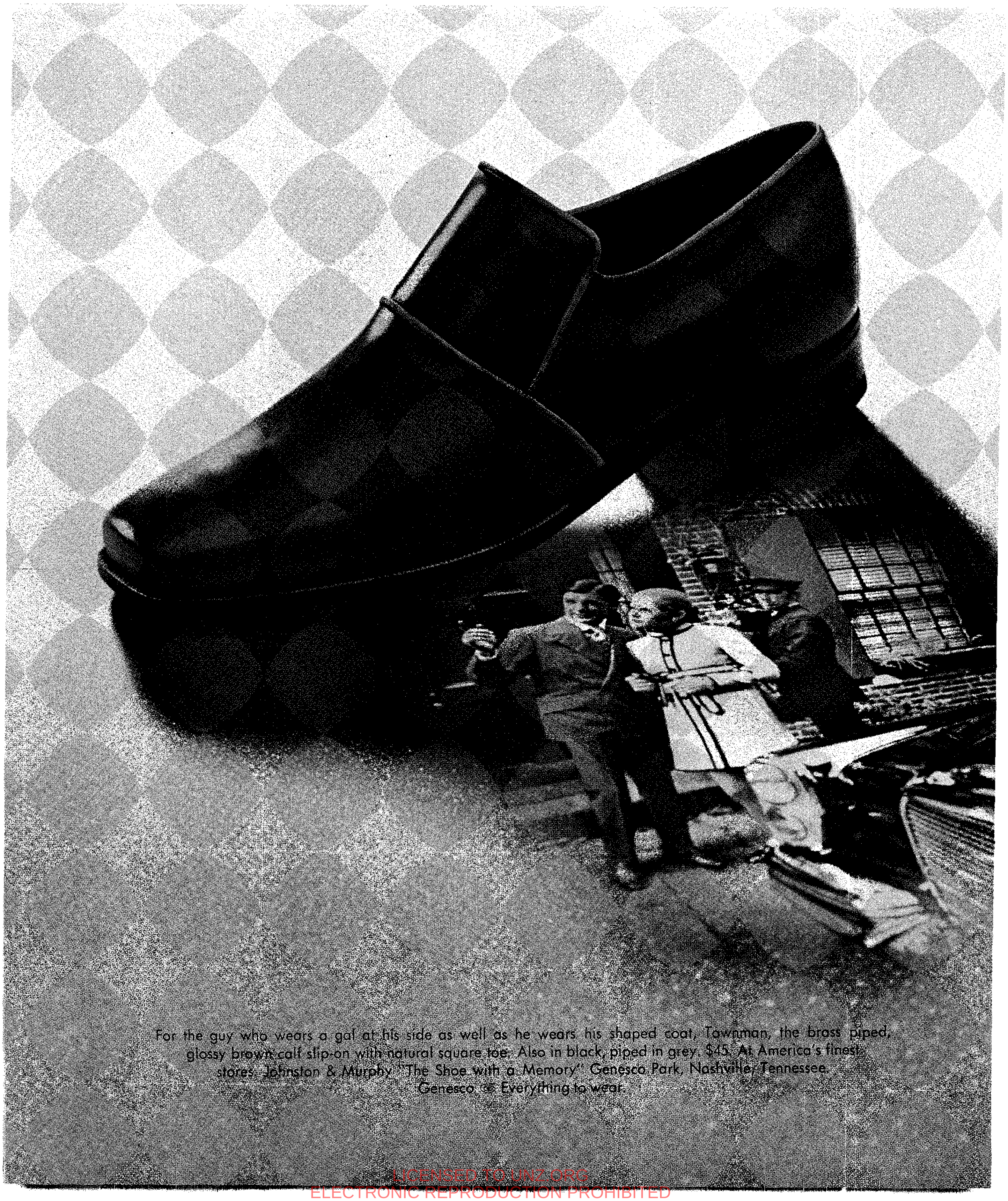

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caught a scent of distant rodeos and cried out "Bucking Bronco!" Duels between piggyback riders, known on the grimy streets of Glasgow as Hunch Cuddy Hunch, are pictured in the Rutland Psalter of circa 1250. And when children in Bristol perform the strange riddling round known as Coloured Birds, they do so precisely as did their ancestors in "A Little Pretty Pocket-Book" of 1744, the first book of children's games:

> Here various Boys stand round the Room,
> Each does some favourite Bird assume;
> And if the *Slave* once hits his Name,
> He's then made free, and crowns the Game.

A small child demands the same bedtime story over and over. He will tolerate no departure from the canonic form. Like the masters of tragic drama, children know that nothing startles more than the wholly expected. Hence those games in which a child deliberately courts terror and even death, the distant watcher.

The Opies catalogue with enthralled disapproval what they call "daring games"—following the leader across railroad tracks as the train rushes nearer, darting in front of traffic, leaping off embankments in the dark, swallowing eight-inch nails, threading the gap between high-tension wires. The term "chicken" came to England from the United States in the late nineteen-thirties. But as a reëxport; it was already in use in England in the late seventeenth century. Games with a sinister stress abound. In chasing games, the pursuer can take hideous forms: he is the Lurgi whose mere touch infects, the Black Man who may date back to the death dances of the late Middle Ages, the two-legged Wolf who "has gone to Lancashire to buy a penny hankershire." The motif of the witch-crone who wheedles her entry into the house and devours the children while Mother is at market is universal. So is that of the enchanter, petrifying children in awkward postures or within necromantic circles by the mere power of touch or glance. The Opies have little room for Freud. Unlike W. H. Auden, who knew that

> All that he did was to remember
> Like the old and be honest like children,

the Opies incline to regard Freud's insights, and those of most sociologists, as irrelevant or inquisitive in a corrosive sense. But where they deal with games of terror and mimes of death, such as Green Man Rise-O, played on the Isle of Jersey, this distaste narrows their

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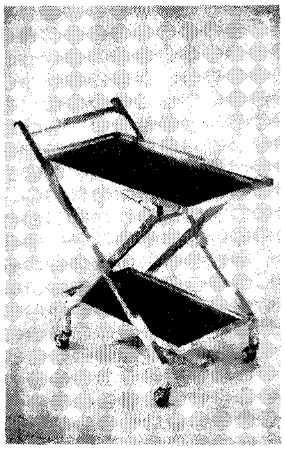

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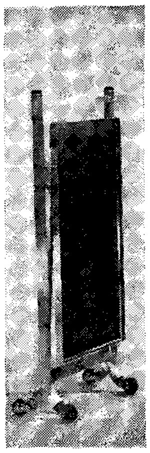

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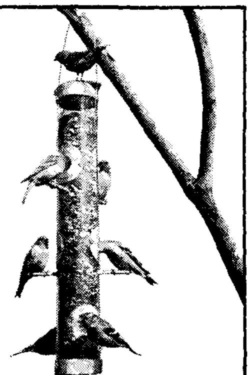

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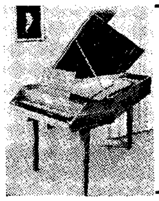

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view. Very probably, the clue to the child's deliberate solicitations of fear, of the haunting dark, of death is that which Freud located in "Beyond the Pleasure Principle"—and located precisely by watching the patterns of discard and retrieval in the play of a very young child. Like a sufferer passing his tongue over an aching tooth, the child provokes fear and even pain in order to test his control over that which he fears. The death pantomimes of children, the night runs through ambushing, clawing shadows are rehearsals for the terrors of adult daylight and for the inconceivable obviousness of death.

That children are natural poets is a romantic truism. Because cuteness can obtrude, the material needs dry handling. But in their twenty years of heartfelt eavesdropping the Opies have gathered real booty. "The cock doth crow, the wind doth blow, / I don't care whether you are hidden or no," sing the children of Somerset when they begin Hide and Go Seek. Dipping, the process of counting off to determine who will be hound or hare in a score of games, can produce pure nonsense verse—jingles with contemporary reference ("Charlie Chaplin / Sat on a pin, / How many inches / Did it go in?")—but also doggerel that is mysterious and whose queer music reaches far back into the sources of poetry. In the Lake Country, children count up to twenty with numerals that can be traced to shepherd lingo of the early nineteenth century but whose true origin is certainly far older and more occult. Where the Manhattan dipper counts off "Eeny, meeny," children in Borrowdale use a bizarre system that begins "Yan, tan, tethera, methera, pimp" and runs all the way to "gigert," meaning twenty. Pondering the enigma, the Opies are at their imaginative best. Were these sounds imported from Wales by drovers in late medieval times? Are they relics of the fabled tongue used by the ancient lords of Cumbria? Might these be among the very few genuine survivals we possess of the secret speech of the Celts when they fled into the dales and dark hills before the Saxon invader? Perhaps the children are echoing Druid idiom or the charms of the white witches. But the word for twenty does suggest the Gaelic *fichead*—corrupted, perhaps, by Latin *viginti*. And, riding south from Scotland in the thirteen-sixties, the chronicler Froissart, with his acute gifts of observation, noted that common folk in Westmorland still used the ancient language of the Britons. But whatever their true ancestry, counting-out

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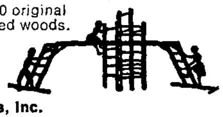

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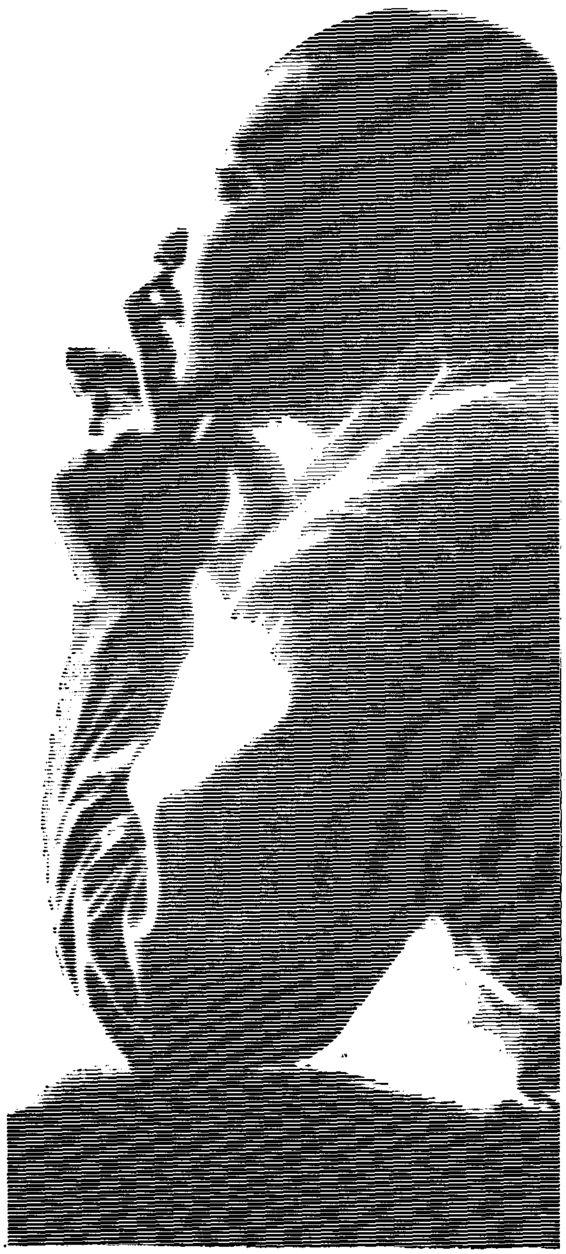

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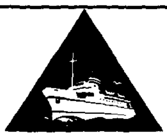

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rhymes have their odd loveliness; when free unto the elements, Shakespeare's Ariel might have started play rather as did a child recorded in Aberdeenshire:

> Eetem, peetem, penny pie,
> Pop-a-lorie jinkie jye,
> Stan' ee oot bye
> For a bonny aipple pie,
> Black fish, fite troot,
> Eery airy ee're oot.

And how strangely like the great dirge in "The Tempest" is the ditty sung by children as they circle the seemingly inert Water Sprite or Green Man:

> Wash your bones
> With precious stones . . .

Like so much of the best, of the most *passionate now* being written and said by poets, ecologists, and alarmed humanity, "Children's Games" is a plea for conservation. The Opies are desperately worried that the conditions of wildness, of free invention, of antique usage that have for millennia surrounded and fostered children's play will be done away with. The ravagers are plain to see. The wastelands of fantasy and shadow are being eroded:

> To a child the best parts of a park are the parts that are the least maintained. *It is his nature to be attracted to the* slopes, the bushes, the long grass, the waterside. . . . But what do the authorities do? They exploit our wealth to make improvements for the worse. They invade the parks, erecting kiosks and tea gardens, and side-shows for those who require their entertainments ready-made. . . . The trend is universal. . . . Having cleared away the places that are naturally wild it is becoming the fashion to set aside other places, deposit junk in them, and create "Adventure Playgrounds," so called, the equivalent of creating Whipsnades for wild life instead of erecting actual cages.

Even more menacing are professional Play Leaders, and all adult busybodies who, in the name of psychology or civic integration, would take away from children the anarchy of unobserved, self-perpetuating games. The Opies suspect the worst of the United States, where, according to an American witness, middle-class children may never attain true emotional maturity because their "playtime has become almost as completely organized and supervised as their study" (which may be saying a good deal less than our authors suppose). Even the glory of Conkers is in danger: one local authority "has planted a commemorative horse chestnut which will not bear chestnuts, so that it shall not be a temptation to the young. . . . One toy manufacturer has attempted to popularize plastic Conkers which, when broken, can be reassem-

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bled." Farewell to the ancient high art, to the war cry "Bagsie first cracks!" with which a boy in Wigan secures the right to the first shot.

Sometimes, the Opies seem unduly ominous. Describing Knifie, the competitive craft of accomplishing an increasingly intricate set of flips with a pocketknife, they conclude that after four centuries it is being reënacted, "perhaps for the last time in Britain, by a ten-year-old boy in the Isle of Lewis." Why for the last time? I have seen the Backsy, the Fisty, and the daring Pitch and Toss flashing into muddy ground not a mile away from where I am writing, on the verge of a Cambridge road. And I herewith respectfully challenge Iona and Peter Opie to ordeal in a garden, sandlot, or fallow field of their choice.

But they are right, of course. The world of plastic toys and modishly sculptured playgrounds, of Group Leaders and relentless traffic, is pressing on the irreplaceable license of childhood. There are fewer streets in which to race freely, there is far less blackness in which to woo terror. The time scale of generations has accelerated. Children have fewer years in which to run wild, and adults play longer in rituals and exercises of strenuous leisure that are an imitation of real play. When children are herded together in prepared playgrounds under the eye of the educationalist, "their play is markedly more aggressive than when they are in the street or in the wild places." There is a sharp lesson here. Of all sanctuaries of natural being, childhood is the most wondrous and vulnerable. We are laying it waste as we pilfer our forests and make the scent of the wind like rust and ash.

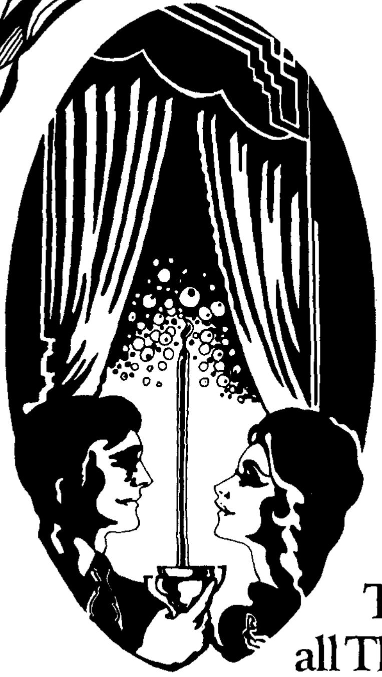
As in all their superb gatherings, the Opies bring delight and cause memory to beat fast. But there is sadness, too. How much longer will boys and girls in Aberdeen course the dark streets, Sun chasing Stars and only Moon allowed to release the captured runner? Perhaps there is time yet to guard wonder from extinction. This book is an enchantment, and a warning call.

—GEORGE STEINER

## BRIEFLY NOTED

### FICTION

IN TRANSIT, by Brigid Brophy (Putnam). Miss Brophy's sixth novel, and a very confusing one—about a being in the throes of sexual ambiguity. Pat does not know whether he/she is a Patrick or a Patricia, and all his/her efforts to resolve the question are



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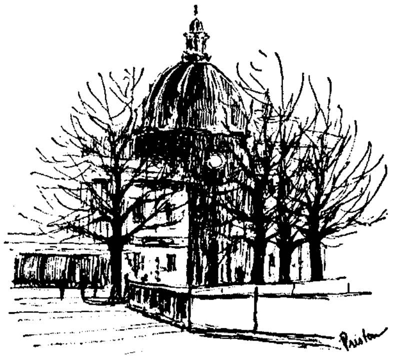

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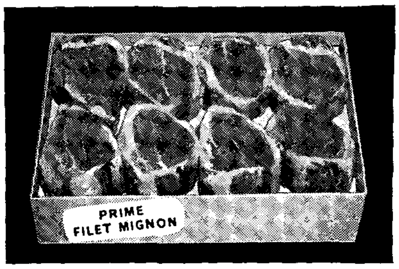

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foiled. Beyond that, the action itself is unclear. The book parodies works ranging from those of the early Irish monks to "L'Histoire d'O," and gropes its way in the direction of musical form. Miss Brophy is too clever by half, and as a consequence her novel is too unreadable by three-quarters.

ALL ON A SUMMER'S NIGHT, by Maurice Edelman (Random House). A sniggery account of a luxurious English country weekend during which evidence of anti-Semitism among Jews and Gentiles struggles for attention with evidence of bad manners among the young, good sense among the young, the superior sophistication of the young, and bad taste everywhere. Mr. Edelman, a worldly and knowledgeable writer, ought to have thought a minute or two before putting this offensive nonsense into print.

### GENERAL

IMPERIAL SUNSET. VOLUME ONE: BRITAIN'S LIBERAL EMPIRE, 1897-1921, by Max Beloff (Knopf). This illuminating history demonstrates the fragility of the British Empire in its declining years—and of any empire in modern times. As soon as a British imperial possession developed economically, it developed a will that conflicted with the wills or interests of other parts of the Empire. Canadian (as well as American) anxiety about Japanese power forced England to end her alliance with Japan, even though British statesmen felt the need of an allied, or friendly, Japanese Navy. Each section of the dispersed Empire sought its own ends, developed its own irritations, and perpetrated its own injustices: for one, South Africa's discrimination against her Indian population, which British pressure could not diminish, embittered India's relations with Britain as well as with South Africa. Few figures in this work wished to destroy or enfeeble the Empire, but few could agree on rules to determine when imperial and when local interests should take precedence. And reaching agreement on imperial governmental institutions proved impossible. By the nineteen-twenties, after the fighting in Ireland, British public opinion had decided—partly on grounds of morality and partly for the sake of economy—against ever again using force to retain an unwilling member in the Commonwealth. A reader may find himself wishing the Rus-

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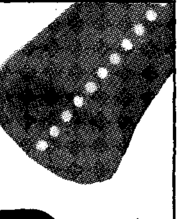

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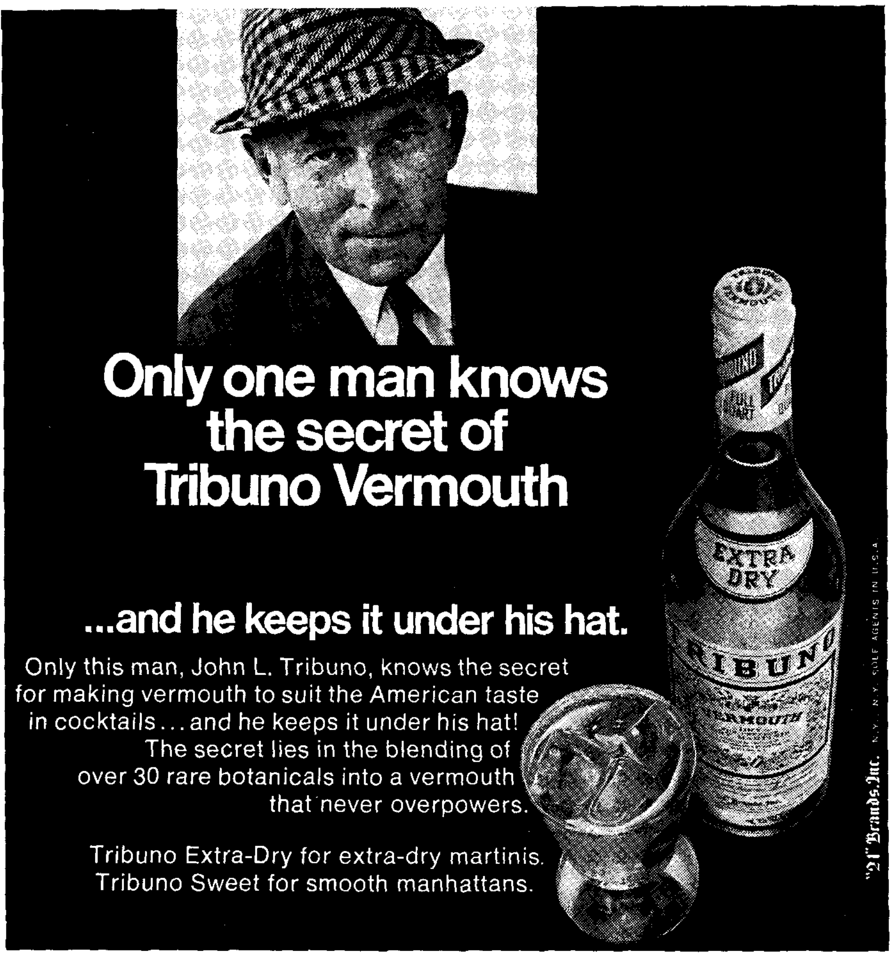
sians would learn the lessons—or do the accounting—that the British did, and relax their hold on Eastern Europe. But Mr. Beloff's history is no heartening account of men of good will agreeing to disagree; it is a sad though fascinating case study of the appalling difficulties of creating a community of nations.

KATE CHOPIN: A CRITICAL BIOGRAPHY, by Per Seyersted (Louisiana State), and THE COMPLETE WORKS OF KATE CHOPIN, in two volumes, edited by Per Seyersted, and with a foreword by Edmund Wilson (Louisiana State; twenty dollars). Kate Chopin (1851-1904) was an American short-story writer with a high—and rising—literary reputation until she published her third novel, "The Awakening," in 1899, which so shocked reviewers and readers that it was in effect suppressed and Mrs. Chopin was almost entirely discouraged from continuing to write. (The trouble was that she portrayed an adulteress who enjoyed sex.) She was not a tough customer, and nothing in her life—Professor Seyersted's biography makes her a convent-educated child of the old French aristocracy of St. Louis and the widow of a Louisianian of similar background—prepared her for the attacks on her. Several scholars have lately looked at her work, and Professor Seyersted has taken charge of a small Kate Chopin revival. Her stories about Louisiana came under the rubric "local color" in the last century, but he thinks they are better than that. They are; they show the effects of her study of other short-story writers, particularly Maupassant, and they display a brisk, original narrative gift. Their subjects are varied, but one theme that recurs in them, and in her novels, is the individual's search for spiritual independence or autonomy, the conflict between social prescriptions and personal values. Mr. Seyersted claims only that Mrs. Chopin was good, not great, and his modesty on her behalf prepares the reader for happy literary surprises.

THE DIVIDED SELF, by R. D. Laing (Pantheon). Dr. Laing is a Scottish psychoanalyst who has had a good deal of clinical psychiatric experience with schizophrenics. This book was published in England in 1960, and, inexplicably, not published here until now. It is an Existentialist and phenomenological account of the experience of becoming and being schizophrenic, and it is



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DECENT AND INDECENT, by Benjamin Spock (McCall). This book, a critique of American culture by the famous psychiatric pediatrician, is most interesting when he tells of the development of his own views from conservative Republican to radical, and from permissive libertarian about such matters as obscenity to less permissive censorship-supporter. It is least interesting when he talks about subjects outside himself and his field of competence—the need for university courses in black history and culture, or an evaluation of Communism. Even when he is most passionate, however, as in his opposition to the Vietnam war, his remarks are sweetened by what appears to be a natural reasonableness and fair-mindedness.

A PERSONAL COUNTRY, by A. C. Greene (Knopf). West Texas, the subject of this memoir and exorcism, is roughly that part of central Texas between the Brazos River and the Pecos. Its center, in the author's opinion, is Abilene, where he was born and raised, and its people are even now the rigid, close-minded, hellfire fundamentalist "Scotch-Irish" who opened the American West. It is a land that suits (and shapes or reflects) its people—a land of red earth, sand hills, little rain, encroaching mesquite, and oil, cattle, plumb-line freeways, and tractors and cotton pickers and combines with air-conditioned cabs. Mr. Greene, a journalist escaped to the gentler culture of Austin, writes of his boyhood and youth in the twenties and thirties, of his family (father and mother, grandmother and great-grandmother), of the Depression years, of the frontier past, of the old graveyards ("Beneath This Tomb Layes the Widow of Col Davy Crockett Who Fell at the Alimo"), and of the Calvinistic molding ("Them as can does, them as can't teaches") that he fled in vain. The result is a book that has strength, character, and personality. Drawings by Ancel Nunn.

THE THIRD BOOK OF CRITICISM, by Randall Jarrell (Farrar, Straus & Giroux). A posthumous collection of essays by the well-known poet and critic. Two essays on Auden, written in the nineteen-forties (one with an outrageous epigraph attributed to Heraclitus: "We never step twice into the same Auden"), are Jarrell at his wonderful best: learned, witty, painstaking in supporting every judgment with quotations, and lovingly savage. The seven others are markedly inferior; they include a ludicrous overreading of a poem by Robert Frost, along with a survey of half a century of American poetry that consists of long lists of names—and not very discriminating lists at that.

KRAZY KAT, by George Herriman; edited by Woody Gelman, Joseph Greene, and Rex Chessman (Grosset & Dunlap). A delightful new selection of the classic comic strip that ran from 1911 to Herriman's death, in 1944. It has E. E. Cummings' introduction to an earlier selection, which gently distorts the work into parables of anarchism, and a new introduction and titles by the editors, who more forcibly try to acclimatize the work into the world of "mind-blowing" and "psychedelia;" as usual, the strip evades all such Kategories. It is visibly the ancestor of much of our best comic art: Ignatz Mouse hurling his bricks at Krazy clearly becomes Lucy endlessly betraying Charlie Brown in "Peanuts," and there are clams with legs that anticipate "B.C.," a creation-by-drawing that obviously inspired Crockett Johnson's "Harold and the Purple Crayon," and a world of animal characters that must have influenced "Pogo." It may even be that Coconino County was the forebear of Faulkner's Yoknapatawpha County, and that *all* our arts derive from Herriman's fertile genius.

•

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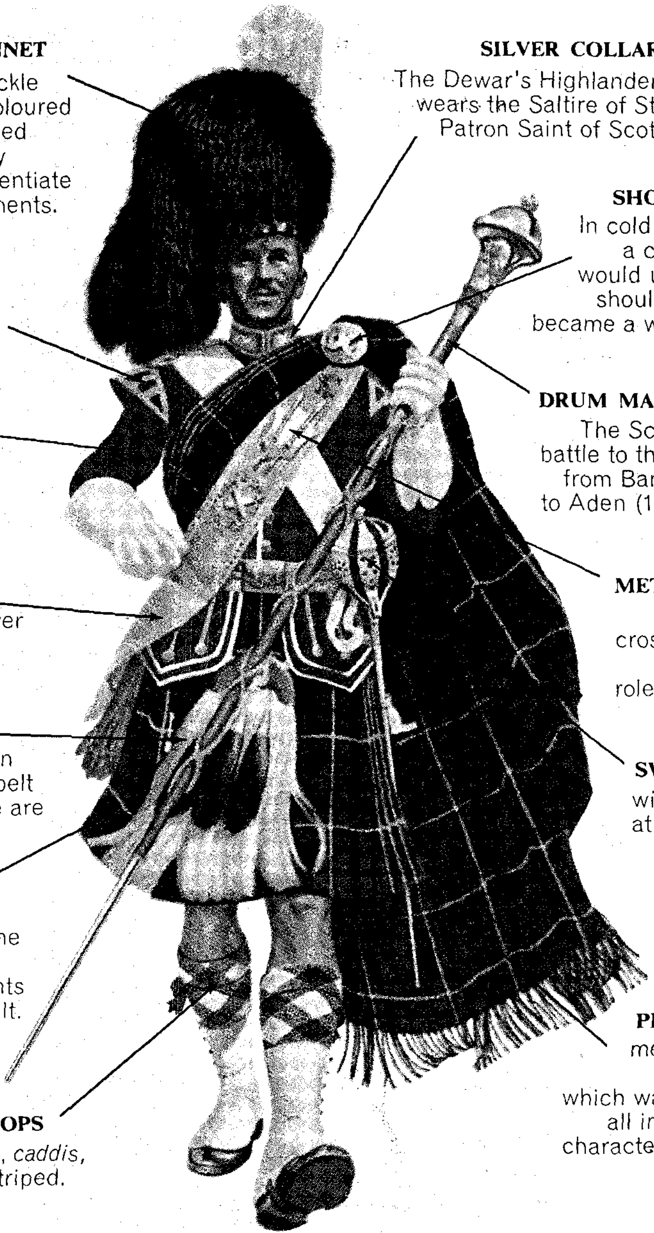

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**HOSE TOPS**
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**SHOULDER PIN**
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with basket hilt. Worn at the belt, it is called in Gaelic the *claith veg*, (claybeg), or small sword, to distinguish it from the *claith mhor* (claymore), or great sword.

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means a garment, the main garment of early times, which was kilt and blanket-wrap all in one piece. Tartan is the characteristic cloth of Scotland, woven in stripes.

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